

JAN 2 1919

"HEALTH AND HAPPINESS" NUMBER.

\$2.00 A YEAR.

MAY, 1900.

20 cts. A COPY.

SCIENCE
PHILOSOPHY
RELIGION

PSYCHOLOGY
METAPHYSICS
OCCULTISM

A Magazine of Liberal and Advanced Thought.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON, Editor.

VOL. VI.

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Foreign Subscriptions, Ten Shillings; Single Copies, One Shilling.

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"LIFE" BLDG., 19 & 21 W. 31ST STREET, NEW YORK

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MIND.

VOL. VI.

MAY, 1900.

No. 2.

THE NEW REFORMATION.

BY THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON.*

The question of authority is a fundamental question in every new creative age of religion. The *what* we are to believe precedes the *why* we are to believe, in the order of a man's life; but the *why* logically lies before the *what*.

The primitive authority in Christianity was that of Jesus himself. He "spake as one having authority." His followers recognized that authoritativeness in his teachings. They believed in his belief. To every question—Why do you believe thus and thus?—their sufficient answer was: The Master taught us thus to believe.

With the lapse of time and the increasing distance from the actual life of Jesus, this authority necessarily weakened. It became a second-hand and third-hand and fourth-hand testimony as to what Jesus taught, and as to the sense of authority in his teachings. It was inevitable that another and a secondary form of authority should arise.

The original Christian societies, aggregating, grew into the Catholic Church—a church conceived as deriving its authority from the head and founder of Christianity, and as having been given power officially to teach the truth and to preserve the sacred deposit of the faith unchanged. This was the authority that held for over a thousand years unquestioned, for the most

*NOTE.—This contribution is an abridgment of the first sermon in this winter's series, delivered by Dr. Newton in All Souls' Church, New York, on "Christianity in Evolution." Later discourses will appear subsequently in these pages at greater length.—Ed.

part, throughout Christendom. So long as it was unchallenged, it was wholly satisfactory. Every question was led up to this Supreme Court, and received a final adjudication at the hand of the Church.

With the incoming of the Reformation, a yeasty process began—the ferment of man's mind and soul. It was an age of fresh and free intellectual life, in which every received opinion was questioned and every man set out to think over the great problems for himself. As in all such creative periods, a host of weeds grew with the true wheat. "Isms" spawned on every hand. It became of prime importance to have some sifting power—some judging tribunal to select, in this prolific growth of new opinion, the true from the false. The question of authority again came to the front.

The authority of the Church was impeached, both intellectually and morally. What other authority could be set up in its place? There was only one substitute—the Bible. The Book that the Church had always held in its hand, as the official interpreter of sacred writ, now became itself the Supreme Court of Appeal. It was no longer, What does the Church say? but, What does the Bible say? Every opinion was haled before this court. Every question was determined by it. Philosophy and science and art—all human knowledge was passed upon by this Final Court of Appeals. Again, a satisfactory authority so long as it remained unchallenged. While men could receive it, there was an unbounded comfort thus to be able to bring every doubt to a tribunal that could determine it finally.

Of course, there went, with the good of such a final authority, the evil of it, as in the case of the Church. While faith was preserved, the intellectual life was stifled. A tyrannous authority sat upon the mind and conscience of man. The way to progress in religious thought was effectively barred.

Our age sees an era closely paralleling the period in which Christianity arose and the period in which Protestantism broke from the great Catholic Church. Again man's mind is teem-

ing with new, fresh thought. Novel knowledges are streaming in upon him from every side. The whole horizon of his outlook has changed. His mind is yeasting with new ideas. The old experience renews itself—a vast growth from the soul of man, alike of good and of evil, demanding once more an authority capable of sifting the true from the false and of deciding between the right and the wrong. Never was authority more needed than to-day—provided it be the right sort of authority. Never was authority more craved than to-day—so that it be an authority to which man's mind and conscience can cheerfully bow.

The historic study of the origins of the Church has impeached its claim to be a divine institution, in any other sense than that in which the family and the State are divine institutions. The critical study of the Bible has disposed forever of the claim that it is such an oracle of God as we can submit our intellects to unquestioningly. Both the old Judges of the Appellate Court have had a change of jurisdiction.

Where is the needed new authority to be found? If the Church fails, and the Bible fails, what remains? Dr. Briggs tells us there are three coördinate authorities in Christianity—the Church, the Bible, and Reason. But when they disagree, which is to be the final Court of Appeals? They do disagree widely to-day. Whither, then, are we to carry our questions for final decision?

The answer is plain and patent. The ultimate court of appeal is Reason. There can be no other final court of appeal, in the very nature of the case. Each of the other authorities has been accepted by thinking men because the reason commended its claim. Men have said that there ought to be an authoritative Church, capable of teaching the truth. They have satisfied themselves, in one way or another, that the Christian Church was such an authoritative teacher, and then they have yielded their own judgment to the authority which their own reason has set upon its throne. So has it been with the Bible.

Men have said there ought to be an authoritative book, a revelation from the skies, infallibly teaching us the needed truth. They have satisfied themselves that the Bible is such a book. And then they have bowed their heads before the authority which their own reason has set upon its bench. We have no other grounds for accepting an authoritative Church or an authoritative Bible, in the last analysis, except the ground of Reason. There are three judges upon the supreme bench, but there is only one Chief Justice in the Appellate Court.

This may seem a cheerless prospect before our new age—having in remembrance the memory of a century ago, with its promised millennium in an “Age of Reason.” But the conception of reason then entertained was shallow and superficial. It was the individual reason of any raw, uncultivated man. What we mean by reason now is, not my individual reason or your individual reason alone, but the individual reason of each led up into the light of the common reason of all. As Hooker said, we must have regard to the reason of others as well as to our own.

Science is free and unfettered and rests upon the supreme determination of reason. But the wise scientific man consults the body of opinion of his confrères in his own department, and defers to the great common body of knowledge in his field—the orthodoxy of his own science. So are we to do in the sphere of religion. We are thus to reverence the Church as the expression of the common consciousness of Christendom, and to defer our own opinions as far as possible to the generally received body of opinion—only reserving for our last and final stand, when we can no longer accept the opinion of others, the ultimate authority of our own reason. So are we to defer to the authority of the Bible. Indeed, when once we are freed from the tyranny of the Church and of the Bible, we shall find a new reverence for both, through a wholly rational reverence, devoid of any superstition.

Nor do we mean by reason, as the final court of appeal,

merely the intellectual nature of man, but the moral nature as well—the whole spiritual being of man. It is what conscience teaches, as well as what the intellect affirms, that, together with the voice of the heart, form the trinity of true authority—of reason.

There need be nothing surprising to the conservative Christian in thus accepting Reason as the ultimate Court of Appeal in religion. What is the fundamental doctrine of the Christian Church, if it be not the doctrine of that divine *Logos*, or Reason, imminent in the universe, indwelling man; the light of his intelligence, his affections, and his conscience; the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world—the very light of God himself. We are bowing not to the human reason alone, but to the divine Reason of which it is the expression.

And so we return, in the cycle of the Church's story, to the primitive authority, in another and a deeper sense—the authority of the Master himself. That was not the authority of one man over against other men: it was the authority of one man speaking from the common nature of all men, as all together were the sons of "my Father and your Father," "my God and your God." The authority of Jesus was not the authority of a being sent down from the skies: it was the authority of humanity itself, finding a voice in the individual man who brought the spiritual conscience to the full, and so became himself a revelation of the indwelling *Logos*, or Reason, of God.



I BELIEVE John Ruskin, William Morris, Henry Thoreau, Walt Whitman, and Leo Tolstoi to be prophets of God, and they should rank in mental reach and spiritual insight with Elijah, Hosea, Ezekiel, and Isaiah.—*Elbert Hubbard*.



THE Creative Spirit has never parted bonds with the children it has borne. The relation between us and the Oversoul is not relation—it is oneness.—*A. L. Mearkle*.

THE DUTY OF DELIGHT.

BY A. B. CURTIS, PH.D.

Says John Ruskin: "Holy men dwell on the duty of self-denial, but they exhibit not the duty of delight." The confession ought to bring our blushes. There is every reason why happiness should be taught as a duty. It conduces to health and long life; it sets all the multifarious parts of the body in harmonious relation and fits them for their respective tasks. Happiness makes work pleasant and pleasure wholesome. Happiness is contagious—with the rapidity of an electric spark, it flashes from face to face and from heart to heart. In its essence, too, it is unselfish, delighting more in giving than in receiving. He who gives his joy away is happier than he who keeps it to himself; and a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, shedding sweetness and delight all around.

A very common recipe for attaining happiness is the *nil admirandum* of Horace—moderate the desires; as Carlyle would put it, increase the value of your fraction by diminishing the denominator instead of increasing the numerator. But we do not need so much to suppress our desires (since all progress comes through the enlarging of the desires) as to purify them—idealize them. If we desire palaces and railroads we shall not get them, and shall only make ourselves uncomfortable for our pains; but if we desire the higher pleasures of mind and heart, we may have them and be happy.

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away:

"'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

"Men are not influenced by things," says Epictetus, "but by their thoughts about things." To be constantly running hither and thither, that the eyes and ears may have something to occupy them, will not bring happiness. Continual panting

after novelty and excitement is the sign of an empty soul. Two brothers, always together, seeing and hearing the same things, wearing the same clothes indiscriminately, eating out of the same breakfast-bowl and out of the same apple for luncheon, together as babes crying for the moon and together as men struggling for place in the world, have for all this sameness of outer experience gone widely asunder. These sights and sounds, these readings and writings, these wearings and eatings reacted upon very different souls. The one is full of vigor, of character, of the joy of life; the other is characterless, lifeless, apathetic. The one *saw* what he saw and *heard* what he heard; the other did not.

Two factors are necessary to the production of a picture—something to look at and some one to look at it. Only as sensations are translated into soul impressions is happiness possible. A beautiful object in a dull mind is like the blurred photograph of a pretty woman. It is the thoughts we think about what we see or hear that make our happiness or unhappiness, not what we actually see or hear. It is the construction we put upon the bitter and sweet experiences that gives our life its tone, not the sensations of bitter and sweet themselves.

I would not be understood as putting happiness beyond the reach of any one. There is not a sane man or woman living who does not possess at least one talent; and, as Aristotle says, "the free exercise of any faculty, whatever it be, is happiness." There is no heaven-born faculty in the great soul of man, no matter how lowly it be, but it will make a whole world for him—a world full of splendor and beauty and joy—if he will but let it. Nothing is more evident, however, than the fact that happiness is inner, not outer; mental, not physical; our own creation, not something thrust upon us from without. Our very English habit of speech proves the case in point. We do not say, "Did you enjoy Paris?" but "Did you enjoy yourself in Paris?" If a man is "out of sorts," if there is

inner conflict or contradiction, he cannot be happy because he is unable to enjoy his ill-conditioned and disagreeable self. I do not recall a more pregnant saying upon this point than the following, taken from the pages of Schopenhauer: "All the pride and pleasure of the world mirrored in the dull consciousness of a fool are poor indeed compared with the imagination of Cervantes, writing his 'Don Quixote' in a miserable prison."

Now, whatever we may think, as individuals, of this scientific law of happiness of which we hear so much—whatever we may think on the question as to whether the sin of being sad is the worst of heresies—one thing is certain: the Creator of the universe intended that we should be happy. Says Martin Luther: "We might with truth apply the term *paradise* to the whole world." It is indeed a pleasure-park fit for a king or a god. All that could be done to make the world beautiful, entertaining, bewitching as well as useful, has been done. Nor are these provisions suited to our sensuous enjoyment alone. Wherever beauty is found there is also truth hid away somewhere in its bosom; wherever there are sublimity and grandeur we also find righteousness; and wherever there are truth and righteousness, there also *love* is at home.

It behooves us to make the most of our pilgrimage on earth—both for our own happiness and for the happiness of others. Says the good old pagan, Epictetus, again: "If a man is unhappy it is his own fault, for God has made all men to be happy." There is, of course, no true happiness outside the path of duty, and there is no duty honestly and faithfully performed without happiness. The sense of duty nobly performed should pervade all our happiness and lend to it a sweeter charm, turning all its myriad voices into one grand chorus of rejoicing. One of our best-known poets would reduce all joy to this:

"Know, then, this truth (enough for men to know)—
Virtue alone is happiness below."

CHRIST WAS ASLEEP.

BY HENRY WOOD.

And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow; and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?—*Mark* iv. 38.

That part of the sea of human life which lies within the latitude of the intermediate or psychic zone is subject to sweeping storms and tempests. During the long and adventurous voyage of the soul's spiritual unfoldment, the craft is freighted with a miscellaneous cargo of varying and untold value, while the sailing-master in charge has not fully mastered the science of navigation. In the subjective hold are stored a variety of earthy forces, untamed emotions, wild passions, experimental and unsymmetrical imaginations and impulses.

The voyage begins well. There are many days when the weather is calm, the sky serene, the sunshine bright, and the surface of the great deep glassy and unbroken. During the dreamy days of spring and summer there are periods when the zephyrs hardly raise a ripple. The sails are lightly filled and the course lazily followed. Everything goes smoothly. But suddenly, at the close of a long summer afternoon, heavy clouds roll up around the horizon, the lightning flashes, and peals of thunder break the stillness of the atmosphere. Now the wind howls through the shrouds, the angry waves threaten, and the crew is seized with the utmost alarm. There is a hurrying to and fro. The craft pitches and rolls violently, and the cargo shifts and sets up a corresponding commotion. The ship's timbers creak and groan, and there is imminent danger of sinking. All on board are affrighted, and as a last resort the cry is heard, "Awaken the Christ!" Ever since the voyage had begun, he had been comfortably sleeping upon "a pillow."

So far only the psychic faculties have manned the yards, shifted the sails, set the compass, and handled the rudder.

The noble vessel now seems likely to sink. The spiritual Ego is prostrate, unconscious, and out of sight. Call him on deck! He only can rebuke the soul's tempest. It is now his office to command the winds, and to cry with authority, "Peace; be still!"

The storm had been invited. But for its appearance the divine Self would have remained latent and undiscovered. The Christ, or spiritual Ego, was hardly known to have been on board, or if so he had been forgotten. As an actual passenger he had not been visible, and as a commander no need of him had previously been felt.

The Christ of the Jesus of nineteen hundred years ago is present, even though quiescent, in the deep background of every soul to-day. He is no mere historic character or supernatural visitant from a far-away heaven, but the normal and present divinity, always and every day "on board." He is waiting to be awakened. Bless the psychic storm that alarms the crew, for nothing less than its buffeting would have served the purpose. The tempest was neither evil nor in vain.

Put the divine Ego in command and let him remain on deck. Then, though the winds shriek and the billows surge mountain high, there will come a great calm. In spite of the stress of psychical storm and physical tempest, the soul-craft will triumphantly ride the waves and in due time reach the desired haven.



THE everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite Power that makes for righteousness. Thou canst not by searching find Him out. Yet put thy trust in Him, and against thee the gates of hell shall not prevail; for there is neither wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Eternal.—
John Fiske.

A NEGLECTED FACTOR.

BY EDWARD A. PENNOCK.

In all the seeking after health and happiness which characterizes the present age, and which is rightfully the especial concern of the New Thought movement, there is one very old and simple method of reaching these ends that is apt to be neglected. The world is prone to believe that health is to be found in externals—in climate, leisure, rest, certain dietaries, or other prescribed requirements. Happiness likewise is generally located in the abundance of external possessions, or in certain acquirements that seem highly desirable. We spiritual scientists, who rather pride ourselves on being in the world but not of it, have made some progress: we have announced that we believe that all health and happiness are within ourselves. But are we not apt to fall into the worldly error in our seeking new lecturers and teachers and the latest book, before we have begun to practise what we already know? The result will be the same for us as for everybody else—disappointment, dissatisfaction, and failure. Verily, the way to happiness and power is not in the acquirement of abundant possessions, but through making the best use of the things we possess.

Let us take a brief inventory and see what we have. Our most obvious possession is air, and it is the thing most essential to our physical existence; yet how few make the best use of it! Many fear it, thinking that it may give them "cold." The night air is especially clothed with deadly power. Only a few have learned how or even tried to use all the air they have capacity for. Most of humanity have a free opportunity to enjoy and draw power from the sunshine, but here again we refuse the lavishness of Nature. Water is not good enough for the race; they must concoct other drinks that offer

only a false and deceptive satisfaction. In the matter of food, simplicity and moderation have not been enough. Dishes must be "made up," courses multiplied, and quantities of food consumed that are wholly out of proportion to healthful human capacity. If we made *use* the test as to kind and quantity of food consumed, think of the enormous saving of time, money, and vital force now wasted in its preparation and deglutition. Take these four elements—air, sunshine, water, and food; apply our principle of best use, and would it not almost solve the problem of health and prosperity? From a physical standpoint, it assuredly would.

Turn next to the intellectual realm. The great educational error has been "cramming" instead of "leading out"—unfoldment of the innate capacity of the individual. We accumulate knowledge, but what end does it serve unless we first use our *inborn* powers and direct them with a master hand? It only cumbers our intellectual workshop and clogs or breaks the machinery. In the pursuit of happiness and wisdom we devour book after book, without beginning to apply to life the wisdom and joy found in the few really great books the ages have produced.

In the emotional part of our being, unless we give useful expression to the feeling that wells up in us, we had better not feel. Professor James has told us that to experience lofty emotions, to have our being aroused, and not to respond with a corresponding action, is positively harmful. The function of emotion is to arouse and impel the will to righteous activity. If not used aright it is a curse.

In the moral world, of what use are creeds and philosophies unless they are crystallized into daily practise? They make hypocrites of men, and bring ridicule and contempt upon the organization that offers them in the name of religion. There is no faith without works.

In the business of life, we are working with time and opportunity. How few use them! We neglect the present,

and, as Emerson says, either postpone or remember: "Man does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future." So with opportunity: fame and fortune pass us every day because we neglect the great principle of making the best of the present occasion, whatever it may be.

We are apt to complain of bitter experiences and to long for pleasant ones. But those very experiences come to us rich with lessons, and until we learn these we may expect to have the same or similar experiences repeated. So with environment: make our present environment serve us and yield us pleasure and power, and we are then ready for another and a better, in accordance with our own conception of what is good.

Use is the law of our being. No matter what appearances may be, nothing else avails. Swedenborg says: "Through use, the interiors of the mind are opened, and the life of the Lord flows in, imparting a growing love of the use and an increasing delight as well as ability in its performance." In other words, "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many." When we seek and acquire the use of all our powers and possessions, we are chosen of God.



MEN are better than they seem. I think it is a rare man who shows the best of himself to the world, his deepest convictions, his highest conceptions of duty, his most profound belief in charity, and who lives out the deepest and holiest thoughts he has.—*Alexander McKenzie.*



ALL the world is the temple of God. Its worship is ministration. The commonest service is divine service.—*George Macdonald.*

DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

BY WARREN A. RODMAN.

The word *happiness* is one of the most interesting illustrations in our language of the great change that has taken place in the philosophic thought of the world. Starting with the idea of something coming by "hap," or chance, its meaning has passed through so complete a metamorphosis that it now stands for the result of a law-governed series of causes and effects. Some one has said that consecration is not something done once for all, but is a maintained habit of the soul. With equal truth may the same be said of happiness. Whoever aims to catch and cage happiness so securely that it can never escape must constantly renew the bars of the cage. Then catching, too, is no easy matter; for it is too cunning a bird to be caught except in the fine meshes of the network of love.

Health and happiness are one. Secure either and you will find that you have caught both, because the gaining of one depends on putting in operation the same forces that will bring the other, and in exactly the same way. The way to get either, and so to get both, is first to realize that they are in large measure within your reach through the reasonable exercise of your natural powers—powers of which you are in full possession here and now. These powers may be, and probably in most cases are, undeveloped because unused.

You have the latent power to ride a bicycle, but it has to be developed by practise. Health and happiness come in the same way. Skimming along on a wheel in the full enjoyment of the exhilarating exercise, no sane person would stop by the way to put sand in the ball-bearings. Is it any more rational to put the friction-breeding grit of anger, fear, or worry into the ball-bearings of life when we can just as well

move along smoothly and joyfully? And if we sometimes find the machine running hard, if the grit and dust have crept in unawares, let us dismount for a time, clean up the machine, and lubricate it with the anti-friction oil compounded of love, trust, and serenity.

To use another figure, the world is a vast emporium—a one-price store, with an unlimited supply of goods and with the price clearly marked on each article. If you want the article you must pay the price. The purchase price of health is harmony; of happiness, loving service; of freedom, responsibility. You cannot “shade” the price by argument or pleading. Large payments bring big returns—small ones in proportion. But counterfeits, no matter how clever, buy no goods. Most of us are not awake to the fact that we are gloriously rich in the wherewithal to buy such goods as we need. The question for us to decide is whether, realizing our riches, we shall spend freely or hoard our talents and hide them in the napkins of doubt and fear and worry, labeling the whole as a package of poverty-breeding pessimism.

In some of the lower orders of being, where the evolutionary transition from batrachians to fishes is taking place, the young are born into a sort of tadpole condition. At this early age the creature moves freely from place to place in search of food—or happiness. Later on in life, however, he attaches himself to some convenient rock, root, or other stationary thing, and waits for his food and his happiness to come to him. In this new condition he not only ceases to evolve, to develop, but a distinct retrogradation sets in. The adult creature reverts to the condition of his grandfather—many times removed. He reverts to old conditions because he does not continuously and persistently use the powers of which he has proved himself the possessor.

There is no way of developing and keeping in usable condition any power or faculty except by constant, unremitting *use*. The way to health and happiness is simple, plain,

straightforward, honest, and sure. If we are candid with ourselves, we find that we know the way well enough, theoretically at any rate; but we are not ready to pay our passage. It is such a satisfaction (?) to us to pay people back in their own coin instead of in the pure mintage of *love*. The plain, cold fact is that we shall be healthy and happy when we so desire; that is, when we want those results more than we want loaves and fishes and the things prohibited in the Decalogue. Moses very unwisely put a premium on those things by prohibiting them so strenuously as to make the world feel that they had some use or value. When we rationally seek any good thing we shall find that the world is filled to overflowing with it; that the actual demand has never been so great as to make any considerable inroad on the supply. The inexhaustible source of supply is within. Even if we block up the outlet, either through ignorance or intention, by accretions of fear, worry, anger, hate, revenge, envy, and such pestiferous débris, we cannot prevent some of the crystal stream from filtering through. If we but stop piling up the obstacles *now*, the rushing tide of love will soon sweep clear a channel for itself and will flow gloriously forth bearing on its bosom a rich freight of serene happiness and potent health.



WOULDST thou fashion for thyself a seemly life?

Then fret not over what is past and gone;

And spite of all thou may'st have lost behind,

Yet act as if thy life were just begun.

What each day wills, enough for thee to know.

What each day wills, the day itself will tell.

Do thine own task, and be therewith content;

What others do, that shalt thou fairly judge;

Be sure that thou no brother mortal hate,

Then all besides leave to the Master Power.

—Goethe.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY ARE ONE.

BY CHARLES MALLOY.

An initial movement in a discussion of the above topic may be the quotation of a few lines from Emerson's poem, "Hermione,"* in which the idea of beauty is made prominent:

"On a mound an Arab lay,
And sung his sweet regrets
And told his amulets;
The summer bird
His sorrow heard,
And when he heaved a sigh profound
The sympathetic swallow swept the ground."

The argument of the poem is very brief. Hermione has left her Arab lover, presumably forever. She loves him still, but by some adverse fortune, and without love, she is married to another who in the poem is called "the Syrian." The first seven lines of the poem gives us the Arab lover, broken-hearted, singing his sorrow. He is alone, or only with one friend, a bird, which the poet presents as an intelligent and sympathetic listener. Poetry may well see friendship between birds and lovers, for birds *are* lovers; and the swallow, perhaps, has lost some little feathered Hermione and knows all about it. The poem is somewhat dramatic in form. The most of what follows is monologue by the lover. The *dramatis personæ* are the Arab, Hermione, the Syrian, and some personifications called "My Kindred." The last four lines are sung by the lover:

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But sceptered genius, aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere."

*Emerson has, besides, written a poem called an "Ode to Beauty," and also an essay on "Beauty." In the new "Trinity" of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, he always gives a high place to beauty, holding it fast even if, by analysis, the others must go. The old Greek word *cosmos* he translates "beauty."

This would imply that the case of the lovers, as usual, had been freely talked over by their neighbors—the curious and inevitable “they;” and “they” had said “she was not fair.” Why should this youth break his heart about her? A hundred are left as good as she. It comes to his ears and arouses him out of his all-absorbing grief. He attempts her defense in the first lines of the monologue. He concedes for the nonce that she may not be “fair,” as “they” count fair, but claims for her another and superior beauty, which they are not fine enough to see; he calls it “sceptered genius.” Readers of Emerson have a great deal of trouble with these two words. Perhaps the best way to deal with them is to translate them into the vernacular. *Sceptered*, if applied to a man, would mean a *kingly* man; if applied to a woman, it would mean a *queenly* woman. But what does *genius* mean? It is not intended to say that Hermione is a woman of genius in the sense of great artistic ability. Another meaning is implied, where genius signifies almost the same as character. Let us try the lines with these changes:

“If it be, as they say, she was not fair,
Beauty is not beautiful to me,
But a queenly character.”

“Your beauty is not beautiful to me,” the lover would say to “them,” “but this equivalent—namely, a queenly character—to which you are blind or indifferent.” The lover herein asserts his superiority and that of Hermione to their critics.

What is beauty? No man has yet been able to tell. Emerson says, warned by the ill fortune of many philosophers, that he will not attempt it; and certainly *I* will not. The phenomenon is evanescent and elusive. Emerson quotes the German, Moritz, as saying that “beauty is not in the understanding.” That *may* mean that we do not understand it; but probably the German meant that beauty is not a concept, which is a creature found in the understanding. A concept is made up

of parts. It may be analyzed, or taken to pieces; and this process is in part what is called "definition." But beauty cannot be analyzed. It has no parts; it is only itself; only itself can give it. This is why it baffles the logicians. But, though we cannot define beauty, we may at least follow it into a category.

We have seen that beauty is not a concept; we may add that it is also not a sensation. It is often connected with conceptions and sensations, but it lies further along—in a spiritual process. It does not always appear upon the occurrence of the other two mental stages. Beauty is an emotion. This does not define it, however; as said above, it only puts it into a category. But this is enough for our present argument. Emotion is the line whereon health and beauty find themselves upon common ground.

"They," the neighbors of the lover, look in the face of Hermione for beauty and do not find it. It is not given to sensation. Beauty, in the first use of the experience, was no doubt an optical phenomenon. It was given to the eye. In its subsequent and finer form it became phenomena for thought, or for the intellect. So, the lover says, "beauty is not beautiful to me;" that is, sensation, wherein "they" sought for beauty, was not beautiful to the lover, in that it gave but certain indefinable data appealing only to his intellect and esthetic demands. He calls this a "queenly character." In the vision, the contemplation of this, the emotion of beauty arises. It was a beauty of the soul rather than of the face. It was a higher and a finer beauty, and to see it required a higher and a finer nature on the part of the lover; and because it came from the soul, therein we find another nexus, bringing beauty and health together.

Health also comes from the soul. Health is largely at the mercy of emotional experience; and when it fails, a wonderful therapeutic power lies in emotion. Let me take care of my emotions—beauty, love, hope, peace—and guard against anger,

fear, malice, and envy, thus effectuating that complex of many elements called happiness, and I am well and shall "look well." Physical beauty implies health; spiritual beauty implies fine emotion. Vice and ill nature work terrible deformation on the face; but the beauty of holiness reveals itself as beauty of face as well as of soul. It is in the form of what we call *expression*, which is often so beautiful that we forget geometrical irregularity, gray hairs, wrinkles, and all the other signs of advancing age. A woman who wishes the conservation of her beauty should will to be healthy and will to be good. These two conditions inevitably translate themselves into beauty sooner or later. I have known many a woman who became beautiful only at middle age, or in old age. They kept good and healthy: these were the cosmetics, or antidotes, that saved them.

We love to read of heroic deeds, but think perhaps that *our* prosaic lives do not furnish the conditions. Browning makes the hero of one of his poems, with solemn gravity, give utterance to this paradox: "The small is the great." And another poet, long before Browning, said: "He that keepeth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." This is a task and an opportunity for every man and every woman. In this common trial, success is heroism. And the reward is great; in ten thousand instances it is health and beauty. Illness often follows a violent fit of anger; and what a change bad passions effect upon the face, to say nothing of the manners! Well did Shakespeare describe it:

"A woman moved is like a fountain troubled—
Muddy, ill-seeming, and bereft of beauty."

The keeping of the spirit also, this heroism of every day, implies temperance in eating and drinking, in pleasure, in study, and in labor; and it means good hours and good sleep, which Emerson says is "the first Muse."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

BY MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

This world is as we make it,
I often hear them say;
If we are sad and tearful,
The world will seem that way;
And if we seek the dark side,
Where everything goes wrong,
And see mole-hills as mountains,
Our lives will seem too long.

But if we seek life's sunshine,
Sweet joy to others give,
And gayly climb life's mountains
As though we're glad to live;
To overcome disaster,
And sunshine round us shower;
To make our dear friends happy—
Then joy will be our dower.

The world is but a mirror,
Reflecting each one's mind.
If we look at it crossly,
To us 'twill not look kind;
But if we smile upon it,
It will be joyous too:
No matter how we see it,
'Twill give us our own view.

So when the world seems dreary,
And life seems bitter too,
Just ask your disposition
If it can better do.
And if it turns to sunshine,
The world will look so bright
That you will be forgetting
How dark has been the night.

CHILDREN AS METAPHYSICIANS.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

A lady visiting a friend, who was well advanced in knowledge of the New Thought, noticed that her little son, less than five years old, if he fell and received a bump would quietly pick himself up, with the words, "God is Love," on his baby lips, instead of a pout or an outcry. She noticed this several times, even when the hurt was so severe that the little face was puckered up as if to cry and the words came somewhat doubtfully.

"Where did the child learn that?" she asked her friend at last.

"I taught him to do it," replied the mother, with a smile. "He never cries when he is hurt."

This was a good lesson and the visitor took it to heart, for she has a baby girl who is very much inclined to get into mischief and to suffer for it with many bumps and bruises. Although this little one is less than two years old, and cannot talk as the wise little boy can do, she has already learned that "pain is unreal;" and the hardest blow scarcely ever makes her cry. When she bumps her head, of course, she looks first to her mother for sympathy; and at one word of pity would doubtless burst into a storm of tears. But the mother, although not unsympathetic, laughingly holds out her arms, and the baby, with a sudden decisive motion, puts up her hand and vigorously rubs away the hurt—the cloud lifting from her face as she does so, and her sweet, sunny temper returning in a flash. Once she burned herself so that a blister an inch long was formed, but not a cry nor a tear showed that she suffered pain. And she did not suffer, for her receptive baby mind had taken in the thought that pain is in the mind and can be dismissed at will.

HOW THOUGHT BUILDS THE BODY.

BY HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

At present there is a widespread interest in hygienic subjects. Knowledge of foods—their values and scientific preparation—is being taught through many agencies. This is a very encouraging sign, as it augurs well for the health of coming generations.

In the past the intellectual growth and physical development of men have rarely balanced the scales of good health. Either the physical or the mental nature has tipped the scales too far to preserve equilibrium of the vital forces. There is an agent, however, that is apt to be overlooked by the zealous advocate of hygienic living. This agent is the individual's daily thought.

Intelligently to comprehend how thought affects the cells of the body, we must understand that every thought affects gland action. As an illustration, let us dwell for a moment upon thought as it affects the secretions of the salivary glands. If we think of delicious fruit the cells of the glands burst by the pressure of the thought telegraphed along the magnetically charged fibers of the inferior maxillary division of cranial nerves.

Michelet tells us that in the exquisite tissue of the brain—which, he says, reminds him of a splendid camelia-blossom—we find the cells of batteries that number well into the millions. The "ivory tracings of the flower" are the nerves that catch the electric current generated by the minute batteries. Creative force, always at work in the body, draws together in the brain atoms having negative and positive qualities; these are deposited from the acids and alkalis of the blood, and as they unite they generate electric force to be used by the nervous system.

Human electricity is called nerve force. Our thoughts are the operators that send the messages over the magnetically charged nerve cables; and every gland to which they are sent responds instantaneously. These glands are very sensitive to thought influences. Good, cheerful, and happy thoughts assist gland action, causing the cells to become fully charged with the protoplasmic fluids that carry new life to all the organs. Bad thoughts, which engender hasty temper, fear, envy, jealousy, etc., and lead to irritable and unrestful habits, keep the glands of the body in a state of perpetual commotion that finally weakens and paralyzes them; so that their fluids become to a certain extent poisonous, and act as an irritant throughout the whole circulatory system, destroying the white blood corpuscles—the natural germ-scavengers of the body.

Thought is used by man both consciously and subconsciously; but it is his privilege to use it consciously at all times. If a man's will or desire is properly aroused, he can so train his every thought that he becomes indeed a master.

There is another fact to be comprehended by man before he can clearly perceive the benefit to be derived from purifying his habits of thought. His belief in the stability of matter must be overthrown. It is possible to do this without adopting a belief in its non-existence. One may believe that matter exists and yet become so convinced of its fluctuating character that its power to bind the soul is destroyed. It is a scientific fact that matter cannot exist in a settled, fixed condition. What have been termed the "eternal rocks" are subject to a rate of vibration that is gradually disintegrating them. Every atom in the universe is just as surely in a state of ebb and flow as are the drops of water in the ocean. Every form in Nature, including the body of man, is a collection of atoms. These atoms, through ages of the repetition of thought, take form in species "whose seed is in itself," and they manifest in mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. The atoms composing the body of man are gathered from all the king-

doms below him. He stands supreme in Nature: each individual a universe in miniature, and yet a vibrating center that is continually renewed by spiritual forces.

Man's body is never a completed structure; he is constantly gathering anew the elements used in construction, and just as constantly throwing off the same elements in a different chemical combination. All worn-out atoms are again rebuilt into living tissue, and thus a great procession of vibrating atoms reveals the wonderful laws of Nature and teaches man how to come into conjunction therewith. He finds that he may adjust his desires and will to the Will of God, and that such adjustment will result in a healthy body and a vigorous mind—and with this capital there can be no failure.

Good thought belongs to the God realm; and, by vibratory force set in motion by thoughts from this realm, creative Spirit plays upon the sensitive disks of the atoms and produces a harmony that restores normal and coöperative action in every organ of the body.

The ignorant man is unconscious of the fact that only good desires can bring happiness and satisfaction; and so he seldom tries to possess the God-Will. As soon as he begins to search for wisdom, however, he strives to reconcile his will with the Creator's; then his chief aim will be to glorify God, and he will build for his spirit a perfect temple. Every thought will be trained to become consciously a God-thought, and his body will become a structure through which only the highest spiritual influences can vibrate. Thus, gradually, all the vibratory forces that have had possession of the cells of his body from birth, and whose perverted action has caused many of his thought-impulses to be false ones, will be transmuted by spiritual chemistry into a higher and truer activity.



I HEARD a friend once remark that it is not the cares of to-day but the cares of to-morrow that weigh a man down.—*George Macdonald.*

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

BY J. G. WAIT.

To one who looks upon the past, and sees the gradual evolution of animal and plant life from lower to higher forms, there can be no other conclusion than that the object of the creation of this world was *Man*. Man is the lord of creation, and his happiness is the end for which all things were created. He is king because of his power to think and reason, which differentiates him from all lower orders of being.

Thought is the mightiest force of the universe—it is the source of all things. God spake the Word, and the world was; but *Thought* preceded the Word.

Happiness is the aim of life. Throughout all time man has sought to enter this kingdom; yet few have found the way.

When Ponce De Leon landed in America he heard and went in search of a mystical fountain, "from which flowed the waters of perpetual youth;" and "all were restored to their primitive youth and health who drank from this celestial fountain"—so the tradition said. But his search was in vain; for after wandering many weary leagues he died and was buried without obtaining a view of this wonderful fountain. Many others have sought it, but without success. Millions of lives and fortunes without number have been sacrificed in the search for this mystical spring. Because it is a *spiritual* fountain, material eyes *cannot* find it.

Men and women are everywhere trying to find happiness—in many different ways: some by dissipation, others in "society," some through fame, and still others by the gratification of sensual desires. But these all miss the way; and when life's fitful fever is over they say, with Solomon, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Why? Because the waters that flow from the Fountain of Youth—giving happiness to all who

drink thereof—can never touch the lips of those who live for self alone.

Christ said: "The kingdom of heaven is within you;" and he who attains Nirvana, or heaven, is happy—he has discovered the Fountain of Youth.

Happiness is the goal toward which all are striving—and it is only attained through unselfish service for all humanity.

True happiness is only felt when we know that we are living up to the highest ideal for which we were created—when we live in harmony with and reflect the perfection of the Divine purpose.

The Fountain of Youth, like the kingdom of heaven, is only found when unselfish love opens the eyes. Then the dreamer awakens and beholds the grandeur and beauty of the true life, and the narrow way that leads to the fountain from which flow the spiritual waters of Life. This fountain is not hid away in some unknown land, but is *within*. Its waters are free and open to all. They are pure, clean, and unclouded by hate or discord. The vibrations of pure, spiritual love open this fountain; they are regenerative, giving health and happiness.

All ye who thirst, know that this is the way to the eternal spring: Be merciful. Judge not. Let no hate abide in your breast. Minister unto all who need thee. Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you. Love thy neighbor as thyself. If you would be truly healthful, and drink of the waters of the Fountain of Youth, let your soul be filled with unselfish love. To be happy, you must—

"Learn to read life's lesson right;
Leave the darkness for the light.
Know that they alone are truly wise
Who labor to help others rise."



WHAT had seemed to be faith had been in a great measure hope and imagination, occupying themselves with the forms of religion.—*George Macdonald.*

A SECRET OF POWER.

BY ANNA M. ROBBINS.

Why should one be sad when one may be glad? Are you the victim of an unhappy mood? Can you not control the current of your thought and change the channel of your feeling? If despondent, why remain so until chance makes you cheerful?

We sooth a child when it comes to us with its small trials, and—blessed be childhood!—it soon forgets. Soothing sympathy is also sweet to maturer years, but perhaps there is something even better than that. Suppose you are anxious and troubled about some of the affairs of life—perhaps you have met with a material loss. On waking in the morning that subject is the first in your thought. It hovers about you all day, ceaselessly tormenting. You attempt by force of will to drive it away, and the more vigorously you send it off the more persistently does it return. Suddenly, you know not how, the anxiety has flown. Perhaps you are walking. Your mind is free; your step is light. Your soul looks out through untroubled eyes and perceives the beauty of the sky. You breathe the pure, exhilarating air and exult in your own existence. The sky and the air were there a moment before; the fact about which you were troubled remains the same. Only you—the attitude of your mind toward this material fact—have changed; the attitude of your soul toward the great Oversoul has been altered. Now, instead of being closed and hard, it is open and receptive; hence, the beauty, which was there all the time, rushes in like a flood of light.

But this change has come suddenly, without any effort of your own. Your spirit has asserted its divine right to be free. It is living now in its own natural sphere, and the planes of life below are to it non-existent. Suppose, instead

of waiting for this happy change, you summon it at pleasure. Suppose that at the first moment of waking you could have stepped into this beautiful sphere and saved yourself long hours of misery. Do you not see what power you thus have over your own peace? And the ability thus to put yourself into a desired frame of mind can certainly be attained by practise. No one can give it to you; you must develop it for yourself. But the secret can be found.

This is the key also to the power of concentration. If you sit down before the text-book doggedly determined to wrench from the printed page its lesson, perhaps you will succeed; but the task will be hard, and your energy will soon be exhausted. If you quietly withdraw your mind from all other matters, leaving it free to apply itself to the subject in hand, time will pass unheeded. The exercise of your mental faculties will be a delight, and the lesson will soon be learned. All work may in this way become a pleasure. All unpleasant surroundings may be bereft of their power to harm. Each day may be made a victory, or, rather, you may be the victor and rise always superior to the day.

You can cultivate graces; you can build character; you can almost change your very nature. Give no countenance to aught that is ignoble. Harbor no selfishness in your heart. Let aspiration and effort hold sway, and you will soon find that peace fills your soul. Love and hate cannot occupy the same place. You may be happy if you will.



WHAT is our uppermost thought? It is that we live, and that our life is gladness. Our physical nature unfolds itself to the sun, while our mind and heart seem no less to bask in the bright influences of the thought of God.—*Faber.*



THE development of the soul is only a process of removing the illusive fogs and shadows that incase its inner principles.—*Ernest Loomis.*

ELEMENTS OF THE NEW LIFE.

BY NICHOLAS CHRISTIAN.

1. The principles underlying present-day civilization are outworn, and are consonant neither with human needs nor Eternal Law.

2. Present-day civilization is "economic;" that is, sympathy as a motive power is almost neglected, and the ideals of the market-place rule.

3. A new life is slowly taking shape in the minds of earnest thinkers, in which Men and not Things will be the most valued elements in the body social.

4. It follows from this that the whole face of civilization will again change, as it has before changed many times.

5. When men cease to regard Things as elements of power, Things will fall from their high estate as counters in the game of life, and much of our present feverish activity will be seen to be energy running to waste.

6. Life will be simpler, and less full of external burdens. It will involve less strain to those that live it and will be found to have new and unsuspected dignities and pleasures.

7. This new life is no Utopian dream. Neither is it merely a foreshadowing of a dimly perceived future. It lies latent in Humanity—now, to-day.

8. It requires but the "ten just men;" and it requires that they should realize that the solution, the success, lies in themselves, and is not contained in text-books of political economy, nor is in any way bound up with the scientific exchange-value of a labor hour.

9. Old standards must be forsaken—old prejudices left behind; yet we must beware of blind guides and of mistaking worldly cravings for lightning-flashes from the eternal sky.

10. A sane, wholesome life, a charitable heart, a desire to help and to uplift, and a clear understanding—these are the possessions, needful to all men, of which most at this hour are defrauding themselves.

11. With these, and the determination to face the Unknown and do battle with the Unfamiliar, our ten just men, poor to-day, will be wealthy to-morrow; for they will have satisfied their needs and have Time—most valuable of properties—still to spare.

12. But beware! The old life cannot be reached by the new path, nor the new life by the old. The elder gods—of Sloth, of Greed, of Self-worship—cannot be adored in the new temple. A humble, earnest, and hopeful heart, full of reverence and awe for the mysterious ways of Being, may dare all; but the self-sufficient will fall by the way.

13. It is a severe discipline, a self-discipline, that stands between men to-day and a glorious, epoch-making to-morrow. Wait for others to make smooth the path, and you will never tread it. A body of rules does not make a Paradise, nor will the loose customs of an imperfect civilization fit in with the balanced mechanism of a perfect one.

14. Above all, cease to believe that you may lay the blame on others for what is. What is *is*. What will be for you depends on yourself. Ask yourself what you are prepared to give up. Some will be surprised at the answer.

15. Remember the aspirant in the New Testament. He was to give all and follow Christ. That is what you have to give—ALL: only that. Customs, habits, and prejudices: only these.

16. No man is so rich that he can give more: none so poor that he cannot give these. There is only one thing powerful and liquid in the world. It is Thought. But customs, habits, and prejudices are crystallized, petrified thoughts. Thought can dissolve all else; these it cannot. Only the *real* self, the Ego, acting by the Will, can crush and scatter such stony growths.

17. Yet were there ten just men, or even five—let us have confidence. Some day they will be found. Then, example will do the rest.

THE USE OF CREATIVE POWER.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

All created beings have creative power. Being born of God, they must inherit God; being born receptacles of God, they are fashioned by him for different uses, each after its kind. All creations below man live the life they were created to live, without choice, or desire to be anything different, or to live otherwise. Man, being endowed with the power of reflection, reason, and choice, may follow or refuse to follow the order of life in which God created him, and may use his powers in God's way, or in any way he may conceive.

The creative power in man is not limited to one or two kinds of expression in the world, but may be used in any number of ways that his love and his thought may devise. And man, turning from God, and so from the light, and conceiving many false ideas in the darkness, came also to hold false thoughts of the creative power—its use and limitations.

The creative power in the man that gives himself freely to God's inflowing life fills his whole being; it radiates life and strength, to himself and to others, and ability to express itself in forms corresponding to his individuality and personality. But in the man that has false ideas, which have concentrated or diffused, repressed or expressed, the creative power unequally in different parts of the body and mind, there is not a free circulation. There is too much life in some parts, and too little in others; hence inharmony, loss of control, disease. If there is too much repression or expression, there is disease; if too much concentration, there is more life than can be expressed, which is torment; if too much diffusion, expression is never reached, and this results in weakness—inability. This treasure cannot be hoarded; there must be receiving and giving in equal interchange, to keep the currents free and clear.

Any of these conditions may be righted by giving one's self entirely into God's care—for his life to flow in; for his life is order and harmony: health to the whole man. It restores every part to its normal condition. To do this, one needs only to abandon all preconceived ideas and all dominant thoughts, of whatsoever nature, for a portion of every day, and, turning the mind to God and his inflowing life, let it freely course through the mind into the body, and thus restore all to order. The man that can do this feeling perfectly safe and free, and confident of results, will arrive at health and harmony with little delay.

For those who have not faith equal to entire surrender, the practise of the direction of concentration and diffusion will reach the same goal, and ultimately freedom. If any part of the mind or body is weak, the thought directed there when receiving the inflowing life will concentrate it at that point in the consciousness, because life really fills every part according to its need, just as a stream of water flowing over a collection of cups of different sizes would fill each according to its capacity. Unbelief, doubt, fear, and ignorance close the cups, and whenever a false thought closes a cup life cannot flow in. The first method opens all the cups at once; the second opens a cup here and there, where it sees the greatest need, and directs the thought thither. If the thought has been too continuously directed to one part and too infrequently to another, reverse the thought. If the thought has been kept too much in the mind and its creations, and the life current diverted from the body, direct the current by thought to the body, and both will be restored and strengthened. If the thought has dwelt too much on the body and its functions, to the neglect of the mind, seek such thoughts as shall relieve the body and turn the attention to the mind.

If, through false teaching, the spiritual, mental, or physical energy has become concentrated in certain directions, making repression, which men call self-control, necessary, the knowl-

edge that creative power is for man to use as he sees fit, and is not determined to one part more than another except by his own thought, will enable him by diffusion of thought to equalize this life in the body or the mind, or to determine it to any part of the body or mind that he feels needs it or that he wishes especially to develop.

Resistance to any disorderly condition is repression, and this cannot be health. The two great keys of life are: *Obedience to God* and *non-resistance to evil*. These keys open the portals of health and power on the three planes of being. Repression by concentration increases more and more the life current at just the point where it needs relief. If it were not that those practising repression at the same time practise concentration in other directions, they would lose control of mind and body and develop insanity in some of its various forms. Many have met this fate, others only partially—the strongest and wisest seeking relief in concentration in other ways, and others seeking relief in expression.

Neither repression nor expression means health. In the one case, what is called evil is resisted and so strengthened; in the other, it is indulged and also strengthened. To realize that this concentration of life, causing disease or unbalanced power, is not evil but good, in the highest form given us—the creative power—and then to learn that *thought* may diffuse and equalize it, or concentrate it elsewhere, means freedom and health.

The only slavery in this world is the bondage of false thought. You cannot free yourself of one false thought without freeing yourself of some form of slavery. The false belief that there is no way of using the creative power but to get rid of it by external expression, and no way of controlling it except by repression, has brought upon man the worst kind of slavery. And the false belief that this power of life is evil has added terror to despair.

That external expression in any form is not necessary to

health or happiness is a secret that thousands would give all they possess to know. The soul life is the real life; the external world is its most external expression. Expression of the soul life is necessary on the soul plane and on the mental plane, which is its true external, but it is not necessary on the material. This means, not that we do not need to live in the material, but that we are not subject to it; it is subject to us. We do not know it until we learn the laws of spirit and of mind, and so we cannot consciously use it. The thoughts that nearly unbalance our minds, because we cannot put them into words, we can make blessed use of when we learn that *thought* goes more surely and much farther than spoken *words*.

The concentrated physical life that becomes a torment and a horror, that requires all one's strength to repress, and that we often fail to repress, can be turned to great uses when we learn that concentration is not the law of that life but our false thought about it, and that as our thought has concentrated it so it can diffuse it and determine it in other directions, thus making it a source of joy, health, and strength to the whole body. It is this power that we are unconsciously using all our lives—in everything that our hands or minds find to do.

The concentrated spiritual life of false thought weakens the mental and physical, sometimes ruining both. Right spiritual thought gives life and health to mind and body. By this test we know if our thought is right. If you develop spiritual power that brings inharmony to mind or body, wait; either you are looking to some other power than God, or your motive is not high, or fear or ignorance or some other false thought is the cause. Wait till you discover what is wrong, and then determine your thought in right directions. Be sure you look to God only. Be sure your motive is to be of greater use to others, and not for your own satisfaction or ambition. Be sure you have entire faith in God, and do not believe that evil is ever more powerful than good. *The only evil for you is your own false thought*, which calls to you other false thoughts

or expressions thereof, which frighten you more when you see them in externalized form than when you see them in words—in your mind or out of it. People will endure evil thoughts, entertain them, and even love them, but they are frightened out of their wits when they see these same thoughts in form. If you have evil thoughts, you will have hideous forms about you. You could not expect an evil thought to have the form of a rose, or a lamb, or a singing bird. Every thought you think is alive, and you have the sort of forms about you and the sort of invisible companions that are like your own thoughts. If you wish the inner world, in which you live at the same time you inhabit the outer world, to be a beautiful world, filled with beautiful forms and beautiful people, you must have corresponding thoughts.

This inner world is all the heaven you will ever know. Its building is a process in constant operation. The only difference between now and the time you leave your body is that *then* you come into fuller consciousness of it. If you develop consciousness of the inner life, and you do not like the company you find yourself in or your surroundings, it remains with you to change them. If you do not have faith enough to trust in God, or Good, then wait until you have learned the laws that govern the mental and soul worlds.

To change your inner environment, diffuse your concentrated spiritual thought from the belief you hold in evil, your false thought of some good, and concentrate your thought on God, or Good, and recognize nothing else; thus will your developing soul power bring you nearer to God and your fellow-men, in spirit and in truth, whatever your outward life may be. Do not fret over your lack of ability or opportunity; do what you can. It does not make as much difference to the world what you *do* as what you *are*. Worry and anxiety are only hindrances and unhealthful concentration. There must be free circulation *within* the body, *within* the mind, *within* the soul, to insure health, happiness, and peace; but the health of

neither depends upon external expression, which is only a *reflection* of the real life.

It has been proved that men can be restored to health without external means, and that the more a man develops spiritually the less food and exercise and sleep he needs—while he grows stronger and has improved health. Mental determination of life throughout the body will free the circulation better than all the gymnastics ever invented, and in less time. With the mental attitude that is held while the mind is turned from outer things, that one may receive life from God without changing the nature of it by his thoughts, and with the habit formed of keeping the thoughts in the channel of the good and the true, man will not be troubled by any form of disease. However, so long as men are unable to have faith in any but external means, such will be useful. External means of any kind have no use and no power except to change the attitude of mind. They do just what faith and insight do, but on a more external plane; and this is why they are not so powerful and successful. The nearer we go to spirit the greater the power.

There is no limit to the creative power of man; not that any one man can be all things, but that each man can reach no limit in his own line of development except the limit of his growth, which is set by himself. It is *soul* that creates, and the power in the soul is Spirit, *i. e.*, God. Soul determines its form and its limit; the mind is its vehicle of expression in the external world. All one's outer life is determined by one's mind—its physical condition, its natural and social environment, its experiences, its development. If one's thought dwells in the right, it naturally goes toward the things it needs and draws them to it; but to others belong the studying and the experimenting, the mistakes and the suffering. They laboriously seek things in harmony with human life in general, and try to adapt them to individual cases.

All knowledge that is sought in the outer world must be

THE IMAGING FACULTY.

BY ANNA PAYSON CREELMAN.

The importance and potency, for weal or woe, of that power or faculty of the mind by which it creates or forms ideas of things, whether existing (but not present to the senses) or not existing, can scarcely be overestimated. From the study of language we learn that "the word *fancy* has substantially the same meaning as, and was originally identical with, imagination; this imaging or fancying faculty has for its ruling element some emotion of the mind," and is governed and directed by natural tendency. Each person weaves the fabric of imagination with colors all his own; and health or disease, wealth or poverty, brightness or gloom, are within our power according as we use this creative faculty.

Imagination is the most wonderful healer in the universe, as it is also the most fruitful inducer of disease. How much medical men owe to it can never be estimated; for in many cases extraordinary virtues have been attributed to certain prescribed remedies, when as a matter of fact the medicines had been practically inert. The patient has unconsciously healed himself by the exercise of faith and the force of a vivid imagination, and the physician has been credited with a marvelous cure. A late paper tells of a young physician who confessed to a piece of diplomatic duplicity in order to increase his business. Whenever his practise lagged he secured a number of clinical thermometers and presented them to mothers of young children of his acquaintance. "Of course, as soon as a mother began to take the temperature of her children she was sure to discover fluctuations never before dreamed of; and—well, it is easy to see that that crafty medicine man was going to be sent for."

Macmillan's Magazine published some time ago a story, purporting to be true, of a man supposed to have been bitten by a rattlesnake on a ranch in California. All the symptoms

of snake-poisoning soon followed. The man's face became swollen, distorted, livid; his arm was also swollen, and his movements were lethargic and heavy. The foot soon became so large that it scarcely looked like a human member, and in the midst of the purple swelling was a white swelling with the little blue mark, plainly evident of its center. His friends kept him walking around to overcome the increasing lethargy and gave him brandy to neutralize the effect of the poison until the doctor who had been hastily summoned should arrive. When the foot had been examined it was found, to the astonishment of all, that there was no cause for alarm—the wound had been occasioned by a cactus-spine, and the man had not been bitten by a snake at all. "All the same," observed the doctor, quietly, as he surveyed the prostrate man on whom death seemed already to have set its seal, "he'd have died if you hadn't kept him walking."

"Died! What of?" cried the astonished listeners.

"Snake-bite—shake him up there! Don't let him get drowsy!"

"Snake-bite! I thought you said there was nothing in his foot but the thorn?"

Then the doctor rose and said, very slowly and impressively: "Mark me, friends; we're in the face of a bigger thing to-night than snake-bite. We're in the face of one of the most tremendous facts of human nature, and one of its biggest mysteries—the influence of the mind upon the body. I've heard of something like this before, although I've never seen it and never thought I should, and that was in connection with a coolie and a cobra in India. In that case, too, there was no snake-bite, although there was a snake, but he crawled away without doing any harm. And that man, too, the same as this one here, swelled up, showed all the symptoms of snake-poisoning, and died. This man we'll save. You have practically saved him, by keeping him moving and counteracting the poison with the brandy. Look at the man—isn't he snake-poisoned?"

"By all that's blue he looks it," one admitted.

"And all the hurt he's got—the physical hurt—is just the pin-prick of that thorn. The rest is all mental—all the swelling, the surcharging of the vessels, mental. But he's better now—heart beating better." He bent and listened to its beating as he spoke. "You've seen a strange thing to-night," the doctor added, rising again; "such a thing as you nor I are ever likely to see again. And I'll tell you something else about it, gentlemen. It's a thing that you won't find you get a great deal of credence for when you come to tell it to the boys. There's a fashion in this world for men to believe they know the way things happen; and the thing that happens in a way they don't know they put aside as a thing that didn't happen."

"It only shows what I said," commented one of the men. "If a man could believe he had not been bitten he need never die of snake-bite. If ever I am bitten I shall make believe it was a cactus-spine."

A New York physician says he has "produced calm, natural, refreshing sleep, by the simple administration of colored, distilled water, rendered bitter by some inert substance." In the same way, and by assuming a profound air of mystery and making the patient believe she was taking a very potent drug, he cured a severe case of neuralgia. For another patient he prescribed bread pills—rolled in bitter aloes, to give them a drug flavor—with instructions to be very careful in their use. "Now," said he, "remember; one pill is a dose, and two may mean death. Attend to the instructions, and in three days you will be a new man." And so he was. He afterward said that he would not be without the pills on any account.

Cases might be multiplied indefinitely of the potencies inherent in mind, and in the faculty of imaging, fancying, or picturing certain conditions to which the plastic body or shifting outward circumstances readily respond; so that it becomes more and more evident that we are the arbiters of our own destinies.

SEED THOUGHTS.

BY EDWIN D. CASTERLINE.

Thine own sincerity is the measure of what thou shalt receive. Look to it that no false bottom to thy measure or another's deceives thee.

In trust for Good's sake bear thyself toward all things in an attitude of good. Be a veritable king in good and thy subjects will serve thy goodly purpose.

Let no starry reflections in the sea of life here rob thee of thy heavenly-orbed prediction and its result.

When thine eyes turn inward, to the light which is thine from birth, turn them outward bringing that light into seven-hued luster and brightness for life's uses, and your rainbow of hope and trust will arch betwixt the rain and thy darkened sky and prove the sun's shining just beyond.

When a panic of disbelief or fear shakes thy purpose, test it at thy throne of conscience. If it belittles thee by seeming falsity, place it as another's purpose and make thyself in attitude the judge.

With soul-sunshine (spirit) in thy being thou canst stand still, and for every ray sent beaming forth will come a reactive blessing unto thee—such is the law of vibratory force. The entire Universe feels it for good or evil. Thy being is a sun; and it is for thee to stand still and, radiating the truth in all directions, dispel ignorance, or darkness.

In contentment read the story in the true birth of a soul. Comes it slow from everlasting unto everlasting day; but, when fixed, a fixed star is it indeed, no more subject to decay. Thus the open Book of Life is holding all there is of Good. Naught but gladness is the birthright of an earth-born soul redeemed—brought back to its own glad kingdom and placed once more upon the throne where all reason becomes knowl-

edge. Working backward through Time's strifes, gaining conscious power through contrast, there can never more come night; for all darkness fades in glory in the coming of the day.

If thy soul longs for freedom float it out upon infinity of spirit. Spirit, the soul's fiery chariot, will carry thee aloft, transfiguring thy very being into light and love. Thy *will* is but the hair-weight, or line, that keeps thee from thine Infinity!

Beatitude comes only on mountain-tops where man's infinity and God meet.

Congregations of men thrive materially best in valleys, but spiritualized souls seek the mountain-tops—alone.

A kind word is the cup of water that prevents the earth droughts from shriveling some beautiful soul growth and liberating it from its prison-house of clay, sending it heavenward to distil its fragrance—its own awakened word—into infinity of being.

Doubt springs infernal in the human heart because of earthly uncertainty and constant change. Time is to the feet as shifting sand.

"Hope springs eternal" in the heart of man, or true Mind. Faith pledges it to Eternal Substance—the Rock of Ages.

Be not tarnished by the world's corrosion; be masterful against evil entering to possess thee, and receptive to the meed of good from within and without that is to establish thy kingdom.

It is better to work to build up truth than to pull thyself down by trying to pull down evil. Truth will settle untruth and relegate it to its nothingness. Truth lifted will continually lift thee.

TAKING THOUGHT.

BY FRANCES ALLEN ROSS.

In our serious reflection upon life, and in our individual effort to make the most of it, we are likely to overlook its sweet spontaneity and joyous simplicity. Most of us have found it necessary to *build* character, to measure the result of every act, and to labor for the accomplishment of desired ends. We wish to act virtuously, to be altruistic, and to help others so to act and live. These efforts and desires are good and undoubtedly necessary in the beginning of our unfoldment; but there is another side of living, which should early receive our notice, and that is life itself—its essence and character. The freest manifestation of life as exhibited in Nature is fresh, buoyant, and simple. It was such a spirit of living that Jesus suggested when he said: "Which of you by *taking thought* can add one cubit unto his stature?" and closed with the assurance that "your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." In these words Jesus pointed out the fact that there is a life principle in each one of us, and its nature is to know and to act without our intervention.

There are times when the musician interprets a composition in such a way that both player and listeners feel perfect harmony, not alone in the music but in all things—a harmony that unites the diversified phases of life into a whole. But suddenly he breaks the unity, although he plays correctly and has the same accuracy of technique. In some way he has got out of the current of inspiration. The art is all there, but the spirit is gone; and the player instinctively perceives that that in him which *knows* is not directing the expression. It is this same spirit that knows all things and leads to all truth. It is above reason and above judgment, although not necessarily antagonistic to them. It was this spirit that led Joan of Arc to accomplish the salvation of France. It was this spirit that

moved Fra Angelico on bended knees to paint his immortal angels. It was this spirit that impelled Handel, with weeping wonderment, to write the score of "The Messiah." This spirit overflows so naturally through all genius that it never thinks of waste or worth; hence, we have that amazing story about Sebastian Bach: how he wrote musical compositions without any thought of personal glory, and how he placed them in the cupboard, where, Remenyi tells us, "they remained mute during his lifetime, to be 'uncupboarded' after his death."

When this spirit acts through us it will be free, spontaneous, joyous, and exuberant, and we shall feel the freedom of true wisdom, which the Greeks so aptly typified by Minerva. Just as it always comes in complete understanding, so the goddess was supposed to have sprung in full armor from the head of Zeus. When this wisdom can act unimpeded through us, we shall not *aim* to accomplish anything—we shall not even *try* to be righteous. We shall simply *live*.

Emerson says: "All my wilful actions and acquisitions are but roving; the most trivial reverie and the faintest native emotion are domestic and divine." This is why poets write best the things that come forth directly from the mind to the paper, and not after elaborate reflection. The vitality of life, not its elaboration, is what counts. No matter how well we direct our open speech, or how thoroughly we train our minds, we really say and teach that which we *are*—through tone and gesture. It behooves us, then, to recognize as soon as possible the value of making our culture and education transparent, so that the life principle can shine through.

Living will become allowing in the degree that we unfold our true nature. All our plans for improving the world—all our schemes for education—are "rovings;" but—

"The presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts" will spring up into everlasting life. It is like the wind, which bloweth where it listeth; and it will teach and heal and save all those who come within its overflow.

AN EARLY APOSTLE OF THE NEW THOUGHT.

BY H. FORBES KIDDLE.

In the year 1846, Samuel P. Brittan, a young and eloquent preacher of Universalism stationed at Albany, N. Y., lay upon a sickbed. Hope had vanished from loving hearts and despair sat waiting for the sad parting that seemed inevitable. External appearances, however, were deceptive. While the wasted tenement seemed hurrying into certain dissolution, the dweller had only temporarily withdrawn from his fleshly tabernacle to gather psychical force and to learn mystic lessons from the inner world of Reality, which thereafter were to strengthen and guide him as a pioneer apostle of the great modern spiritual renaissance. Concerning this eventful episode in his career, he wrote:

"The corporeal fires continued to wane, and seemed ready to expire in life's mortal temple. It is said that for many days and nights we were utterly delirious; it may have been so. It is true that we awoke one morning in a serene frame of mind, and found that there was a blank of some twelve days in the events of this outward existence. Of that period we remembered nothing save what was invisible and unknown to all our earthly attendants. The writer had reason to question whether he was indeed himself or another. Some eighty pounds of material elements comprehended all that remained of the mortal form, while the change that had occurred in the inward being was still more startling and inexplicable. Strange visitors had been at our bedside, and we were led by them to the very confines of their immortal realm. Strange as it may appear, our habits of thought and the state of our feelings had undergone a mysterious and radical change, and life itself at once assumed a new and deeper significance. Our dogmatic theology was fearfully damaged in this severe ordeal; but, as for ourselves, we were sublimated in body, mind, and spirit."

Thenceforth his life was steadfastly devoted to the promulgation of the one great truth—*the Spirit giveth life*. With

unflinching determination and untiring eloquence he proclaimed the New Gospel :

"To the old, arbitrary formalism we oppose a divine philosophy, which regards Spirit as the origin and end of all things—the cause of all external forms and the source of all visible phenomena. It teaches that Deity pervades and governs, by established laws, the universe of material and spiritual existence; that all truth is *natural*, and adapted to the rational faculties; that God is enshrined in the human soul; and, moreover, that all men, as they become God-like in spirit and life, are rendered susceptible to divine impressions, and may derive instruction from a higher sphere of intelligence. The spiritual idea will be found to comprehend the results of our faith and philosophy.

"From this point of observation we perceive that, by an almost infinite series of imperceptible gradations, the material elements are sublimated to ethereality, and organic existence becomes individualized and immortal. The relations of the visible and invisible worlds are here discoverable. Existence is seen to be one unbroken chain, beginning in Deity and ending in the lowest form of matter; while faith and science, for the first time, meet and harmonize in one grand system of universal truth. In the light of these views, we discover that the limits of Nature are not to be determined by the capacity of the senses and the understanding to perceive and comprehend them. Nature, if not absolutely illimitable, extends immeasurably beyond the limits of all human observation. The essential principles of revelation have been presumed to be at war with Nature, only because our investigations of the latter have been restricted to the circumscribed sphere of visible existence. The external world contains many grand and beautiful revelations of power and wisdom; but, as we leave the mere surface of being and descend into the great deep from which the elements of all life and thought are evolved, we feel a still stronger conviction that God is in all things, and that 'order is Heaven's first law.' We are not discussing the doubtful merits of a mere human invention; nor for some idle fancy or strange hallucination do we demand a serious and candid examination. It is a system of universal philosophy for which we ask a careful hearing and an honest judgment."

Dr. Brittan did not remain on earth long enough to witness the advent of Mental Science as a distinct system, but that he recognized the basic truth of that school of thought is shown in his work, "Man and His Relations," from which the following extracts are taken :

"The renovating principle, or restorative power, has no place in medicine: *it exists in Man*, and is manifested in and through the living or-

ganization. It is well known that when any part of the body is impaired, by accident or otherwise, Nature, without delay, commences to repair the injury.

"Nature, I know, may be assisted by various extrinsic means and measures, in her efforts to recover the normal exercise of her power. But the bandage applied to a flesh wound only serves to protect it from the action of the atmosphere; an internal vital power is required to make the wounded member whole again. The appendages applied by the surgeon to a broken limb subserve no higher purpose than to keep it in place while Nature performs the more important office of uniting the bone. In like manner, when any internal organ becomes diseased, or a general functional derangement occurs, we employ remedial agents in vain unless Nature summons her forces to the work of expelling the evil.

"That disease, even in its most aggravated forms, occurs from mental as well as from physical causes, will not be questioned; and that Death often approaches suddenly, or gradually retires from our presence, at the mandate of the kingly Mind, is scarcely less apparent to the thoughtful observer.

"I hazard nothing in affirming that many forms of disease may be far more effectually treated by the application of mental forces than by the use of physical agents. If the mind, when misdirected, occasions an irregular organic motion and diseased condition of the body, it can only be necessary to *reverse* or change its action, while we preserve the strength and intensity of the mental function, and the disease will be arrested and removed.

"The great Physician of the Jews recognized this action of the mind as possessing a great renovating power over the body. Two blind men came to him on a certain occasion to have their sight restored. Jesus said to them, '*According to your faith, be it unto you;*' and their eyes were opened. To the woman who 'touched the hem of his garment,' he said, '*Thy faith hath made thee whole.*' These and other similar forms of expression clearly indicate that the cures wrought by the divinely-gifted Man of Nazareth were not arbitrary exhibitions of an independent power, but were in consonance with the psycho-dynamic laws.

"The idea that diseases may be removed and the body restored by the agency of the mind alone involves—in the judgment of many people—a great tax on human credulity. They have no hesitation in believing that a small blue pill, a little tincture of lobelia, or an infinitesimal dose of the fortieth dilution of some impotent drug, will accomplish the work of organic and functional renovation, whilst *Mind*, with all its immortal powers and God-like capabilities, is regarded as an inadequate cause of similar effects. This is the worst conceivable form of materialism. It invests the smallest quantity of inorganic matter with a power greater than the soul is admitted to possess. It utterly denies the supremacy of Mind over the realm of material forces, forms, and elements, while it virtually

disputes the healing power of the great Physician, because he did not give physic to the Jews, but removed their maladies by the mightier energies of Mind."

The mind possesses the power to heal; but, also, it may become a tremendous agent of destruction:

"Anxiety, like an omnivorous worm, gnaws at the root of our peace; care, like an ugly old hog, stirs the fires of life to put them out; false Pride and a selfish Ambition contribute to waste the nation's wealth, and lead to a fearful prostitution of the noblest powers. Some die of chills brought on by a cold and comfortless 'faith;' others are consumed with the burning fever of a too intense 'devotion;' while many take a melancholy whim and give up the ghost as honorably as those who take a rope, or prussic acid. Thus thousands perish every year—the victims of spasmodic emotions and the abnormal operations of a disorderly mind. Many of them expire suddenly; and, at the coroner's inquest, it is reported that they died of disease of the heart, congestion of the brain, excessive hemorrhage, or sudden paralysis. But the truth is, the primary causes are back of all such physical effects. Some die from extreme fear; others from intense anger; others still from fits of jealousy, or from a deep and silent sorrow; many are killed by an all-conquering idea, and not a few from that ungovernable yet hopeless love that, like accumulated electric forces in the midnight sky, must rend the cloud that it may follow its attraction and find its equilibrium.

"There is no security for the earthly tenement when the reckless occupant kindles a destroying fire within and suffers flames to run through all the apartments. If a man allows himself to be led by every wild impulse and erratic fancy, or if his disposition be like gun-cotton, he is never safe. His body becomes a kind of magazine in which the passions frequently explode and shake the whole building. That man's house is not likely to last long, and he should pay an extra premium for insurance. The importance of preserving a calm and equal frame of mind will be sufficiently apparent if we but know and remember that the most frightful physical maladies result from disturbed mental conditions."

These words were uttered forty years ago. Well may it be said regarding the philosophy thus enunciated, in the language of the same writer: "It is the light of the spiritual world which now shines through Nature's material vestments. Neither the discovery nor the application of its principles should be passed to the credit of any individual man. It is *Humanity's* best thought in the great day of its Resurrection."

Dr. Brittan's mind was circumscribed by no petty prejudices or preconceptions. Truth was his quest, and he reverently welcomed its presentations no matter whence the source. When the "Rochester rappings" signaled the advent of Modern Spiritualism, after due investigation he ungrudgingly gave acceptance to its fundamental claims and ardently espoused the unpopular cause. For a number of years he was the editor of *The Spiritual Telegraph*, America's ablest spiritualistic journal, and also published a quarterly, *The Shekinah*, devoted to the same subject. Pen and voice were unceasingly active up to the time of his departure. He was a brilliant writer and an eloquent speaker, being particularly able as a controversialist. "The Battle Ground of the Spiritual Reformation" is the appropriate title of a volume of his polemic writings, filled with logic, learning, and eloquence, and well worth perusal at the present time.



KINDERGARTEN METAPHYSICS.

BY LILLIAN F. MCLEAN.

"Deep meaning oft lies hid in childish play."—Schiller.

Each individual, to some degree, repeats the experiences of the race. History repeats itself in the individual. When a new thought is presented to one, he is apt to think it *is* new; and not until he expands enough to find himself in touch, not only with others of the present age but with the philosophers of the past, does that idea vanish. One then receives his first pleasing, almost joyous, sense of *unity*. Oh, if it could but remain!

When I first became interested in the kindergarten, I was much surprised to find that its essence—expressed through its theory, gift and occupation—was purely metaphysical. Many

a would-be kindergartner fails because he or she does not grasp that subtle side of this great system.

Is it any wonder that the kindergarten has been of a slow but steady growth, when one sees what lofty ideas and philosophy Froebel presented to an infantile race, as far as true education was concerned? Froebel's philosophy was founded upon the belief of the "unity of Spirit and Nature." His key-note was "the analogy between the race and the child." The following are a few condensed quotations, from which the reader may judge for himself the depth of his thought:

"The insight that Spirit is the sole reality, that this Absolute Spirit is God, and that all beings possess life and mind so far as they participate in God."

"In all things there lives and reigns an eternal law. . . . This all-controlling law implies as its source an all-pervading, energizing, self-conscious, and hence eternal unity. . . . This unity is God. From God all things have proceeded. In God all things subsist. . . . The essential nature of any given thing is the God-like principle within it. The destiny of all things is to unfold the divine essence, and thus manifest God.

"The destiny of man as a rational being is to become conscious of the divine essence and to reveal it in his life with self-determination and freedom. . . . To recognize the workings of this universal divine principle in Nature and in humanity is *science*. To discern its bearings upon the development of rational beings is the *science of education*. . . . To apply it practically to all kinds of individuals in all stages of development is the *art of education*. To lead the pupil to its conscious revelation is the *goal of education*."

"Everything is of divine nature, of divine origin. Everything is therefore relatively a unity, as God is Absolute Unity. From every point, from every object in Nature and life, there is a way to God."

One can readily see that to be an ideal kindergartner he must have insight into human nature; and not only that, but experience, is required. Character must be the outcome of a conscious development, because the kindergarten is not a school, but just what the word implies—*child-garden*; and, like all other gardens, it must be nurtured. The little plants therein must receive sunlight and moisture, that their latent powers may germinate and grow. In the kindergarten one

works from the standpoint of the child. You enter the child's world, and, instead of trying to implant anything, you seek to draw out that which is already there. In school you work from the standpoint of study. Froebel would have us ever hold in mind that "the beginning of education is self-activity;" "the goal of education is conscious union with God."

The kindergarten is condemned, like most other things, because it is not understood. I doubt if there is a thing in this world that we would condemn if we understood the means of bringing it into expression—the true cause. I have heard many people make fun of the kindergarten (highly educated people, too), saying it is only a place of amusement and play, and "costs altogether too much for such nonsense." Suppose it *were* only a place of amusement. Can nothing be learned through amusement? How about Shakespeare's plays? Why have they lasted and come down to us, standing at the head of literature to-day? Why does one enjoy them above all others? Because one may receive knowledge through amusement. One sees the portrayal of life. Indeed, it is the great secret of the kindergarten to be able to reach the child in such a manner that he may unconsciously evolve or develop.

When people learn that play is the self-active representation of the inner, through inner necessity or impulse, they will become conscious that the kindergarten is a place of growth, progress, and evolvment through self-activity and imitation. It does not seek to teach the particular of things, but the general; to awaken the triune nature of the child—intellectual, moral, and spiritual: recognizing that each little one is a child of Nature, God, and Man, and believing that in the triune nature is once awakened there will be a harmonious, all-sided development. On the other hand, if only part of the triune nature be awakened the remaining portion will be dwarfed, and much harder in after years to awaken because the mind is not then plastic.

To achieve the best results the kindergarten needs the sup-

port and coöperation of the parents. Froebel was completely saturated with the idea that Mind is the sole reality:

"The great object of child-study should be to discover the embryonic forms of the moving principles of the soul. The duty of education is to give them due nurture. The aim of education should be to insure correspondence between the individual and his spiritual environment; to fit him for participation in the universal life; to comprehend the child in his essence and manifestation, in his self-activity and independence, and yet in his relationship to and fundamental identity with his environment; to guard, nurture, and develop him in harmony with the demands implied by his nature and his relationships."

Sense of selfhood evolves self-consciousness. Through imitation the child develops this sense. All development comes through action upon and reaction of environment. "The child creates himself by reproducing his environment within himself." This is done through self-activity and imitation. Through the *plays* the child is led to self-knowledge through self-activity. "If you would have a child understand a deed let him do a similar deed. By so doing the desire to imitate the activity of persons and things is grounded." We recognize in imitation an act of spiritual assimilation. Why are we able to repeat another's deeds? Because the true self in each person is identical with the true self in every other person. Have you ever thought why a child is able to repeat the activities of natural objects—and man is capable of reducing the phenomena of Nature to spiritual principles? Is it not because the colossal Self is also present in Nature?

Through the symbolism of the ball, Froebel calls attention to the fact that a spherical mirror suspended in the air reflects what is above, below, and around it. Few realize that in this symbol he is trying to illustrate Leibnitz's thought, that "each soul is a monad, which by its self-activity repeats for itself the universe." This insight is Froebel's key to the true meaning of imitation.

As already said, the true kindergarten teacher must work from the standpoint of the child. This requires individual attention; hence rules are unknown. Intuition is the guide to

a certain extent. Each child must be studied, so as to know what method is best to pursue to achieve desired results. The realization of *quality* on the part of the teacher means everything. If she uses tact she will be able to awaken that consciousness in the child. This once accomplished, perfect control of the child has been gained.

The majority of people would be surprised if they knew how much—shall I say self-esteem? yes, in its highest sense—a child feels and fosters when it really knows it has a higher as well as a lower nature. A child likes to be thought well of.

The gift work is intended to present to the juvenile mind new universal aspects of the external world, suited to the child's development. Occupation furnishes material for practise and develops certain phases of skill that enable the little one to express ideas that he has received through the gifts.

In this little garden we have perfect continuity. Order is the great watchword. Every piece of work and play and song represents a special link in the sequence the teacher has in mind. She is always careful that all links are whole and properly united. The general knowledge the child thus receives lays a foundation for all future work.

The essentials of the new education that Froebel founded are expressed in these words: "From life, through life, to life. From living experience, through living thought, to living deed." What does this mean? Fully to explain such condensed ideas would require too much space; but one can readily see unity in the mind—still more, an orderly sequence. The child is led from the present to the past, then back to the present and into the future, giving him an orderly idea of development. Through his thought his will is brought into action, and through his will the deed is performed.

Glied ganzes (member whole) is another motto that is always held in mind in this garden. We look at the kindergarten as a whole. Each child is made to feel that *he* is a

part necessary to complete this whole. Thus they recognize themselves as co-laborers—minimizing a great universal truth: the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Shakespeare's plays were the outcome of life as he found it. He took things as they were, refining and elevating them. Froebel did likewise. He went into the German home and studied the mother's actions and promptings and their reciprocal relation to the child. He took life as he found it, and through his high ideals and perceptive ability refined and elevated it. "The Mother Play" was the outcome of this experience, and its chief merit is that it seeks to form a connection between the particular self and the universal Self; it tries to make the child conscious to some degree of its relation to the four great institutions—Family, State, Church, and Industry.

With such lofty ideas, is not the kindergarten a necessary and valuable step in our new educational system? Can one think of a higher educational system to be given to the little ones? Under such a training is not the plastic mind of the child in the hands of a noble molder? Does not the child start out in life under a new banner, which is more like the inner desire that the mother holds for her child?

Self-activity guided by an intelligent hand gives the child, or adult, a freedom and largeness he cannot otherwise have. It also tends to develop the individuality, because originality is strongly encouraged.

All hail the time when the principles of the kindergarten will be paramount in all grades, even to the highest! It has made much headway already, especially in the lowest three grades. And let us not forget that, if Rousseau and Pestalozzi, Froebel's forerunners, had not cleared the way, Froebel would not have succeeded in presenting to the world his great philosophy. Froebel himself realized this; and does it not suggest how closely we are united with one another?

THE ESOTERIC ART OF LIVING.*

PART IX. THE NORMAL AND THE SUPERNORMAL.

BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

The man of the Stone Age—whose body was scantily protected from the elements by rude skins, whose habitation was the natural cavern of the earth, whose handicraft rose no higher than the chipping of flint stones for weapons, whose principal pastime was the fierce chase of the wild boar, and whose great peril was the ravage of the cave-bear and lion and the depredations of his benighted brother—was perfectly “normal” for his time. If we imagine a conclave of these poor souls, with a language little more comprehensive than the immediate physical needs demanded, discussing the possibilities of the race for expressing a higher ideal, we may readily conclude that, though there might have been vague longings rudely expressed, occasional gleams of a seemingly wild hope that there might be a condition in which men would live in huts constructed where the wish should determine; that there could be a happy respite from strife sufficient to enable the cultivation of the ground around the hut; that their mysterious fire would fuse the intractable iron and they would replace their good stone implements by others of marvelous strength; and that their women should abandon their bone ornaments for others of the shining metal—such a dream of the wild fancy was promptly discouraged by the majority expression as being too remote a digression from the “normal” man and his “normal” life.

Ages after, the lake-dwellers of Switzerland—with habitations constructed upon piles driven into the lake bottoms and

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surrounded by the protecting expanse of blue waters, in which habitations their families lay down to sleep with the assurance of some safety, and with whom the art of metal-working had dawned—had realized the cave-dwellers' Utopian dream, and, although still fiercely struggling with Nature and man, were daring to dream of other Utopias yet to come. But those among them who looked forward to such hopeful times were defiantly disregarding the normal standard of progress then recognized. The normal man, the average attainment, the conventional type of hunter and marauder, stood as the last word for human progress—as the average ideal of the race, beyond and above which it must have seemed folly to expect to attain.

Succeeding centuries brought slow but inevitable change, and the normal man of early historic periods, though rude and barbaric compared with us, was beyond the dream of the lake-dwellers; and the normal man and normal life of our own time, with its great exemption from peril, its liberty of individual action, its extensive grasp and development of natural resources, and the revolutionary advance of ethics and general knowledge, could hardly have been conceived by the normal man of those times as attainable. Every clime and age has had its norm, its average measure of attainment—the supposed limit of realization; but the human soul knows no such limit and pushes on, conceiving higher ideals and evolving up to them.

It is the personal man, that segment of the greater self which is ever engaged in the effort of adjusting itself to the imperative *now*, which insists upon this norm. When the same personal man feels the impulses from his subliminal self he begins to suspect that his normal attainment is not the last word; that his possibilities have not been exhausted; that other and grander chapters will be added to the volume written by evolution. This limitation of the normal ideal affects every kind of life expression. In civics it is the blind adhesion to the

average conception of social relations; in society it is slavery to conventionalism; in religion it is worship of creed; in science it is reverence for accepted opinion. In all it is the adhesion to the habitual and accepted standard of attainment and thought, and a desire to reduce to it and confine within its limitations all other effort and expression.

It was entirely normal before the time of Copernicus to believe in the geocentric system, and quite abnormal to entertain the possibility of the heliocentric; it was also dangerous. It has been, and outside of our own country it probably still is, quite normal to believe in the divine right of one man to rule over others. It is still normal to believe that customs and privileges acquired through centuries of violence and usurpation are "vested rights." It is still normal to think it is right to abdicate one's own duty to think, and to decide for himself all questions, to some other self-ordained or custom-appointed individual. To-day it is normal to believe that there is no higher attainable expression of life than the average normality comprehended in money-getting and energy-spending strife; that no avenues of knowledge exist save the channels of the five senses; and that no other states of consciousness are knowable except those associated with the struggle for existence.

That these normal ideals will all be transformed into other and higher ones we must inevitably conclude. With those in the advance of progress they have long ceased to be their ideals of normality; but the higher and truer conceptions must be classed with the *supernormal* until the average attainment and thought shall have reached them.

Let us take a simple example to illustrate how a normal state of consciousness, though one that at present seems inevitable from our experience, may be nevertheless wholly false to truth. We apparently see the sun rise: yet we do not. We think of physical things as more or less solid: they are not. We may think their particles touch one another: they do not. We think of the so-called solid wall as impermeable: it is a

shadowy veil through which the subtle forces and states of matter pass without obstruction; the atoms that compose it are far apart. We think there is perfect separateness in the universe: there is not; every atom acts and reacts upon others. We think that each mind is independent: it is not; the thoughts of one in some degree impinge upon the others. Thus we see how our dominant state may be limited by experience and the imperfect deductions drawn from it. With such misunderstandings and misinterpretations we have evolved states of consciousness that are not related to truth in all respects. They serve a purpose; but so long as we know nothing else we are out of harmony with truth. As we know that the untruth has no existence in fact, but only lives in the imagination, it can never have any permanency or element of immortality. So all such states evolved from and related to the non-existent, the unreal, must sooner or later pass away; for they correspond with nothing but a hallucination.

It necessarily follows that if we would rise higher in the scale of being we must seek consciously to relate ourselves or to come into correspondence with the true in every manifestation beneficent for us, upon every plane of existence; in other words, more perfectly to embody the cosmic mind and abide in its wisdom. To do this we must first be willing to abandon the untrue, though "normal," however dearly we have cherished it. And, speaking particularly of the realm of philosophy, ethics, and religion, I would say that all, irrespective of their normality, should be cited to appear before the bar of the higher self and justify their claim to continuance. Thus as the greater conformity to truth is attained the mind continually leaves the normal behind in discarded beliefs and relinquished ideals, and finds the way to progress through the supernormal.

But while many are willing to admit the propriety of advance along the line of changes in beliefs and ideals, they are quite skeptical as to the possibility of experiences commonly

classed as "psychic" rightly becoming a part of our normal experience and life. I have spoken generally of these experiences as the manifestation of the nature and faculties of the subliminal consciousness. A man's opinion is weighty only so far as he has the opportunity to know, the wisdom to judge, and the impartiality to truth to declare. It is encouraging to find the theory herein held ably supported by men who at the same time are eminent in the field of science and psychical investigation. Says Sir William Crookes: "Whilst it is clear that our knowledge of subconscious mentation is still to be developed, we must beware of rashly assuming that all variations from the normal waking condition are necessarily morbid. The human race has reached no fixed or changeless ideal; in every direction there is evolution as well as disintegration."

The fact that, before psychic phenomena in healthy and normal people began to be scientifically observed and studied, such phenomena were conspicuously noted in subjects in admittedly abnormal conditions (*malades*) strengthened the conclusion that the phenomena themselves were abnormal. Professor F. W. H. Myers says that "these are not pathological phenomena, but pathological revelations of normal phenomena, which is a very different thing."

Viewed from the standpoint of psychic science, the normal man is limited to the primary self, the objective consciousness; and the supernormal is the modification of that by the functions of the secondary self—of subliminal consciousness. It is evident, however, that the supernormal at one time may become the normal at another. That the ordinary man, the primary personality, should be the ultimate expression, the limit of possibility, is wholly irreconcilable with the facts of this field of science. Says Professor Myers: "It may be that the very formation in us of anything so narrow and confined as what we know as personality is in itself a limitation of our essential being—a mere mode of concentration in order to meet the

perils of environment." This is what we would expect, *a priori*, from the theory of psychical evolution. There could have been no unfoldment in progressive form without first the establishment of a stable relationship with the environment, and this is effected by the normal self. That evolution beyond that point has occurred proves the reserved potentialities behind the personal self and justifies the conclusion that the ego possesses the same possibilities for the future. Upon this point, Professor Myers says:

"Since the era of my protozoic ancestors the germ which is now human has shown absolutely unpredictable potentialities. Whatever be the part which we assign to external influence in its evolution, the fact remains that the germ possessed the power of responding in an indefinite number of ways to an indefinite number of stimuli. It was only the accident of its exposure to certain stimuli and not to others which has made it what it now is. And, having shown itself so far modifiable as to acquire these highly specialized senses which I possess, it is doubtless still modifiable in directions as unthinkable to me as my eyesight would have been unthinkable to the oyster. Nor can we limit the *rate* of change, which so far as cerebral modifications are concerned may probably be increasingly rapid, as it has an increasingly complex material to work upon."

Rather than attribute the present state of development to accident of exposure to certain stimuli, I would prefer to assign it most largely to the special power and purpose of *responding* to stimuli, though accidentally experienced. Now, of this normal man Professor Myers says: "So long as we are dealing with mankind from a rough point of view—as, for instance, in therapeutics—we may without serious error treat the ordinary state of health and intelligence as a type to which aberrant specimens ought to be recalled. But, if we wish to engage in a more original, more philosophic discussion of man's personality, we have no longer the right to assume that our common empirical standard gives any true measurement of the potentialities of man." Again, if we agree that the normal man is a limitation of the essential being, and is "a mere mode of concentration in order to meet the perils of environment,"

this cannot be the end aimed at; there must be some other purpose conserved by this meeting and adjustment between the ego and environment. That purpose is amply evidenced and fulfilled (at least for the immediate present) by the expression of the higher thought and faculties, which are not such as natural selection could evolve, and the emergence of the subliminal qualities and their synchronizing with the normal self.

Says Dr. Max Dessoir: "It is only when Imagination is comprehended as a function of the secondary self, and Inspiration and change of personality are understood as projections from within outward, with more or less sensory clothing—manifestations, in short, of that externalizing process which is always at work within us: it is only then, I say, that the creative imagination of the artist is understood and traced to its root." These expressions of the higher self—the conceptions of the ideal, imagination, creative faculty, origination and invention, inspiration and genius—effect the divergence from the normal life, and class the man in the supernormal.

In view of all this, why should one hesitate to class the psychic faculties among the attainments that we will and should realize? Speaking of a class of these, Professor Myers's statement applies to all as well: "Now, I say that in so far as any one possesses a power of this sort, and can acquire cognizance, either by artifice or by some spontaneous uprush, of the impressions stored and the operations proceeding in strata deeper than his primary consciousness, to that extent is he superior and not inferior to ordinary humanity; more 'normal' than the average man—if any norm there be—because he is more perfectly utilizing the possibilities of his being." And if it be contended that the normal attainment and the normal man are more in harmony with the End of Life, and therefore more desirable than the supernormal, I would quote the same writer, upon the extreme contention for genius and ecstasy, thus: "Now, if Genius and Ecstasy belong to the realm of the subconscious, then I say that you must first tell me what *is*

Reality, and what is the End of Life, before we decide whether Genius and Ecstasy are out of harmony with these. What is undoubtedly true is that our waking, emergent personality is that which is best suited to carry on the struggle for existence. Itself, as I believe, the result of natural selection, it inevitably represents that aspect of our being which can best help us to overrun the earth. More than this we cannot say."

Bearing upon both the origin and the destiny of this mysterious and marvelous being as a whole, and as shedding further light upon the thesis herein attempted, I close the quotations with one from the same writer and thinker: "But the question of origin will still remain; and it is not really a hypothesis wider than another if we suppose it possible that that portion of the cosmic energy which operates through the organism of each one of us was in some sense individualized before its descent into generation, and pours the potentialities of larger being into the earthen vessels which it fills and overflows."

Therefore, if we conceive purposes of life more profound than are included in the normal thought; if we believe the potentialities of that larger being are capable of wiser and truer expression than it admits; if our ideals, with which our acts and thoughts shall seek similitude, transcend it; if we seek means of attaining them which are unthought of by it; if we catch glimpses of truths outside its pale, and believe in the attainment of states of consciousness other than those associated with the struggle for existence—we may be assured that such a supernormal state of being is logical in view of the past history of man, is in harmony with the inherent laws of evolution, and creates at least the primary conditions necessary to the individual realization of those hopes; also, that conscious recognition of and coöperation with the law will effect that consummation vastly sooner than ignorance and apathy left to the slow processes of natural selection.

(The End.)

ERRATUM.

For the third line of the editorial below, substitute the following:

it has never made before, in a desire to realize more of both happi-

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

WHAT a depth of meaning is contained in these two words! The world to-day is reaching out, with an effort such as ness and health; and eager questioners ask, Is there reasonable ness and health; and eager questioners ask, Is there reasonable ground to believe—to know—that these conditions are attainable here and now? Or must we await a future time, when, having passed through this earthly “vale of tears,” we shall have reached the heaven of the Christian or the Nirvana of the Buddhist?

MIND in its present number sets before its readers contributions from many writers who are able to speak with authority because of their having realized to a definite degree the things they write about. They take, without exception, the affirmative side, arguing not only that health and happiness are attainable but that it is the duty, the God-given privilege, of every one to enjoy both health and happiness in the present life. Those not possessing these blessings are not living up to their privileges.

The editor feels constrained to say a few words himself on this all-important subject—not that they have been left unsaid by others, but because each individual appeals to the reader in his own peculiar way and the reiteration of truth assures its permanent impress on the mind. Space will not admit of a lengthy summing up of the question in all its bearings, but a few thoughts may be given by way of suggesting the right course to be taken in the quest after health and happiness.

Some of the world's wise men have taught that we should not disturb our minds about happiness—that character-building is the all-important thing. But they forget that all constructive work is attended with more or less joy, and that if this element is

lacking character-building is proceeding in the wrong way. Indeed, happiness is as essential to the mental life of man as sunshine is to the physical.

We all desire to keep our bodies well and strong, and many persons think that in attaining this desideratum they are making for themselves a condition of happiness; hence, all effort is directed to the physical side of life. This method, however, is like an attempt to build a house before laying the foundation. There is a right—a rational—way to do everything, and everything should be done in that way. Then let us lay the foundation of physical health by *beginning* right. "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." Nearly two thousand years ago a tent-maker wrote that statement, and it is just as true to-day as it was then. All real happiness and real health in human life come through the renewing of the mind. Only as the mind of man is kept *new* can he know anything of his real life. Some people try to keep it new by reading, or by traveling, or by becoming interested in all that is going on in the world about them. To some degree they succeed; but to some degree they fail, because they are trying to build a house before laying the foundation.

What, then, is the basis of this renewed mind wherein happiness and health are to be found? *God*—because we must first go to the *heart* of things in order to understand the circumference. We all have periods in which we get away from the personal side of life—when we to some extent realize that we are one with all other people and things in the universe, and seem to come in touch with something that transcends outer experiences; in other words, when we feel that we are very close to God and in our inmost souls are at one with the Soul of the Universe. At such times there is an influx of happiness and power into the mental being, and a consequent renewing of the physical. We are made new—quickened.

We may well ask ourselves whether this is a condition brought about by desire and effort on our part, or whether it is an involuntary something over which we have no control. If the latter were true we would only have to wait in patience for its coveted return. If, however, individual desire and effort will hasten the renewing or quickening process, then the responsibility for our condition rests with ourselves alone. That desire and effort *do* bring about right conditions cannot be questioned. By recognizing God as an ever-living presence in our lives we become more God-like; we develop the God-given qualities of love, faith, hope; and we find in them the never-ending source of happiness and health:—

Love that is unfailing, because its center is in God. Love that is all pervading, that blesses all, that glorifies and beautifies the lives of all.

Faith that is not credulity, or mere blind belief in some obscure theory, but that is made manifest through living works, so that the outer expression may correspond to the inner word.

Hope that *lives* in the mind and heart; that is not self-deception, or belief in visionary things that can never be realized. Hope that gladdens and brightens the life because it deals with eternal truths, which, having never failed in the past, should bring added blessings to many both now and hereafter.

But it is not in storing up valuable things in one's own life that real health and happiness come, but through the giving out of one's fulness to others. Those who seek happiness for a purely personal and selfish end will never find it, but he that gives happiness to others will always have it. Through giving comes receiving. Humanity is one; therefore, when an individual does anything to brighten or to make happy the life of another to some degree it affects the whole body—and the true, generous action has a reflex action on his own life. This is the great secret of real happiness, and he that walks and works in this way will not know

disappointment. When the mind is contented and happy the body is ever ready to respond; that is, outwardly to demonstrate the inner condition of harmony. Physical health is at all times dependent on happiness. Make others happy, and through your own resultant happiness you will become well and whole.



THE LAW DIVINE.

The question of need and supply is misleading from its very simplicity. We cannot think it possible that our mental attitude will bring to us the things we most desire; yet serene and unswerving belief in divine Love as omnipresent Good will do more to attract toward us the desires of our hearts than millions of creeds and catechisms. There is no reason why any one should have a single moment of depression. Every good belongs to every child of God—in other words, to every human being. But it must be appropriated as his own by the grasp of faith, which must not relax its hold till the good desired is made manifest.

The instant a human being begins to dwell in thought on the good that is his by Divine bestowal, these same picturings of desire act as magnets to draw into visible, external form the objects of his longing. The more earnest the thoughts, the stronger are the forces that impel the riches of God to their goal—since Mind controls all. I know this to be true by countless personal experiences, so that now I feel that “every wish is as a prayer with God.” When I first came into a perception of this wonderful Truth I was surprised at the frequency with which money or little articles of dress that I needed would come to me just at the right time. But I soon realized that they came by a law divine.

This is what we need to understand clearly—that there is no haphazard work about Infinite Supply. The domain of spiritual forces is governed by laws as necessary to be observed as those in the realms of chemistry or electricity. When once a soul has learned to obey them it has ceased from its labors. The Golden Age of Fulfilment has begun.

HELEN CHAUNCEY.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

I have heard of an eccentric clergyman who repeated a sermon on honesty six consecutive times, and on being remonstrated with replied that when his people had thoroughly learned that lesson he would give them another, and not before. I feel like following the example, and talking about happiness until a goodly number have caught the secret. I constantly come in contact with men and women who might be happy if they knew how to be, but who always miss the opportunity. Lives are frequently wasted, just as money is, because the possessors neither appreciate their value nor know how to make the most of them. Ignorance in spiritual matters is quite as apt to be fatal to success as ignorance of business methods. Spiritual greatness is never won by a haphazard effort. It is foolish to say that you will forego the happiness of to-day in order that you may be doubly happy to-morrow. The science of right living pronounces that policy an error, and true religion frowns on it. You should have nothing to do with the morrow until it comes. It is not yet yours, while to-day is yours. Smile whenever you can, do a kindly deed, speak a friendly word before the passing hour is gone and takes the opportunity with it. You have nothing to do with anything except the recurring Now. Live in it, fill it full of your best self, gather from it all the honey it affords, and if there is bitterness in it face it with as cheerful a heart as possible.

I do not say that we can make life one prolonged ecstasy, for that would not perhaps be desirable. Neither do I assert that we can be indifferent to the serious responsibilities and cares of life. But I do declare that we make a great mistake unless we go into our daily task with a definite purpose to make it contribute to our comfort and contentment. Labor, therefore, to be always cheerful. Cultivate that frame of mind, just as the gardener cultivates his flowers and is rewarded with blossoms and perfume. If some man tells me his natural disposition is peevish and his temper is dangerously hot, then I say get rid of that sort of disposition and change that kind of temper for something better. If you have inherited what is evil, that is no reason why you should transmit it. If your father burdened you at your birth you need not burden

your children in the same way. Temperament can be changed, disposition and temper can be changed. God and you can do anything with your soul. When a man moulds himself into shape, and so approximates his ideal, he is ready for the kingdom of heaven.

* * * *

If thoughts are forces, then we must select them with great care. The way a man thinks decides the way he lives. It is as impossible for pure thoughts to produce an impure life as for vinegar to resemble honey to the taste. A thief can't enjoy religion any more than an honest man can enjoy burglary. In the long run a man will live as he thinks. Give me the thoughts which you cherish most kindly, and it is like giving me the minor and major premises of a proposition—the conclusion is logically inevitable. Those thoughts are as certain to make or unmake you before your sun goes down as an effect is certain to follow a cause. Give me the power to sow what thoughts I please in your mind, and you put into my hands your destiny here and hereafter. Examine yourself critically and you will discover that your moral attitude exactly accords with the kind of thoughts you entertain. This is an appalling fact of psychological science, and the action of the law is as inexorable as the law of gravitation. No man can think high and live low, or think low and live high.

A strong emotion—sudden fear, for example—will send the blood through the body like the water in a mill race. It controls the body as perfectly as a giant handles a child. Even the physical features take on a new expression, and the fact of inward terror is made visible in the face. The body is a mere puppet which the inner man governs at will, and it is more obedient than a slave. If a man cherishes the vice of avarice, or dissipation, or unhealthy stimulus, or selfishness, to such extent that the habit becomes chronic, a chemical change takes place in his molecules, and the expression of his countenance advertises what is going on within.

Health and happiness are founded on wholesome thoughts. The mind is master, not the body. Christ must have been physically perfect, because he was perfect spiritually. The laws of nature were on his side because he was on their side. You can

never be your best self, therefore, until you put your thoughts on the altar and consecrate them to the service of God and man. This rule applies also to our environment. You can be happy and useful under any circumstances if you fill them with heavenly purposes. Greed, envy, and selfishness are the bane of our human life. We long for what we have not, and are thus unfitted to do the best with what we have. We live in a dream of what we hope to acquire, and are always restless, uncomfortable, and discontented. If we could persuade ourselves that we can be happy with what surrounds us, that our mission is to get as much out of life as is possible instead of worrying because others have more than we, and so finding fault with Providence and our ill luck and reaping the misery which such thoughts always bring, we should change the color of our environment and the quality of our character. You may be pretty sure that if you cannot be happy where you are you cannot be happy anywhere. Neither wealth nor fame can give you what you want, for you must find it in your soul or not find it at all. This is Christianity rightly understood—to do all you can in whatever position you occupy and to make your little life great with great thoughts. God is the guest of poverty as well as of wealth, and poverty with God is better than wealth without him.—*Rev. George H. Hepworth, in the New York Herald.*



THIS is the way to distinguish between eternal truth and mere earthly fact: When we learn an eternal truth we intuitively recognize it as something we knew all the while. Anything of which it can be said, "That is new to me; I didn't know it"—anything of which you feel that the contrary *might* be true—is not eternal truth, but is a fact of earthly existence. The latter is true this year; next year all is changed. You never can be sure whether your knowledge of fashions, etiquette, politics, or inventions is "up to date" or not; but as to the law of gravitation the mind can be at rest. That is never different from what it always was. That is truth, eternal from our point of view—a symbol of the truths of the soul that lie covered up in the mind.—*A. L. Mearkle.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"What's the fun of May the tender?
May's so fair no art could mend her,
For she brings all the spring's
Long-desired exultant splendor.
Soft and green the sunny sedges,
Sweet the snowy-blossomed hedges,
Golden-starred the roadside edges;
Fragrance rare everywhere
Breathes through all the heavenly air;
Fair with all the spring's young splendor—
That's the fun of May the tender!"

—*Olive A. Wadsworth.*



A HOUSEHOLD FAIRY.

Such a dear little fairy! He slid up and down
On a ladder of light one day.
Oh, his wings they were made of fine gossamer thread,
All agleam with the sun's glad ray!
And his soft, fluffy curls, shining bright as spun gold,
Blew o'er cheeks that bloomed like the May.

"Oh, perhaps you don't know," said the laughing young fay,
"What's my name! And yet, it is true,
I'm a visitant welcome in court and in hall,
And I hope I am known to you;
For I laugh in the sunshine, I smile in earth's flow'r,
I look out from eyes brown—and blue."

Content is the name of the dear little fay;
So, please bid him welcome and ask him to stay.

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

It's like going into another country, when the springtime comes; for we see so many new faces and we hear so many voices calling us, though in a different language from ours. You remember how little Paul Dombey, when he awoke and heard the noise of the rolling waves, said: "The sea, Floy—what is it that it keeps on saying?" And when she told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves, he answered: "Yes, yes; but I know that they are always saying something—always the same thing."

Out by the running brook, dear, sweet tongues babble such pretty tales. I only wish the dictionary could explain these little silvery songs; but I don't find any such lovely words in the whole book as those in the songs of the brooks, the sea, and the birds.

In the springtime the oriole whistles to Harry as if he knew that it was the same boy that made concert with him down in the lane a year ago. And Harry wouldn't have him think differently, for he has such good times with his feathered playmate.

In the summer gorgeous butterflies hover over the honey-suckles; they seem half beckoning to Harry. So, hat in hand, he rushes out to keep company with the bees and the birds and the butterflies. Again a great shining moth leads him, and he follows, wondering where it found such royal livery of purple and red, dotted over with emerald gems, and powdered with gold and silver dust.

Overhead, Clara hears the maples dancing with glee in every leaf and twig. Her old friend, the dog, has found her out, and by his very earnest look she knows he too wants to be happy with her. Fritz and Clara are always good friends, and that is why he darts away and then comes bounding back with a wisp of grass for her—just to show how he loves her.

I pull some clover. The old horse, near-by in the pasture, understands my meaning and approaches me. The little wisp of clover cannot be sweeter than that she has just been nibbling—oh, no! She only wants to show me that she likes me. And so, mother and colt allow me to stroke their smooth sides and pat their noble and shapely heads.

Now, like little Paul Dombey, if some one should ask Harry,

or Clara, or me, what the birds and the bees and the horse and the brook *said*, we would have to confess that they didn't speak in our human-tongue language at all, but that we understood one another perfectly; for it's Love's language that they use—the sweetest language in all the world.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.



THE EASTER LESSON.

Nell was up bright and early Easter morn. The lilies, symbols of the day, were throwing out their fragrance to every one.

The treat in store for Nell that day was a visit to her grandparents, who lived on a farm rich in flowers and grasses, where the rabbit would hide the Easter eggs and lead Nell a merry chase in search of them.

Our little girl, upon her arrival at the farm, was greeted with love and joy, and soon the search for the eggs began. Nest after nest was emptied. All colors were there; but one nest, hidden in a nook, seemed more beautiful to Nell than all the rest. It contained three eggs: one red, one white, and one blue—our national colors. The eggs were gathered, taken to the house, and deposited in a corner near the hearth.

After dinner Nell sat dreaming by the fireside; her eyes soon closed, and, while sleeping, she dreamed she heard a faint "peep! peep!" then a tic-tac inside the red, white, and blue eggs. The shells opened, and out hopped three little chicks. In their bills each held a tiny strip of paper, and on one strip was written *Faith*; on another, *Hope*; and on the third, *Charity*. "What lovely names!" cried Nell, and gathered them to her.

In her dream the chicks grew rapidly and were soon old enough to mingle with the other fowls. To Nell, Faith, Hope, and Charity were sent to teach the inhabitants of the farm-yard the lesson the names signify.

With a jump, Nell awoke, fully expecting to find her dream true. The eggs were there, but no chicks. The disappointment soon passed away, and the Easter dream of Faith, Hope, and Charity was a sweet remembrance to our little girl.

EMMA L. STAMPER.

THE EASTER RABBIT.

Perhaps some little boys and girls do not know about the Easter rabbit. So, I will tell you a story that Grandma told Irene and Teddy:

"A great many hundred years ago a beautiful Countess was driven from her home by a cruel uncle. She fled to the mountains with her little girl and a faithful servant, where a good shepherd found them. He took them to the village where he lived, and they dwelt in a tiny cottage on the mountain-side. Winter came. The huts in the valley lay for months covered with snow, and everything was white and still. But in time the sun grew warmer; the little brook danced down the hillside and wound its way like a silver thread through the village; the whirr-r of the mill-wheel rang joyously on the air; the birds sang, and all Nature rejoiced. The village children came to the little Countess, bringing violets and such toys as they had; for they knew she must be lonely.

"The Countess, seeing how good and kind they were, determined to give them some pleasure. So, on Easter Sunday, she sent her servant through the village to bring to her all the little boys and girls of her daughter's age. Drawing them around her she told them that Easter meant the awakening of a new life, and that the egg was used as a symbol. Now, they had seen only birds' eggs; they did not know what little chickens were. What a surprise for them when the Countess took them to the back of the house and showed them a hen with a brood of chickens! And how they laughed and clapped their hands when one little chick picked his way out of his shell and blinked at them with his bright eyes! And what wonder to see him covered with soft, yellow down and able to run about, when all other birds they had seen came out of the shell blind, naked, and helpless!

"But that was not all the surprise. When they got tired of looking, the Countess led the way to the pine woods behind the house—and what do you think they saw? A nest of green moss for each one, and in it beautiful blue, red, and yellow eggs.

"'Oh—oh!' said one; 'here is my name on one egg, and a

little verse too!' And, sure enough, the name of each child was written on an egg, with a verse beneath.

"While they were looking and wondering, a rabbit bounded lightly in front of them and disappeared in the woods. 'Oh, it was the rabbit that laid the beautiful eggs, and not the hen!' said one. And so they all believed. Now, do you think they were right?" asked Grandma.

ANNA KNIGHT.



THE MESSAGE OF THE WINDS, AND THE COUNTESS.

(Part II.)

The days came and went. They were much alike for some years, but the winds brought ever-changing dreams. The West Wind, with its note of promise, always put hope in Nannie's heart that the little peasant girl might be found; and the next day would find her trilling little songs about the old castle halls, and out among the elms, when the work-hours were over.

In Nannie's country the winds most always dealt gently with her flowers, birds, and trees. Storms were rare. At twilight, when the warm South Wind rocked the birds to sleep, Nannie would remember the bluebirds' nests out in the elms, the larks' home in the rose-hedge, and the robins' wee ones in the apple-tree; and many a love-message did she send them by the wind. Then when it was time for her to go to sleep she would first listen to the wind that told her through the little chink of happenings in bird-land, among the elms; and presently she would float away to dreamland, and have a chat sometimes with a brook about the visit of the moonbeams, the daisies on its bank, and the trout's last dance. Sometimes she would have a little talk with the squirrels about nuts and winter homes, or tell the rabbits where to hide—new places they said they had not seen.

One day a great wind storm came from the East, and Nannie, now a maiden grown, was standing at the window watching the trees bending and breaking. Some of the dear old elms seemed to be going. The clouds were sweeping ahead, the sky growing darker and darker, when a carriage came to the castle gates. Who was it? Some persons driven that way for shelter by the force of the wind.

Of course, they were welcomed and made comfortable. The old hospitality of the castle was still natural in Nannie's day, when chance brought guests. Nannie, of course, aided in the greetings, and when all were comfortable she went to her room, as her services were no longer needed.

After a little while, up through the old tower floor came voices; and the wind blew the words so directly and distinctly that Nannie could not help but hear them. They came faster and faster, and Nannie heard clearly the words, "Daphne, Daphne—yes, let me go."

"You'll startle the child. The shock will be too much."

"Startle her? No; she will begin to live as she ought to live. I must see her *now*."

"See her? Yes—but wait, wait. Let us find the best way to have her love us all, and not feel that we have wronged her."

And Nannie thought, "Of whom are they talking?"

Presently came a call: "Nannie! Nannie!"

Down the winding stair she flew; and whom do you suppose she saw? Her father, the Earl of Mecklendorf. It was he who had asked shelter from the storm. And Nannie listened to the story, told anew from her father's lips, of the little one lost in the woods—and found herself to be the peasant girl of the dream the South Wind had so often brought her. She was not the daughter of the old woodcutter, but had been left with him by the Earl of Mecklendorf, in disguise, fleeing for his life from a body of men sent to take him captive, soon after the famous battle of Ilmenen. And now the East Wind had driven him and his men, hunting in the neighboring forest, to the castle.

They had been chatting with Grandma and Aunt Daphne about many things, and then they began to ask questions, as they were always careful to do on meeting strangers, when it seemed worth while, about the child lost in the woods. Little by little it had been proved that Nannie was the one they were looking for. And the East Wind's mission this time, though it brought a wild storm, was to bring together the father and his lost child and prove that our little Nannie was the Countess of Mecklendorf.

After a short time her ladyship went away from Beaupré to live in a royal home, but she always remembered with deepest

love the friends that Nature had given her when she was a lonely little girl. Her ear had become so trained to Nature's voices that she listened lovingly to them, and caught meanings lost on others. Obedient to her own sweet nature she carried love-messages—learned from the winds, the birds, the flowers, the trees—to many a weary heart, and left smiles where tears had been.

In the woodcutter's lowly home the sun now brought warmth with the coming of the Countess, as her father had foretold. The little exile of the highway had grown to be a loving maiden through cherishing, when seemingly left alone in the world, the friends Nature had offered her—the dearest friends of a lonely little Countess.

L. K. TRIVETT.



THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

[This was written by a little boy nine years old, and has not been corrected in any way, but stands exactly as he gave it to the editor.]

One day little Cora came running in. "O, Mama!" she cried, "look at my hand."

"How did you do it?"

"O, look at my hand!"

"But come, dear," said Mrs. Thorn kindly, "how did you cut it?"

"I must have fell, I must have fell! O, look at the blood! I put my hand in a pan. O, it must have been a knife!"

Mrs. Thorn, seeing that it was the sight of the blood that made it so painful, washed off the grape juice, and saw that she had not been cut at all!

FRANCIS DESNOYERS PELTIER.



I KNOW that love never is wasted,

Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;

And the thought that goes forth as a blessing

Must live as a joy in the air.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

MY LADDIE.

I've a laddie comes a-calling
Every pleasant day,
With his smiles my heart entralling—
Gallant he and gay;
Eyes like stars and hair all sunny,
Up the stairs he climbs,
Bringing pictures quaint and funny,
With their comic rhymes.

Hark you, now! my laddie's coming,
Knocking at the door.
Now, like bees 'mong flow'rets humming,
Tells the pictures o'er.
Laddie, thieves have sure been stealing
All your curls of gold!
No? Dear me, what manly feeling—
He is five years old!

Every day my laddie's growing,
Growing big and tall.
Quite a man to thus be going
Out alone to call.
No more pretty little dresses,
Looking like a girl's;
No more crying, no more kisses,
No more golden curls.

Like a sunbeam breaking gaily
Out of cloudy skies,
Comes my laddie to me daily
With his laughing eyes.
Who could harbor gloomy sadness,
With a sweetheart gay
Coming in with smiles of gladness
Every pleasant day?

HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

VOICES OF FREEDOM. By Horatio W. Dresser. 204 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York and London.

The latest bulky volume from the pen of Mr. Dresser comprises eight chapters, written in this prolific author's best vein. Two or three of them have had prior publication in *The Arena*, and the fifth, "An Interpretation of the Vedanta," elicited a vigorous and able reply from Swami Abhedananda, which appeared in the February issue of that magazine. Aside from Mr. Dresser's inability to accept the Eastern teaching of reincarnation and some of the established claims of mental healing as taught in the West, his writings contain a sound individualistic philosophy of self-help that in no way runs counter to these principles. His perception of the relation of the one to the many, and to The All, is clear and instructively presented. Mental, moral, and spiritual *freedom* is the key-note of the present volume, which is an excellent treatise upon the attainment of this goal of evolved humanity. The book contains a frontispiece portrait of the author and is in most respects equal in merit to his earlier works.

MIND AND BODY. By Alvan C. Halphide, M.D. 231 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Published by the author, Chicago.

The chief merit of this book is the evidence it affords of the transition that medical science is undergoing by reason of the proved inadequacy of drugs to cope with the multiplying diseases of mankind. The perversion of the psychic principle of suggestion in the practise of "hypnotism" is being availed of in ever-widening circles as a curative agent, though the injury that may result from its unskilled exercise has caused in some quarters a definite revulsion against its use. Dr. Halphide gives an interesting outline of its history and development, together with the various methods of applying it in education and therapeutics. The record of his experiences certainly shows that the external evidence of disease can in many cases be removed, at least for a time, by hypnotism; but the question, At what cost? still remains open. It is a matter of grave doubt as to whether disturbance

of the natural functions of the body through medication is not a lesser evil than hypnotic interference with the independent operations of the mind. However, this book is undoubtedly a long step from *materia medica* in the direction of spiritual science.

CONSUMPTION AND CHRONIC DISEASES. By Emmet Densmore, M.D. 198 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. Stillman Publishing Company, Borough of Brooklyn, New York.

The saving grace of common sense may well be urged in favor of this work, which is still another attempt to break away from the moorings of orthodox medicine. Dr. Densmore is a hygienist who for many years has made a special study of the laws of cleanliness in relation to scientific sanitation. A believer in the tonic effects of fresh, pure air, more than one sanatorium owes its existence to his initiative. Discouraged by the helplessness of the medical profession in the presence of the hundred thousand deaths from tuberculosis that occur annually in the United States, the author calls eloquent attention to the prophylactic virtues of Mother Nature—natural food, proper breathing, rational dress, and clean living—as a source of health and healing for both mind and body. The inculcation of such principles is sure to have a beneficial reactive effect on the mental processes, thus reaching the true cause of the persistence of consumption and aiding in its ultimate removal. Every physician should have this book, though any reader, regardless of the state of his health, may peruse it with permanent profit.

J. E. M.

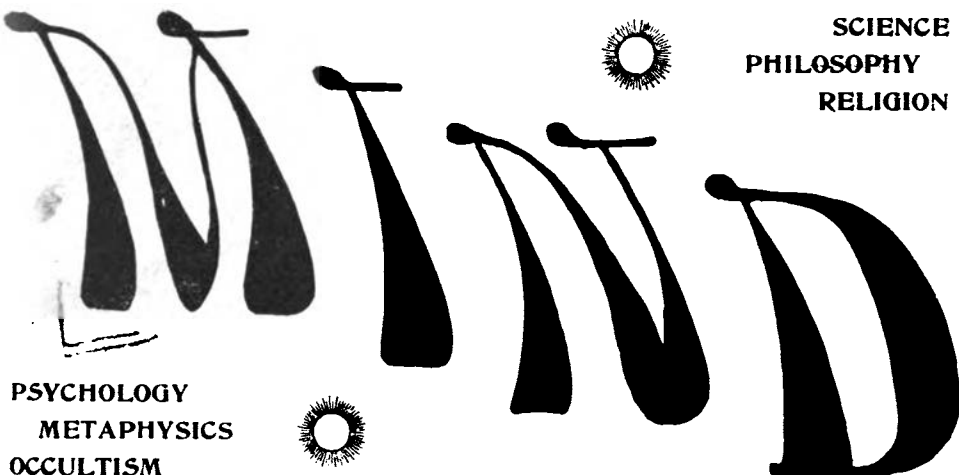
OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MYSTIC THESAURUS. Edited by Willis F. Whitehead. 96 pp. Paper, \$1.00. Published by the editor, Chicago.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF NATURAL LAW. By Henry Wood. Fourth edition. 305 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston.

IDEAL SUGGESTION THROUGH MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY. By Henry Wood. Ninth edition. 163 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston.

"Many of us simply keep on doing the things that we fancy we can do well, or have always been in the habit of doing, like barrel-organs grinding out our poor little set of tunes, without any notion of the great sea of music that stretches all around us and is not pegged out on our cylinders at all."—ALEXANDER MACLAREN.



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CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON, Editor.

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No. 3.

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THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
"LIFE" BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.

MIND.

VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 3.

THE DIVINE STATUS OF WOMAN.

I. THE FOUNTAIN AND ITS SOURCE.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Locke, the English philosopher, said: "Every child is born into the world like a piece of blank paper, that you may write thereon whatever you will." "Nay! nay!" said Descartes, the French philosopher; "every child comes into the world with all its possibilities; you cannot add one new faculty—you can simply develop what you find there."

In prenatal education we decide the basis of future character. Every thought and feeling of the mother's soul, her companionship, her environments—all are indelibly impressed, for weal or woe, on the new being. Man can only contribute to the perfection of this new life by making the aspirations and surroundings of the great artist as elevating as possible. The intellectual, moral, and spiritual attitude of the mother at that time decides the status of the future man.

Woman is the most responsible factor in race-building; and in the full development of all her powers we lay the cornerstone of the new civilization. Whoever seeks to degrade the mother of the race—to destroy her self-respect and self-assertion, to limit her opportunities for higher education, more liberal thoughts, and a broader sphere of action—limits man's development and blocks the wheels of progress for the entire human family.

Socialism is the feminine thought in humanity—the moth-

er's desire that all her children should share equally in the good things of life. If woman could express her idea in government, it would be a pure democracy, representing the highest good for *all* the people. Monarchies, empires, and kingdoms are the masculine idea—the rule of the few over the many.

If progress depends on the equal recognition of the masculine and feminine elements in the laws and lawmakers, the sooner woman is enfranchised will socialistic principles in government be possible. Woman's emancipation is necessarily the primal step in the socialistic movement. "The first desire of every cultured mind," says Matthew Arnold, "is to take part in the great work of government."



II. CARDINAL GIBBONS'S MISCONCEPTIONS.

BY MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

The attitude of women, interested in the movement for the greater freedom and general advancement of their sex, toward the Church in general may be misunderstood by some who do not realize the full import of woman suffrage. This seems to be the case with Cardinal Gibbons, if his recently expressed opinions have not been misinterpreted.

The women interested in our movement are closely associated with the American home. But very few are in a state of celibacy, despite declarations to the contrary. They are among the strongest upholders of legitimate domestic ties, and one of the principal purposes of our movement is the strengthening of the marriage relation and the elevation of the home by broadening the mental condition of our sex. A woman who has enlightened perceptions of her duty to her husband and children is far more capable of performing the duties of wife and mother than the weak and narrow-minded one, who may have the instinctive affection of the animal for her young

but is without the ability that enables her to exercise due judgment in training their minds and bodies in spite of the love she may feel for them. It is our aim to make woman a power and influence for the best in the *home* sphere. It is an error to imagine we desire her to become "prominent" outside. If she is willing to sacrifice herself for others by giving her efforts to the enlightenment of the world on the lecture platform and in other ways, surely she is entitled to the praise and credit merited by such work; but I know of only three or four who have even done this—preferring celibacy to devote their lives to the cause. When we think of the thousands of women who have become celibates through vows taken in Roman Catholic churches and the priests pledged to the same state of life, it seems to me that this organization should be open to criticism much more than ourselves as to its effect on the marriage state; yet in a recent address Cardinal Gibbons is quoted as saying it is "chiefly by vindicating the sanctity of the marriage bond that the Church has upheld the dignity of the female sex."

It has been said by the same critic that "woman's rights" and society women chafe under the restraint of domestic life—are never at peace, as they are in perpetual motion. The statement is only too true of what we term "society women," but I cannot see how the others are included. I know of no class who give more attention and are more devoted to their homes and families than those interested in our cause. They are at home when "society women" are enjoying the season at the watering places, are making extended shopping visits to the large cities, or are ordered to this or that resort by the family physician to regain the strength and health lost in fashionable dissipation. The women who are with us in our cause are conspicuous for their absence from such functions. Women of the "society" class induce restlessness and aversion to home life among their followers, and form an element in modern life that we seek to eliminate if possible by our influence.

The Cardinal has also classed us among women whose hearts are "void" of affection for their husbands, and who make them an "empty" home. Were he acquainted, as he should be, with those prominent in our cause, I am positive he would never have made such assertions. The life he has led has evidently isolated him from women whose ideas are in sympathy with us. Only as a woman is enlightened and broadened in her ideas will she be a better wife and mother, as already said. How much more is her influence in the home increased for the better by the expansion of her mental faculties! There is no comparison between such a woman as a home-maker and a weak, dependent creature whose mind has been dwarfed and stunted by the restraint of custom. History shows what the emancipation of woman from a life almost that of an animal has done for the elevation of domestic life. We aim to eradicate the evils of separation and divorce by giving woman the freedom she should have in the *choice* of a husband. She should be subjected to the influence of no one in her selection, and should be mentally capable in this respect. Marriage should be the result of mature consideration and mutual choice—not a mere arrangement to provide for woman a means of being supported, making her a legalized mistress. Improper marriages have been the cause of thousands of ruined homes, and the frequency of divorce is attributable to them in a great measure.

Bearing on the same subject, the question of adequate and uniform divorce laws has received our careful consideration. We recognize that legislation should be much more stringent, and in the National Council a committee has been appointed to give it special consideration. Personally I have very radical views, and believe that no divorces should be granted for any cause. Incidentally I might say that I know of no woman associated with our movement who has separated from her family because of her belief. In our struggle for the elevation of our sex, we have no differences on the question of religion.

THE NEW THOUGHT OF GOD.

BY THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON.

"In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

God! What a hush comes over the spirit with the holy word! Merely to say it, thinking and feeling it, is an act of faith, an attitude of worship. Thus to say it, thinking it and feeling it, breathes out the soul with new and holier visions of life; dreams for us the infinite and eternal ideal; quickens in us hope and faith and love; energizes us with the divine life; whispers within us the secret of Jesus. To say it as thinking it, feeling it, worthily—what would that be?

But thus to say it means to attain man's capacity of being, in which with full-orbed life he shall mirror the Most High. For the word, as the thought, holds within it the sweep of the whole octave of man's religious development. To the child it means one thing; to the philosopher in his study, and the saint upon his knees, what another thought! So has the race grown, and, growing, grown with it this thought of God—its most sacred heritage.

"Each age must worship its own thought of God,
More or less earthly, clarifying still,
With subsidence continual of the dregs."

The story of the thought of God would be the story of the growth of the human soul. It carries within it all the changes of theological thought concerning the universe and man's relation to it. As the distinguished German theologian, Dr. Dörner, said, "Every religion is what it is by its thought of God." That is the basic thought on which all the theological superstructure rears itself—the radical thought out of which, as the root, all the theological development grows.

New eras, then, bring with them new thoughts of God.

Nay, they are new eras religiously as springing from new thoughts of God. Ever as an old order changeth, yielding place to new, is heard the cry of the great iconoclast of the last century, to the organization and the creed that en fetters and imprisons the thought—"Release or enlarge God!"

Our traditional thought of God in Christianity has a certain definite form, which has maintained itself throughout the history of Christendom. It has been the thought of Judea modified by the thought of Greece. It has been the child's thought of God, ennobled by poetry and philosophy; the Magnified Man above the skies, seated on the throne of the universe, far off from us; an absentee God, "throned in magnificent inactivity in a remote corner of the universe." It has been a thought of God as apart from the universe, outside of it; the universe having been made by him and wound up by him, and set, as a cunning mechanism, going; to be, therefore, interfered with by Him from without, as need may be. His whole relationship to his creatures is a relationship of mediation.

A vast hierarchy of being connects the lowest with the highest. God never comes into direct contact with the human soul. He is a being exaggerating our evil characteristics, to be placated by altars and gifts and sacrifices. A chief Rabbi, the Jews represented him. A Pope, medieval Christendom pictured him, in art. A being of an essentially different nature from man, between whom and him there is no kinship—no blood bond; so that we may not argue concerning Him from our visions of goodness and righteousness; so that we may not really know Him by the study of nature; so that we are absolutely dependent, for any and all knowledge of Him, upon a miraculous revelation.

The story of our age, religiously, is the story of the breaking up of this thought of God. Modern history has been in revolt against it. There has been a moral revolt, as conscience has discerned the oneness of man's soul with the Soul of Nature; the identity of the moral law within man with the law that is throned upon the universe. The spiritual sense has re-

volted—imagination discerning the Infinite Presence. As Wordsworth interpreted it:

“I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused;
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things.”

And thus the protest of our age has been voiced by Lessing, when he declared: “I cannot be satisfied with the orthodox conception of a God out of the world.” Intellectually, Goethe was a seer, though he lacked some of the spiritual qualities of the seer; and he, again, interprets this revolt:

“No! Such a God my worship may not win,
Who lets the world about his finger spin,
A thing extern; my God must rule within;
And whom I own for Father, God, Creator,
Holds Nature in himself, himself in Nature;
And, in his kindly arms embraced, the whole
Doth live and move by his pervading soul.”

But this is the direct voice of the spiritual consciousness. And this, as all true knowledge of God, must found itself upon science; that is, the knowledge of the external world in which we live. Man has waited, therefore, for the age of physical science to lay the foundation for the new and truer thought of God.

I need not remind you that the first work of physical science in our age has been a destructive work—the enlarging of the universe until God seemed pushed further and further away, out of sight and hearing of his world. Nature’s laws have come in as intermediary agencies between the Most High and man, until the religious world said to Newton, in his day, “You have substituted gravitation for God.”

Evolution prolongs the processes of the eons until we know not just where to see the beginning in which God created the heavens and the earth. And then, by one of the kaleidoscopic changes of which history is full, suddenly, comes Darwin, and lo! a wondrous change. Instantly we become aware of a new thought of God—the Universe, in which God reappears, in a form of overpowering grandeur.

We study the universe, man's natural field of knowledge. What do we find? First of all, a Cosmos, which we may well term Eternal. Geology reveals something to us of the age of our world. We look at the fossil-bearing rocks, for example. We find that in some of their forms they exceed twenty miles in thickness, filled with fossils throughout. If these are the deposits of successive generations of organic forms, our geologists are not wrong in estimating hundreds of millions of years for the formation of the fossil-bearing strata. Beneath them are the Azoic rocks, or the rocks without life, so named. But they also, on later knowledge, are found teeming with the fossil forms of microscopic life. What has been the time taken in the slow depositing of these successive forms of life? It is simply inconceivable. What is the time necessary for the evolution of our world? As our wise men tell us, roughly speaking, a thousand millions of years. But there are worlds of space that are worn out as we are beginning our career; and there are nebulæ, just forming, entering upon the new processes of the eons. Verily, we are amidst a universe that is practically eternal. And, when you come to think of it, you cannot conceive it as ever having begun.

We look again, and we are in the midst of a universe that is practically Infinite. Until a hundred years ago, our range of the starry skies was little better than that of the ancients—perhaps not so good; for the ancients' eyesight seemed to have been better than ours. We can see now by the naked eye two thousand stars. An opera-glass will multiply these a hundred times. But since the telescope was discovered, what have been

its revelations? Further and further depths of space, studded with worlds of life. Two of our American astronomers, Dolbear and Newcombe, estimate that there are one hundred million worlds. One million would represent five hundred times as many in the starry skies as now we can see. The late Astronomer Royal of Ireland estimates that there are thirty million stars, or suns, averaging perhaps ten planets to each sun; or making 300,000,000 worlds, most of them vastly greater than our own. And have we exhausted the powers of the glass; or have we seen, looming up above the horizon of infinite space, the boundary of the universe?

Then think of the distances of this immense universe—how shall we estimate them? A cannon ball started from our world on the day of the Declaration of Independence, with a speed of 1,800 feet a second, would not yet be half way to the orbit of Neptune; and the solar system lies so far beyond Neptune that it is like a little colony in an ocean of space. A railway train, at a speed of forty miles an hour, would take 250 years to cross the orbit of our earth. Figure the orbit of our earth as the ring upon a woman's finger; then the nearest fixed star would be a mile and a half away, and the great body of the starry worlds scores of hundreds of miles. A telegraphic message would reach the sun in about eight minutes. But there are stars, seen by us, that it would not reach in 1,800 years. Light travels from the stars at a velocity, roughly estimated, of 186,000 miles a second. Then it would have left Sirius eight and one-half years ago, the Pole Star fifty years ago, and Arcturus one hundred and sixty years ago. We are seeing stars, to-day, the light from which started its vibrations before the great Pyramid was founded. Nay! there are more distant worlds, the light from which has been 10,000, 50,000, 100,000 years—so our wise men say—reaching the earth.

Take another thought. Our astronomers tell us that our whole solar system is on a journey toward the constellation Lyra; that it is moving, roughly speaking, at ten miles a sec-

ond—that is, 300 millions of miles a year; that in, say, ten years it would be nearer its goal by thousands of millions of miles. What is the journey that it thus travels?

If this be the infinitely large, think of the infinitely small universe within us. In the microscopic drop of water, the atoms each retain identity through all sorts of processes, each being a reservoir of energy exchangeable in different forms. Ex-President Hill says we might perhaps rightly conceive of this microscopic drop as a second universe, the atoms of which are the stars and suns of a universe like unto that above—as those stars and suns are the atoms of a larger universe.

Again, try to think of the universe as bounded. It is impossible. The universe is practically, to our thought, Infinite.

This universe is, to our thought, practically Omnipotent. Go and see the gnarled rocks of your Catskill range thrust up in the travail throes of earth, and estimate the force at work. Watch the play of electricity in the storm-cloud, and remember that one drop will hold force enough to shatter the earth, and then estimate the force of electricity. Fancy the force of gravitation, concerning which I gladly borrow an illustration from my friend, Dr. Savage. If you take a bar of steel a mile square and lay it beside the Catskill range of mountains, it will dwarf them all, and their highest summits would be below its top. Think, then, what the power of gravity means, when you learn that it would take 87,000 bars of steel a mile square to represent the power by which the moon is held in its place around the earth. If you were to cover the earth with threads of steel a quarter of an inch in diameter, stretched from the earth to the moon, to hold the moon in its place, it would take enough of them to cover the side of the earth turned toward the moon, with these steel spires only six inches apart. And the moon is a little worn-out asteroid in the depths of space. That is the power of gravitation. That is one of the forms of force in the universe that we may well call Omnipotent.

Again, this universe is an Order. There is no chance anywhere. Everything is under law. The crystal forms invariably in the same geometric pattern. The seed grows invariably in the same flower. The droop of the violet is not by accident, but regulated by law. As Professor Tyndall says, not even a drop of water can be formed except under rules that determine its weight, its volume, and its shape, with reference to the density of the fluid, to the structure of the surface, and to the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere. The stars roll in their orbits, through immensity and eternity, bound in the inescapable leash of law. Not the most erratic comet that flits across the sky but has its ordained orbit, and knows and follows it. There is a reign of law; that is, of an Omnipotent Power, ordering and regulating all things in heaven above, in the earth below, and in the waters under the earth.

We look at our universe again, and it is a universe of Life. Our new view of Nature finds no such thing as dead matter. You hold in your hand certain proportions of carbon, sulphur, and saltpeter. They are inert. You mix them, and you have gunpowder. But you have imparted nothing in the mixing. The energy was inherent. Now, the matter in which energy is inherent—can that be what we think of as dead matter? It is all, in our modern thought, but points of force.

Certain German chemists lately claim to have proved that what we call inorganic matter can evolve into organic forms. They have taken certain proportions of oil and potash, and compounded a mixture that has shown the qualities of the ameba, one of the lowest forms of animal life. Its atoms move about. They change forms. They feel about them. They surround and absorb into themselves particles of some materials, rejecting others. There is circulation from within outward and back. There is apparently the same wicker structure as of the amebæ. One function alone, they tell us, they have not found—the function of reproduction. However this may be, one of our eminent American astronomers, Dol-

bear, declares that we always find life associated with matter. He says there appears to be good reason for holding that every atom is alive. Herbert Spencer declares the conception toward which the explorer of Nature tends is much less that of a universe of dead matter than that of a universe everywhere alive.

We look again at the universe surrounding us. Where life is, our modern wisdom is coming to recognize, there is always Mind. The cell is the protoplasmic unit of all organic structures, and the cell is an embodied bit of mind. A well-known physician of Washington, who has made a special study of it, declares:

"Only mind can feel and make such adaptive reactions. A cell remembers its experiences, and only mind can remember. The cells out of which an animal is built are mind organisms, and the duties of each cell are duties that require mind for their performance. A cell cannot perform its functions in the animal economy except so far as it is capable of feeling stimuli and so far as it is capable of adapting acts to ends. The life of a cell consists solely of its mental activities. What has hitherto been called the vital and physiological processes are, in reality, psychological processes; and the life of a cell is nothing more than its mind."

Take a step higher. The universe amid which we live is One. Our own Professor Langley says "the question of identity is perhaps, on the whole, the most momentous one which science has yet brought us." To the ancients, it was impossible to recognize the unity of the universe. But now, by your spectroscope, you know the constituent elements of the sun and of every world on high coming within your ken; and you know that the elements of earth—minerals, fluids, and gases—are there as here. In the language of a high authority, "the sun is composed of the same materials as the earth. The distant fixed stars are of a composition identical with that of the sun. Nothing really distinguishes our sun from the multitude of stars which shine in the heavens." Our forces—gravitation, heat, light, electricity—are there as here. Our laws, one and all—they rule in Mars and Saturn, as here. Water runs

down hill there, as it does here. All the forces of Nature, in the starry worlds as in our earth, interchange. Colors turn to sound. The motions of your piano-keys, in striking the major chords, when a delicate pencil is attached to the wires and hung in contact with a prepared paper, will draw the most exquisite geometric and floral designs. As Tyndall says again, "The same law that forms a tear-drop molds a planet."

Our universe is a unit—a whole. All parts of this unitary system are interrelated one with the other. For the droop of the violet in the field there must be a certain pull from Sirius. The great Humboldt, in his "Cosmos," declares: "The universe is a living whole."

If it be a living whole, we take another step in our rising vision. Then it is an Organism—an animated structure, pervaded with life and mind. It cannot, then, be a machine, however cunningly woven or constructed. It can only be a body—a body pulsing with life; a body illumined with intelligence. As Oersted said, "we are members of an infinite organism." Do you remember, in that shockingly pessimistic story, "The Story of an African Farm," that when the poor boy on the Boer farm, studying the entrails and the framework of the dead gander, suddenly awakens to the fact that the system is one and the same with that which the water forms as it flows—with that which the trees make as they spread their leafless boughs against the wintry sky—he rises to the thought of the vast unit, of the whole world, and the great cry bursts from him: "It is a *one*—a living thing!"

One other step. The universe is, then, intelligible; so, then, it is Intelligent. The life, as we have seen, in every atom and cell is one with intelligence, or mind. There is the action of mind in all its parts. Then, with all its parts endowed with intelligence, with mind, shall the whole of this marvelous organism not have one indwelling Intelligence, and be the action of one pervading Mind? You believe that the universe is intelligible; that you can make it out. Otherwise you would be

foolish to study science. But if, as a whole, the system of the universe is intelligible, and can be made out, this can only be, as it is the body of an intelligence. Then the true substance of the universe is this indwelling Mind, infinite and eternal as the organism it inhabits. Then all things, stars and trees and men, are the thoughts of an Infinite and Eternal Mind.

"Out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose in open air."

Things are the thoughts of this Living Mind externalizing themselves. They are the thoughts of a Mind capable of bringing its imaginings into perfection. The power manifest in the Cosmos is the power of Mind. As Plato said of it, it is a power "that geometrizes." Our own President Hill says, "The universe is a symphony—the sum of all symmetries and all geometries." Martineau declares, in our day, "The universe is the thinking aloud of an Eternal Reason reflected in us."

Take another step. This universe, then, has Design in it. Not the design which our fathers saw in it, the design of the mechanism of the watch, but such design as we, their children, see in it: the design of an organism—adaptive reactions which can only bespeak a designing Mind, working through the cells and the atoms. What then? Our universe has Purpose in it. Where there is design, there is purpose—thought with an aim before it—power working toward an ideal: a vision in the beginning and a realization at the end. One law, one element, and one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves!

What then? Our universe is the expression of a Will. The design which manifests purpose, in that purpose reveals the will of a Being who can form the design, purpose to achieve it, and energize toward its accomplishment. All the infinite energy of the universe is the expression of a Will moving toward the accomplishment of its purpose. The old Hebrew conception was profoundly right. God is the Eternal and Infinite Will.

Once more, in our ascending vision of the universe amid

which we live, we dare to affirm, then, that our universe is Conscious. All that holds Mind holds more or less of consciousness. When the cell shows the power of adaptation, of thought working to an end, shaping means to a purpose, adjusting structure to a use, what does this imply? The power of storing up, in some way, memory, and thus of forming the cell habits. This is really, in its low rudimentary form, what we mean by consciousness. I think our wise men are, therefore, coming to see that every cell, in the measure of its cell life, has attained to a sleeping consciousness. Rising through the animal, consciousness comes out in the full in man. Our wise men tell us to-day that these bodies of ours are republics. They are formed of a host of living, mind-endowed cells; each living its own life and discharging its own purpose, but all coördinating in the association we call the living organism of the body. And yet, in all this multiplicity of living, intelligent consciousnesses, going to compose the republic of the human body, there is a unity, a self-consciousness of the ego, the I, in which each man says truly, "I am." So we must needs conceive of the cosmic body, the universe, as an organism pervaded with a common consciousness. Let me quote the words of one of our most philosophic writers upon this subject: "That which is intelligible is an actual or possible object of knowledge; that which is intelligent is an actual subject of knowledge; and that which, in itself, is at once intelligible and intelligent is an actual subject-object"—the terms, you see, are philosophic—"that is, a being objectifying itself in this externalizing, and able to contemplate it—a living self-consciousness."

Once more, in our ascending vision, this universe is Character. It is a law to itself. That is what we mean when we speak of Nature. It has a character, a way, a habit, of its own. Difficult to decipher and interpret is this Character of Nature, but surely there in an infinite organism. And as to what this character is, on the whole, we need have no misgivings. Whatever our fathers may have feared to think, we, their children, are daring to affirm, from the standpoint of

physical science—that the character of this organism, this infinite universe, is infinitely good. Take up Alfred Russell Wallace's "Our Wonderful Century," or any other book covering the same ground, and read there what is the function of the dust of the air—to make possible our visions of the beauty of the sunrise and sunset. Read there what is the function of the white corpuscles of the blood, so long an utter enigma to savants—to devour and absorb and make away with all effete matter and the poisonous substances in our blood. Read there what is the function of the dreaded and abhorred bacteria, which have seemed to deny the presence of an all-good Power—to break up, through putrefactive processes, dead and dying organisms, and then provide the raw material for new organizations. In other words, everywhere the deeper and the further vision in the realm of physical science is that the character of the infinite Power indwelling the universe is the character of a Being working beneficently, in the long run, and with purposes of goodness.

No wonder that we cannot always decipher this character in the lowest realms of development, where the power is less fully manifested. No wonder, therefore, that in the low savage stage there are strife and warfare. But that illustrious anarchist, Prince Krapotkin, will tell you how, in the animal world, there are helpfulnesses and coöperations that put to shame the competition of our human society. Through the fidelity, affection, unselfishness, love, and loyalty of the dog, we climb to man: believing, in his consciousness, to find the inner law shrined within the soul, and to know it as the Supreme Law of all the Infinite Energy of the Cosmos—one with the energy that wells up in our own consciousness. If our consciousness is the consciousness of a moral law, as the supreme law of life, then that is the revelation of the law of the universe. We are right in standing on the plane of man's attained evolution and reflecting the light of conscience down through all the descending ranks and series of life, and in saying that the moral law is writ in terms of chemistry and biology

and astronomy—writ in the flowers of the field and the stones of the valley and the stars of the sky. There is “a power, not ourselves, making for righteousness.” The power within the organism that we call the Universe is none other than “the Eternal, who loveth righteousness.”

Again, the universe in which we live is, therefore, a Personality. The term is unsatisfactory, but never mind the term. It is the expression of the noblest idea in our human thought. If there is in the universe a conscious intelligence, having will and character, we can only affirm of that conscious intelligence that it has the form of our own conscious intelligence, the only conscious intelligence known to us, and that it is Personal. And so we reach the crown of our argument.

We are compelled, by this slow ascending series of affirmations, to make one further affirmation, and declare of the universe that it is Our Father. It is the Power indwelling the universe; the source and spring of all our lives; of whom we are the offspring. It is the Being in whom we live, and move, and have our being. It is at once, as Augustine said and Theodore Parker echoed long after him, “our Father and our Mother.” And, so, the one universal and most familiar name of this Power is that which is forever sacred, as given in our Lord’s prayer—“Our Father which art in Heaven.”

I have led you, by these ascending steps in the contemplation of the universe, to find the constrained necessity of affirming of it what I have thus declared. In other words, then, the universe is God, clothed. The universe is “the living garment of God,” about which a more ancient and a greater poet than Goethe said: “They all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up and they shall be changed; but thou art the same and thy years shall not fail.” So that, as our own great philosophic interpreter, James Martineau, declares: “The universe which includes and enfolds us round is the life-dwelling of an Eternal Mind. The world of our abode is the scene of a moral government, incipient but not yet complete, and the upper zones of human affection, above

the clouds of self and passion, take us up into the sphere of a divine communion." Thus, out of the universe that seemed to vanish God, behold—"Emmanuel, God with us!"

You may say that this is the old heresy of Pantheism. Well, there was a truth in Pantheism—that of the indwelling Divine Presence in Nature. "Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet." We are preserved from the danger of Pantheism by what I have affirmed of the Divine Personality inhabiting this living organism, the universe. The transcendence of the Divine Mind is seen in that it is the Inhabitor of the body, the Living Garment which it weaves about itself. Thus does the truth of the fathers come back to us again. If we are compelled to think of God as indwelling, immanent, in the universe, we will not limit our vision thereby, lest we have a half truth; but we will remember that, as my mind can separate itself from my body, though it inhabits it now, so can God fold up this living vesture, and, as a garment, it shall be changed. But He abideth, his years failing not.

And this, I take it, is the great unifying, generalizing truth which our doctrine of the Trinity holds, in a very rough and unattractive form, for us. Plato, long ago, musing upon the mystery of the universe, declared it was a living animal—that is, an organism; and he called it "the second God." And the great philosophic father of the Christian Church, always distinguishing between the universe as an embodied being and God as the absolute Source of all being, spoke of one as *Theos* and of the other as *Ho Theos*. The Trinity blends the two thoughts of the transcendent and the immanent God; and though we cannot reconcile them they may be reconciled in the future.

If some simple soul should say: "Oh, but I can feel my way to God without this elaborate argumentation;" then I can only repeat the words of the Master: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

This new thought of God will reconstruct our theology and our religion; and my purpose, in this course that follows, is to help you see this reconstructing work. Now I leave you with the thought itself. The power of it! The absolute certitude of God! Why argue about His being? He is as real as the universe itself, of which He is the life and substance. The comfort of it! How many souls are worshiping, and believing, who know it not: reverently studying the universe, recognizing the Infinite Power which they dare not name, but which is nevertheless folding them round in its all-embracing purpose of wisdom and love, so that they live and move and have their being in God, though they know it not! The glory of our life! The blood of God flows within our veins. We are of kin with God. We are heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ; endowed with his omnipotence; the divine Presence in us; the divine Life back of us; the universe streaming through us; God pulsating in our very breath. The aspiration of this thought of God! As Plotinus, one of the ancient opponents of the Church that stood between him and God, said, and so may we all say—"I am striving to bring the God within me into harmony with the God without." In this thought there is strength for all our needs—the resources of omnipotence! There is hope for all weary workers for humanity—the Lord God wills the perfection of the race! There is peace to our souls! Marcus Aurelius, with his half-open vision, could say, "All is well with me that is well with thee, O Universe!" But we take the more sacred term, and say, "All is well with me that is well with Thee, O God!"

Our own sweet Southern poet, Sidney Lanier, once wrote:

"I have a boy. Every day, when my work is done, I take him in my strong arms, and lift him up and pore into his face. The intense repose, penetrated somehow with a thrilling mystery of potential activity which dwells in his large open eyes, teaches me new things. I say to myself: 'Where are the strong arms in which I too might lay me and repose, and yet be full of the fire of life?' And always through the twilight come answers from the other world: 'Master! Master! There is One in whose arms we rest—God!'"

AN EXPOSITION OF EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

BY PUNDIT F. K. LALAN.

"There is no great, no small,
To the soul which maketh all,
And where it cometh all things are;
And it cometh everywhere."

"There is no wall between the soul in man and the Universal Soul, or God, or Oversoul, except it may be self-created, and therefore subject to variation. If we put a basin in water, the water which is contained in the basin and that which is outside and that which penetrates the basin are the same. This vessel is one of the vehicles for the Soul to ride on, where it wills to ride, and being in the vehicle is egoized—to ride where it wills."

"To a sound judgment the most abstract truth is the most practical."
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Unless an absolutely true theory of an abstract truth be approached, all of the relative phenomena based on that truth will remain unintelligible.

Says our philosopher:

"I am owner of the Sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

The hand symbolizes Power. Brain symbolizes Wisdom. Heart symbolizes Love. Strain symbolizes The Word.

Cæsar is not a hero: he is heroism. Heroism being abstract, I will to manifest—and I become Cæsar. Plato is not a philosopher: he is philosophy. Philosophy being abstract, I will to manifest—and I become Plato. Christ is not a God: he is Love. I love to manifest—and I become Christ. Shakespeare is not a poet: he is poetry. Poetry being abstract, I will to sing—and I become Shakespeare. Thus I am the creator of heroism, philosophy, love, and music; therefore, I am owner

of the Sphere (Cosmos), and of the seven stars and the solar year.

Says Herbert Spencer :

"If the part is conceived without any reference to the whole, it becomes itself a whole—an independent entity, and its relations to existence in general are misapprehended."

* * *

Emerson's History is not the history of one particular nation, race, or people; it is not one of a particular civilization; it is not one of a particular epoch: it is rather the history of all times and all people—of all races and all civilizations. His history makes it actually possible to see the whole panorama of the infinite past in the present time. It teaches us in a demonstrative way, which even a child could understand. If we take a general view of "One Mind," with which he opens his essay on "History," making that mind sufficiently objective to our spiritual intuition, we can easily comprehend his demonstrations of "One Mind." As there is one earth, one mass of water, one light of the sun, one air common to all individual beings, so is there one Mind common to all individual men.

Now, let us take a closer view of Emerson's "One Mind," in an effort to make it practical. This can be done by pondering the second sentence of the same essay, which runs thus: "Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same" (Mind). As the legs are an inlet to the earth, and almost all of the earth; as fins are an inlet to water, and almost all of the water; as eyes are an inlet to light, and almost all of the light; as wings are an inlet to air, and almost all of the air; as ears are an inlet to sound, and almost all of the sound—so is every man's brain an inlet to Mind, and almost all of Mind.

If one should argue that man is not capable of taking in the whole earth with his legs—and therefore is not all-powerful—to him this Occidental sage would reply thus: "Man can transform his legs into a train, which *will* take in the

whole of the earth. A train has become now an inlet to the earth, and takes in almost all of the earth, including empires, continents, kingdoms, lands, cities, towns, and villages. A ship has become an inlet to the water, and almost all of the water, including oceans, seas, gulfs, and rivers. A telescope reconnoiters the sky, and almost all of the sky; for it takes in suns, planets, moons, comets, and milky ways. A microscope kens the minutest forms of life. A telegraph, or long handwriting of man, has become an inlet to the intelligence. A balloon has become an inlet to the atmosphere, and in time may become an inlet to all of the atmosphere. A telephone has become an inlet to speech, and to all speech: so a book may become an inlet to the mind, and almost all of the mind."

At this point, however, something supplementary is to be announced from the Oriental voice—that man is not only an inlet to this Universal Mind, as the Occidental sage proclaims, but is an *outlet* of it also: not merely sitting at its shore, as readers in the library and hearers in the lecture-room do. Man can dive deep in this reservoir and go to the very source of it in his inmost heart, whence it flows out. It can thus be demonstrated; for man does not only grasp with his hand: he also gives; his ear does not merely listen to what others have to say: he with his mouth gives out the message he has to communicate to his brethren. Thus man is not only a receiver of thoughts produced by others: he is also a transmitter of thoughts created in his own mind: therefore, let us announce for the benefit of our brethren that every man is not only an inlet to the Universal Mind, or any part of it, but is also an outlet to the same.

This way of thinking naturally leads to the third sentence: "He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a free man of the whole estate." He that is once admitted to the confidence of Queen Victoria is made a free man of the whole British Empire; if admitted to the trust of Salisbury, he is made a free man of the British government. If I be intro-

duced to the head of a family, I am introduced to all its members; if I be introduced to Bishop Vincent, I am introduced to the whole Chautauqua movement; if I be introduced to an Ingersoll or a Huxley, I am introduced to the whole agnostic movement; but if I be introduced to the divine sage of the West, Ralph Waldo Emerson, I am introduced to the Divine Reason—for those who have the sight of God, which is the Cause of all causes, and which is the Divine Reason, have been made free men of the whole universe. In the sight of God all bondage falls asunder; man is free when he has seen God in a heart as pure as crystal. His mind is God's Mind, which comprehends all that is or can be done. His heart is God's Heart, which loves every being in the universe. His power is God's Power, which demonstrates the Divine Will.

Here is the exotericism of reason. The Reason that Emerson speaks of seems to be the cause of Universal Mind, which emanates from it. This is termed *Buddhi*, or Cosmic (spiritual) Soul, or Vishnu, known as the preserver of all by Oriental sages. There is no difference between the Divine Reason and man's spiritual reason, or *Buddhi*; for there is no screen between God's Reason and man's reason. When a man reaches in his inmost heart his own spiritual reason, he reaches the center of the Divine Reason. Emerson divines similarly in his essay on "The Oversoul": "As there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so is there no bar or wall in the Soul where man the effect ceases and God the cause begins. The Sun of Reason shines on and in the lump of earth; it shines on and in a piece of white chalk, as well as on and in a pure glass. Thus one who has reached the Absolute Reason has passed on from the black evil to the white good, which are of course relatives, and has become pure as crystal, or Absolutely Good in his heart, where the Divine reflects with all splendor."

Here are two of Emerson's precepts demonstrated, *viz.*: there is one *Mind* common to all individual men, and every

man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. This Universal Mind and man are made out of one and the same substance—called “Chit,” or mind-stuff of God, in the Oriental philosophy. Some similar expressions of this fact have been divined by Emerson in his representative man: “The ploughman, the plough, and the furrow are made out of the same stuff; hence, man can grasp this Universal Mind, or any of its manifestations, through his own mind.” As the organ of sound (the ear) and the sound itself are made out of the etheric vibrations of the Akasha; as the organ of sight (the eye) and the light are concretized from the etheric vibrations of Tejas—so is the thought, as well as the brain, made out of the mental vibrations of the Divine Mind, or “Chit.”

Emerson then illustrates his opening precepts by selecting an unsurpassed emperor in the philosophic world: “What Plato has thought we may think.” Plato has thought in this Universal Mind, and we are now thinking in it. The Mind he used is the same that we are now using; but let us see what Plato himself is. He is not a philosopher: he is philosophy itself—thus declares Emerson in his essay on “Plato.” But philosophy, being abstract principle in the Divine Mind, concretizes itself and becomes Plato; thus man is not a God. God, being absolute, meditates and becomes itself Man. The love of wisdom is philosophy; philosophy loves wisdom, and wisdom loves beauty. The Greek word *Cosmos* means beauty; for beauty is the garment of God, as “Gudha” means the unchangeable in all changeables—that which preserves itself whole and whole: therefore, its name is *God*.

There are three classes of men, as Emerson says in his essay on “Prudence.” The ordinary men live in the utility of things; there is another class who live to the beauty of things—as poets and artists; while the third class are the men of philosophy, who live in the beauty itself. First, we have the sensual man, whose entire aim is worldly wealth and health—who is washing his feet with the elixir of the heavenly lake; another

sits at the brink of this lake and sips it; while the third dives deep in the beauties of it: he is the wise one, or the man of philosophy. Thus Plato (or the philosophy enshrined in Plato) is wisdom. His wisdom wholly kens the unity of all things manifested. It kens also the diversity that is founded on this absolute unity. Those who can observe the central force of Jesus, Buddha, and Krishna, working on all planes of various Christian, Buddhist, and Hindu creeds; those who can ken the central force of God—the sun of all Saviours, working upon all beings for their uplifting—are Platos re-born. Such was Emerson: he is our “modern Plato.” Jesus said, “You can do even greater things than I do.” This revelation inspires us with the knowledge that we can think more than Plato has thought, because the later incarnations of Plato contain the former one. As the lexicography of Johnson is increased in Webster, so the philosophy of Plato is increased in our “modern Plato.”

“What a saint has felt we may feel.” As the mind of a philosopher comprehends all, either in diversity or in unity, so does the love of a saint feel, vibrate, respond in his heart with all that is. The heart of a saint is the heart not only of all humanity but of all beings; and it vibrates in unison with every note in every heart. “It weeps with those who weep, and it rejoices with those who rejoice.” If a man loves his own family as he loves himself, he will feel the same toward every member thereof, because every member of his body (which he loves) stands in the same relation as every member of his family. If a man loves his nation, his race, humanity, and all beings as he loves himself, he will feel the same love toward all. If a man loves God, who is All in all, as he loves himself, he will respond to every vibration of every being of all time.

“What at any time has befallen any man we can understand.” Yes; we can understand anything—any event that has happened at any time to any people or to any being—if we look into it with impartial eyes and weigh it in a scrupulous

balance of Reason, which rests brilliantly in the heart and weighs justly in the head.

Do we not understand why our Chinese sisters dwarf the natural length of their feet, after understanding why our American sisters diminish the natural circle of their waists? The idea that impels the one to keep the feet small is the same that impels the other to keep the waist small: it is that of beauty, and is common to almost all our young sisters throughout the world. Do we not understand why ladies decorate their heads with ornaments of gold and silver, with jewels, and with garlands of flowers, when we understand their passion for wearing miniature botanical gardens and zoological museums on their hats? This is the idea of beauty that is common to the gentler sex. Do we not understand why our Hindu and Buddhist and Mohammedan brethren uncover their feet when entering their temples, after understanding why our Western brethren uncover their heads when entering their churches? Honor, respect, reverence—these embody the central idea that impels the one to uncover his feet and the other his head. Do we not understand, when we see the Hindu-Brahmins purifying themselves in the sacred Ganges with the repetition of sacred Vedic hymns, after seeing our Baptist brethren baptizing in a hole in the ice while quoting the sacred words of Scripture? It is faith in the heart, combined with pictorial form, that makes our respective brethren do the same act in different ways.

None are surprised that Spaniards take keen delight in bull-fights, when *we* seem to delight in oratorical contests (instead of oratorical peace) in our university career. The idea in the one is to fight and strengthen the physical horns and muscles, and in the other to invigorate the verbal horns and muscles.

We understand the movement of the world-renowned Parliament of Religions at Chicago, as we understand the Peace Conference at The Hague. For the religious world as well as the political world desires peace throughout civilization, and

is coming to the realization that to shed human blood or to say an unkind word, either with iron weapons or verbal weapons cast by greed or bigotry, is sinful. For humanity is one family, living in different rooms of a single house on our little earth. As brothers in one family, we should live harmoniously, in different rooms, perhaps, but under the same roof.

The foregoing contrasts show plainly that we *can* understand anything that happened at any time; for everything in Nature stands for an explanation of every other thing in its order.

"Who hath access to this Universal Mind is a party to all that is or can be done; for this is the only and sovereign agent." Let us examine a few simple and familiar illustrations of our access to this Mind. A very large section of the city of Chicago was consumed in the great fire of 1871, but it was not erased from the mind of the people; so they hewed out a new Chicago from the earth by the same mind. In the year 1800 Chicago did not exist, but the mind of the people meditated, "Let there be Chicago!"—and there is a great city by the lake.

Before there was any earth or a human body in existence, this Mind hewed out this earth and other planets, and our sun and other suns were molded out of the central sun. The Cosmos is the Thought in this Mind, which man handled and handles with his *Buddhi*, or spiritual soul.

Thus we human beings, who have access to our Universal Mind, first sketched and then hewed out an infinite variety of form.

If a man attempts to place a limit to this Mind, and thinks he himself is limited, these limitations are not two, but one, which is self-imposed, and can be enlarged or diminished according to our (the spiritual soul's) will; for there is no wall or bar between Man's mind and God's Mind, except that which is self-erected.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF HINDU METAPHYSICS.

BY T. E. WILLSON.

The disintegration of the Theosophical Society was not entirely unexpected by some of the students within it. The two English-educated Hindu gentlemen known as "the Masters," who had reluctantly, and against the wishes of their brethren in their Hindu lodge, aided Mme. Blavatsky in organizing the "inner school," warned her, in letters she publishes in "The Secret Doctrine," that the metaphysics of the East could not be comprehended by the Western mind—that it could not be translated into the terms of Western metaphysics. Those who patiently studied it found that what "Master Koot-Hoomi" and "Master Morya" united in saying was exactly true. The first few lessons were all right, but after that the Eastern metaphysics consisted of "words without knowledge."

Whether the "Masters" ever explained to Mme. Blavatsky why it could not be done, she does not say; but the reason is really very simple. Each and every system of metaphysics is based upon a system of physics, which is its bony skeleton, so to speak. It is never in sight, but it is there; and no system of metaphysics can be comprehended by the student unless he has a fair knowledge of the physics of which it is the outgrowth and flower.

The Hindu system of physics, on which the metaphysical thought of the East is based, does not in its beginnings differ widely from the latest physics of the West; but it goes so much farther that *our* physics is soon lost sight of and forgotten. The Hindu conception of the material universe, taken from the Upanishads and some open teaching, will serve for an illustration. They divide physical matter into four kinds—prakriti, ether, prana, and manassa—which they call "planes."

These differ only in the rate of vibration, each plane vibrating through one great octave, with gulfs of "lost" octaves between. The highest rate of vibration of prakriti is measured by the thousand, the lowest of the ether by trillions, and the lowest of prana by—never mind; they have, and we have not, the nomenclature.

The earth, they teach, is a globe of prakriti, floating in an ocean of ether, which, as it has the sun for its center of gravity, must necessarily be a globe. This etheric sun-globe has a diameter of over 300,000,000,000 miles. All the planets revolve around the sun far within its atmosphere. The etheric sun-globe revolves on its axis once in about 21,000 years, and this revolution causes the precession of the equinoxes. This etheric sun-globe is revolving around Alcyone, with other etheric globes having suns for their centers and solar systems of prakritic globes within them, in a great year of 8,640,000,000 of our common years. Its orbit has a diameter of 93,000,000,000,000 miles.

Beyond the etheric globes, and between them, is a third form of matter called prana, as much rarer and finer than the ether as the ether is rarer and finer than prakriti. As this prana has Alcyone for a center of gravity, it is necessarily a globe; and there are many of these pranic globes floating in a vast ocean of manassa—a form of matter as much finer than prana as prana is finer than ether, or ether than prakriti. With this manassa (which is a globe) the material, or physical, universe ends; but there are spiritual globes beyond. The material universe is created from manassa, downward, but it does not respond to or chord with the vibrations of the globes above, except in a special instance and in a special way, which does not touch this inquiry.

The physical universe of the ancient (and modern) Hindu physicist was made up of these four kinds or planes of matter, distributed in space as "globes within globes."

Professor Lodge, in 1884, put forth the theory that prakriti

(physical matter, as we call it) was in its atoms but "whirls" of ether. Since then speculative science has generally accepted the idea that the physical atom is made up of many cubic feet of ether in chemical union, as many quarts of oxygen and hydrogen unite chemically to make a drop of water. This is an old story to the Hindu sage. He tells his pupils that the great globe of manassa once filled all space, and there was nothing else. Precisely as on this earth we have our elementary substances that change from liquids into solids and gases, so on this manassic globe there were elementary substances that took the form of liquids, solids, and gases. Its manassic matter was differentiated and vibrated through one octave, as the prakritic matter does on the earth. Its substance combined as that does.

One combination produced prana. The prana collected, and formed globes. On these pranic globes the process was repeated, with ether as the result, and the etheric globes formed. Then the process was repeated on the etheric globes, as the modern scientists have discovered, and prakriti and prakritic globes came into being.

The true diameter of the earth, the ancient Hindu books say, is about 50,000 miles. That is to say, the true surface of the earth is the line of twenty-four-hour axial rotation; the line where gravity and apery exactly balance; where a moon would have to be placed to revolve once in 86,400 seconds. Within that is prakriti; without is ether. It is also the line of no friction, which does exist between matter of different planes. There is friction between prakriti, between ether, between prana; but not between ether and prana, or ether and prakriti. Friction is a phenomenon confined to the matter of each plane separately. We live at the bottom of this gaseous ocean—on its floor—21,000 miles from the surface and only 4,000 miles from the center. Here, in a narrow "skin" limited to a few miles above and below us, is the realm of phenomena, where solid turns into liquid and liquid into gas, or *vice versa*.

The lesson impressed upon the pupil's mind by Hindu physics is that he lives far *within* the earth, not *on* it.

There is a comparatively narrow "skin" of and for phenomena within the etheric sun-globe, say the Eastern teachers, where the etheric solids, liquids, and gases meet and mingle and interchange. Within this "skin" are all the planets—the "gaseous" atmosphere of the etheric globe stretching millions of miles beyond the outermost planetary orbit. The earth is in this skin or belt of etheric phenomena, and its ether is in touch with the ether "in manifestation" on the etheric globe. The sun and other etheric globes are within the corresponding "skin" of phenomena of the pranic globes. The prana, manifesting as solid, liquid, and gas, or in combination and in forms, is in perfect touch with that of the etheric globe, and through that with the prana of the earth. That our prana is in touch with that on the pranic globe in all its manifestations means much in metaphysics. The same is true of the manassic globe, and of our manassa.

The great lesson the Eastern physics burns into the pupil is that we are living not only within the prakritic earth but within each of the other globes as well in identically the same way and subject to the same laws. Our lives are not passed *on* one globe, but *in* four globes. It is as if one said he lived in Buffalo, Erie county, New York, United States; that he was a citizen of each, and subject to the laws of each.

This question of the four globes, of the four planes of matter, of the four skins, and of the four conditions or states of all matter and necessarily of all persons, from the purely material standpoint, is not only the foundation of Oriental physics, but the very essence of Oriental metaphysics—its starting-point and corner-stone. To one who carries with him, consciously or unconsciously, the concrete knowledge of the physics, the abstract teaching of the metaphysics presents no difficulty; it is as clear as crystal. But without the physical teaching the metaphysical is not translatable.

Our Western physics teaches that physical matter is divided into two kinds: prakriti (commonly called "physical matter") and ether; that the differences of each of the elementary prakritic substances (iron, copper, sulphur, oxygen) are in their molecules, the fundamental atom being the same; that each of these elementary substances vibrates only through one octave, though on different keys; that it changes from solid to liquid and gas as the rate of vibration is increased, and from gas to liquid and solid as its vibration is decreased within its octave; that the ether obeys identical laws; that it has elementary substances vibrating through one octave only, and that these are solids, liquids, or gases on the etheric plane as prakriti is on this; that these etheric substances change and combine in every way that prakriti does; and that while all our prakritic substances vibrate within (say) fifty simple octaves, the lowest vibration of etheric matter begins over one thousand octaves beyond our highest, making a gulf to leap. The Eastern physics presents this with a wealth of detail that dazes the Western student, and then adds: "But beyond the etheric plane (or octave) of vibration for matter there is a third plane (or octave) of vibration called prana, and beyond that a fourth called manassa. What is true of one plane is true of the other three. One law governs the four. As above, so below. There is no real gulf; there is perfect continuity."

The Western scientist teaches as the foundation of modern physics that "each and every atom of prakritic matter is the center of an etheric molecule of many atoms;" that "no two prakritic atoms touch," although their etheric envelopes or atmospheres *do* touch; and that "all physical phenomena are caused by the chording vibration of the prakritic atom and its envelope of ether," each "sounding the same note hundreds of octaves apart." The "solid earth" with its atmosphere represents the atom with its ether. As all the oxygen and hydrogen do not combine to make the drop of water, some remaining in mechanical union to give it an atmosphere, and about one-

fourth of its bulk being gas, so the atom formed of the ether does not use all the ether in its chemical union, retaining some in mechanical union for its envelope or atmosphere.

The Hindu physics goes much farther along this road. It says that, when the pranic globes were formed, each atom of prana had its manassic envelope—was the center of a manassic molecule. When the etheric globes formed, each atom of ether was the center of a pranic molecule, each atom of which was surrounded with manassa. When the prakriti was formed from the ether, each and every atom of prakriti had the triple etheric-pranic-manassic envelope. "Each and every prakritic atom is the center of an etheric molecule," says our Western science; but that of the East adds this: "And each atom of that etheric molecule is the center of a pranic molecule, and each atom of prana in that pranic molecule is the center of a manassic molecule."

The four great globes of matter in the material universe are represented and reproduced in each and every atom of prakriti, which is in touch with each one of the four globes and a part of it. The same is true of any aggregation of prakriti—of the earth itself and of all things in it, including man. As there are four atoms in each one, so there are four earths, four globes, consubstantial, one for each of the four elements, and in touch with it. One is formed of prakritic atoms—the globe we know; another, of the ether forming their envelopes; another, of the prana envelopes of ether, and a fourth of the manassa around the pranic atom. They are not "skins;" they are consubstantial. And what is true of atoms or globes is true of animals. Each has four "material" bodies, with each body on the corresponding globe—whether of the earth or of the Universe. This is the physical basis of the famous "chain of seven globes" that is such a stumbling-block in Hindu metaphysics. The spirit passes through four to get in, and three to get out—seven in all. The Hindu understands without explanation. He understands his physics.

The Hindu physics teaches, with ours, that "the ether is the source of all energy," but, it adds, "as prana is the source of all life, and manassa of all mind."

"When the prakritic atom is vibrating in chord with its etheric envelope," say our text-books, "we have physical phenomena—light, heat, electricity." "Yes," says the Hindu teacher; "but when the atom and its ether *and its prana* are vibrating in chord, we have *life* and vital phenomena added to the energy. When the atom and its ether, prana, and manassa are vibrating in chord, we have *mind* and mental phenomena added to the life and energy." Each atom has energy, life, and mind *in posse*. In the living leaf the prakriti, ether, and prana are sounding the threefold silver chord of life. In the animal, the manassa is sounding the same note with them, making the fourfold golden chord of mind. Even in the plant there may be a faint manassic overtone, for the potentiality of life and mind is in everything. This unity of the physical universe with the physical atom, and with all things created—earth, animal, or crystal—is the physical backbone of Oriental metaphysics. Prakriti, ether, prana, and manassa are in our vernacular the Earth, Air, Fire, and Water of the old philosophers—the "Four Elements."

The Oriental physics has been guarded most jealously. For many thousands of years it has been the real occult and esoteric teaching, while the Oriental metaphysics has been open and exoteric. It could not be understood without the key, and the key was in the physics known only to "the tried and approved disciple." A little has leaked out—enough to whet the appetite of the true student and make him ask for more.



THE learning of the past and the authority of the present fulfil their work only as they teach each mind to grow in its own way. The method of God with each soul is a new method.—*Francis G. Peabody.*

THE LAW OF LIFE.

BY EMILY C. GAUSE.

Deep in the soul, breathed in it at inception,
Intangible and oft unrecognized,
Yet potent, true, unswerving in direction,
More powerful than any have surmised,
Is the great Law of Life—the Law Divine.

Like needle of the compass, ever pointing
The way that we our raft of life should steer
To gain the peace, the joy, the heart's anointing
That 'wait the strong, who press through doubt and fear,
Is this great Law of Life—the Law Divine.

So when the wayward flesh, defiant, erring
In devious paths, all disregarding, strays,
Heedless of pain and penalty incurring,
And wandering far in Pleasure's luring maze,
Forgets the Law of Life—the Law Divine—

It rends itself upon that Law unswerving;
Against relentless point itself it tears,
In ignorance so piteous 'tis deserving
Of sympathy and help in equal shares.

When we at last succeed in the discovering
Of this great Law and know that it is *ours*,
We tear from off our eyes their stupid covering
And concentrate our many God-giv'n powers:

To study it—so simple, yet stupendous;
To harmonize our lives with its behest.
No longer will it lacerate or rend us,
When *to move with it* we find is right and best.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages
One increasing purpose runs."

Thus sings Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall." Yet it is not alone "through the ages" that an "increasing purpose runs," but through the years of every individual life. To know this purpose and to throw one's energies and ambitions into line with it is to make one's life a success, humanly and divinely speaking, and to silence forever all pessimistic questionings as to the use of living and the worth of life.

Why was I made? What am I here for? What part have I in the great plan? These are questions that every soul asks, and there is no peace until an answer comes. The question and the answer are both of divine origin. It is not right or necessary that we should stumble blindly through life, and fall blindly into the abyss of death. There is in the Infinite Life a knowledge of the purpose and meaning of every finite life; and to find out this purpose, to fathom this meaning, is the first duty of the newly-awakened soul.

Nothing is so depressing, so weakening, as the feeling that we are of no particular use to the world; that it would make little or no difference to anybody if we passed out of existence at this very moment. And, on the contrary, nothing is so stimulating to mind and body as the consciousness that we have a distinct place in the universe, and a work to do that no one can do at this particular time quite so well as ourselves—since we were made for it, and it for us. To see ourselves as essential parts of the great Whole is to catch a glimpse of the glory and the beauty of life that lie hidden under the externals of commonplace circumstances and surroundings.

One of the first and best results of a belief in Absolute Good is a revelation of the purpose of life; not life in general, but our particular life—the ordinary years, months, days, and hours that make up the lifetime of those whom we call “common humanity.” It is easy to see the *purpose* that runs through such a life as Abraham Lincoln’s, for instance; but it is not so easy to see the purpose that runs through the life of Mary Smith or John Jones. Nevertheless, it is there; and the most obscure man in the universe is as much a “man of destiny” as Napoleon or Columbus. That is to say, he has a definite work to do and the ability to do it. If he does it, the world is moved proportionately onward and upward; if he fails to do it, progress is retarded, and the work waits for some stronger soul.

Looking around at the average human life, what strikes one most forcibly is its pitiable aimlessness—its lack of an “increasing purpose.” And yet the purpose is there; it remains only for the soul to recognize the fact, and by living deeds to turn the merely possible into the actual. I believe that failure would be minimized, and life immeasurably dignified and hallowed, if the young were impressed with the great truth that the universe is a perfect Whole, and that each individual, no matter how feeble his powers or obscure his station, is a necessary part thereof.

To learn the purpose of your life is to have light not only on the present, but on the past. You shall know why this hard thing happened to you—why that which seemed so desirable was denied; and the so-called “mystery of life” will grow more and more open and clear, until it becomes a perfect understanding of the divine purpose and a perfect acquiescence in all of its methods. You would like to be among the great ones of the earth, perhaps. Life would seem to you more desirable and precious if you could write a great poem or a great novel, or lead a great cause, or be a champion of the oppressed; and instead you are drudging away in a schoolroom, or a kitchen,

or a nursery, or a sewing-room. Will it not dignify your homely task to remember that the Infinite Purpose of the Ages would be baffled and perplexed, momentarily, if you failed to do the work that is given into your hands; that your life is a part of the One Life, and that the Universe needs you just as you need it?

This does not mean that you must forever remain in the kitchen or nursery or sewing-room or schoolroom. Perhaps your discontent is a part of the purpose of your life; and, if it is of the noble instead of the ignoble kind, it will lead you to the higher work for which you long. For the purpose is not a decreasing or a stationary one, but an "*increasing purpose*;" and in that word is a promise of the fulfilment of every desire.

Believe that an "*increasing purpose*" runs through your life; seek to know what it is and you *shall* know—and, knowing this, you have a clue to the labyrinth of life that will lead you finally into all blessedness.



MAKE yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb nor pain make gloomy nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in.—*Ruskin*.



If all who count themselves happy were to tell very simply what it was that brought happiness to them, the others would see that between sorrow and joy the difference is but as between a gladsome, enlightened acceptance of life and a hostile, gloomy submission—between a large and harmonious conception of life and one that is stubborn and narrow.—*Maurice Maeterlinck*.

A PERVERSION OF SPIRITUAL POWERS.

BY CHARLES EMMETT BARNES.

It is significant that there is everywhere prevalent a deep interest in the possibilities of the development of the spiritual nature of man to a much higher plane, through inherent divine (spiritual) powers that are potential to every human being. Certain persons, claiming to be spiritual teachers, have taken advantage of this New Thought awakening to appeal to the taint of selfishness still lingering in man by claiming to be able to give directions for the "unfolding of the spiritual and mental powers for the purpose of insuring business success." There has been issued an appalling amount of literature—under the name of either spiritual, mental, or occult science, or metaphysics—bearing upon the making of money through the development of spiritual powers. Is not this a perverting of the spiritual qualities to wrong purposes—by perpetuating the spirit of Mammon, which is the personification of selfishness? Those acquainted with the forces and attributes of the mind know that the greatest power is attained by concentration. So it is in the realm of the material world. The greed and avarice of past ages have been devoted exclusively to money-getting—until the golden calf is the shrine at which the passion-stirred and dehumanized masses worship.

There is only one purpose in the existence of the human ego—to gain experience and development by progressing from the earthy (or animal) to the spiritual man. This journey conditions man for the highest spiritual sphere—when he has attained eternal life and "heaven," whether in the body or out of it. As a man leaves this life, so will he enter the next. He will have the conditions there that he created for himself on earth; hence, what can it profit a person to indulge in passions,

ways of living, business methods, and mental habits that will retard his spiritual growth? As water seeks its own level, so animal and spiritual natures gravitate to their own respective planes. As fish can exist only in water, and birds in the atmosphere, so only the spiritually developed or prepared can live in spiritual spheres. Everything has an element of its own, and can exist only in that element. It is evident, therefore, that human beings with material attributes only cannot exist in a spiritual sphere. To attain that exalted state is a process of development; a subjection of the baser appetites and passions; soul culture and altruism substituted for selfishness—through indwelling powers or the propelling spirit of the Divine, a spark of which is in every human being.

No great results can be realized unless selfishness is overcome. If the desire is earnest for spiritual development—that one may be pure and good and the better able to engage in work for the betterment of mankind and the uplifting of humanity—it will be fulfilled by earnest seeking and asking, because the motive is unselfish. Would spiritual powers come to the man who wanted the advantage thus gained to inflict revenge upon a neighbor, or to do anything wrong or criminal? Certainly not. Then why encourage people in the belief that they can cultivate these powers for advantage in “business?” Such advantage would mean that they could appropriate the labor or earnings of other men to their own use. This would be an injustice, and injustice is one of the greatest of crimes; yet our commercial and industrial system is founded upon injustice. Once there was a time when physical might was legitimate. Rob Roy’s motto was: “Let him take who has the power and let him keep who can.” In this age the taking of anything from another by physical force is a crime. Is there any difference—from the higher spiritual standpoint—between taking some valuable thing from a man by physical force and taking it by intellectual or psychic power? No; for in either case you have taken something not earned by yourself, having

forced it from some one entitled to it presumably as the fruit of his own labor.

Do Christians usually desire what they pray for? Are they sincere? If the kingdom of heaven should really come on earth, a consummation for which they have prayed daily for centuries, the average church-member would be the most surprised person imaginable. With the advent of that kingdom, there would not be a vestige left of our present industrial and business system. Everything relating to it would be swept out of existence. It would be a spiritual democracy—the state of society left by Christ and enjoyed by his followers for four centuries after his death: a coöperative brotherhood.

It is a fact in the New Metaphysics that thoughts are externalized. It is true that all the selfishness, avarice, greed, and evil thoughts that have animated mankind for centuries have externalized themselves in a business system corresponding to them. It is equally true that the spiritual truths now gradually permeating the minds of the people are entirely different from the accepted religious and social ideals of the present day. If these new thoughts become accepted and understood by the majority of mankind, will they not externalize? Will not the change in business and industrial conditions thus produced form as great a contrast to those of to-day as the new spiritual thought does to the old religious ideas?

To those who grow into the higher spiritual state will come very forcibly the consciousness of a spiritual law—recognized as yet by only a few—the great law of coöperation. There will never be any marked spiritual growth apart from a consciousness of and a living in harmony with this law.

God has provided in abundance air for all to breathe. There is no need for any one to struggle for it. It is unnecessary to hoard it and impossible to get up a "corner" on it. A sufficiency is all that is desired. All, too, may share equally in the sunshine; people do not have to fight for it. Under the great spiritual law of coöperation will come with equal ease all

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MECHANISM.

BY GEORGE M. WALLACE.

"Mechanism is absolutely universal in application, while absolutely subordinate in significance."—*Lotse*.

When humanity was entering upon the pastoral stage, everything answering to metaphysics, philosophy, and religion took on pastoral color: whence the pastoral symbolism of religion—the fold, the crook, the shepherd, and the sheep. *Pastor* and *pasture* come from the same Latin root. So, now that humanity is passing into the manufacturing stage, everything is becoming mechanism. All modern philosophers are mechanicians; if not mechanicians they are not modern. Religion has become a tie between God and man, which pulls forward into harmony with universal progress self-conscious freedom, and links it with the goal (Christ) of the Universe. It is a metaphysical lasso by which the soul secures a mooring enabling it to escape annihilation in the personal cataclasm called death.

In the human body the bones and muscles form levers of the first, second, and third order, as per the classification in treatises on Mechanics. In machine-shops and organisms alike are found hinge joints, ball and socket joints, etc. The heart is a pump; the arteries are canals; the lungs are septa for the osmosis of carbonic acid and oxygen; the alimentary canal is a physical and chemical laboratory; the vocal cords and mouth are respectively a reed-pipe or tuning-fork and resonance box; the teeth are grindstones; the ear has its keyboard; the eyes are camera obscuras; the nerves are telegraph lines. In psychological laboratories, feelings, thoughts, and moral determinations are measured and weighed, and the metal sought for in the ring of babies' laughs.

The leaves of the trees are manufacturing establishments, run by light and engaged in the manufacture of wood fiber and pulp. The farm is a physical and chemical laboratory, employing more and more machinery, and destined, in the hands of captains of industry, by fertilization and the artificial application of light, heat, electricity, water, etc., to turn out in a summer a hundred crops where Nature can produce but one.

So industrial civilization, entering upon the manufacturing stage, steeps everything in mechanical concepts and drags after it philosophy, religion, and science—to all of which it sets the gait and furnishes the cue.

Progress, then, is led from below upward, rather than from above downward; and beneath enlightenment, civilization, religion, evolution, chemistry, and physics, bringing to light a significance that philosophy simply appropriates, is art—not fine art, but industrial art. It is the first becoming last and the last becoming first, like commerce leading religion, or the burgher calling a halt to chivalry.

It is, then, permissible to philosophize—at this stage of progress—in wheels, belts, gears, levers, chains, etc., granting that the coarse mechanism so devised may give way when culture no longer needs it and can get nearer to the structure of things without the scaffolding.

Psychology has devoted itself so exclusively to intellectualism, with the values of things left out, that it is difficult for the most acrobatic mind to include feeling and will in the science, except as data for further intellectualism. Religion is not so much a matter of life and character as intellectual dogma to assent to. Science treats the Universe as an encyclopedia of facts to be reduced, simply and for its own sake, to the lowest terms in matter and force. Nature is not alone atoms sent a-spinning by union with force, nor alone the flux of fact hence arising; it is also space and time and spirit—creation, goal, and unity.

Considered by religion a manufactured product, the Uni-

verse is nevertheless treated as if to be understood with absolutely nothing to be said as to method in creation and as to results of method in products. Species were once similarly treated—as arbitrarily manufactured products in which the method of creation had no significance; yet “evolution,” occupying the neglected ground, has thrown into consciousness one of Nature’s most magnetic, stimulating, and profitable principles.

When science has answered the question, “How did it happen?” there is still the question of a larger field, “Why did it happen?” Religion attempts in a halting way this latter face of the shield; and men find everywhere in Nature significance and purpose in detail—without seeming to realize that this argues to a destiny, a significance, and a goal for Nature as a whole: a final cause and goal that bend Nature to a definite direction and reach back into every-day life to take account of the hairs of one’s head.

When sickness or trouble comes, the question should not alone be *how*, but *why* as well. The unity of the Universe—invoked by Lotze as absolute Principle to occupy the field between cause and effect and between mind and effect and between mind and matter, given up by the agnostic as the unknown power, and verbally claimed by the Christian as the Third Person of the Trinity—is practically relegated by mankind to the poetic content of the verbal alliteration that names it. Yet herein is somewhat that is superior to space and time; that integrates them into unity with matter, force, and spirit; that vouches for the harmony of the whole; that daily apportioned desert to good and evil, and more intimately enters into Nature and the affairs of men than matter does—neglected by common life, science, and religion, as if it were not.

Space, entering into the quiddity of matter in extension, is supposed to be sufficiently dealt with when its intellectualisms are gathered up into the sciences of geometry; and time is taken for granted, as an every-day affair, though its solemn

march into and out of the Universe—whence and whither Heaven alone knows—is the most startling of mysteries.

To mind, which wills and feels and takes account of esthetic and ethical worth as well as thinks, Nature offers as tools: origin, goal and unity, time, space, matter, force, and spirit, and the relations of the ultimates to one another singly, in duets, trios, quartets, etc.; yet consciousness turns about and applies its thrilling category to matter and force alone! No wonder its culture is one-sided and its microcosm inadequate to the Macrocosm; and no wonder it fails to understand the Universe! Were Nature herself guilty of such neglect, the whole Universe would tumble in chaos.

Ignored departments of Nature are thus handed over to the quacks of mysticism and sorcery. Man's dignity, his disinclination to abase himself, his fear of consequences (to himself and his loved ones) of sin—these are so far lost as he fails to take account of his relations to and connection with the other ultimates in Nature.

The Universe is an organism, somehow originated, somehow held together, and going somewhere; it is an incarnated thought, in the whole and in detail, of a perfect and therefore infinite Individuality. No part of the thought is unimportant or without significance; and in the neglected fields will yet be found the "music of the spheres"—a symphony in which evolution, gravitation, religion, science, and art are merely notes and chords.



THERE is no axiom plainer than that the higher should control the lower; and no one but a positive materialist can deny that man is above his body.—*Henry Wood.*



It is a sorry day for Christian faith when we call things religious that have become so cruel that they cease to be human.—*Rev. E. L. Rexford, D.D.*

FIRST LESSON IN DIVINE SCIENCE.

BY M. E. CARTER.

Some years ago, while at Greenacre, Eliot, Me., I saw a picture that impressed me deeply. It was painted by an idealist, a girl only nineteen years of age. The picture represented a beautiful head, the face being perfect in outline and color; but the large, dark eyes seemed to be looking far away, seeking with a hungry, unsatisfied expression something apparently unattainable. The face was inexpressibly sad, with all its beauty and earnestness. Close beside this head, with a cheek almost pressed against it, was another head—the face perfect in serenity and a study in its calmness and peace. Both were beautiful; but one left on the beholder a sense of hunger and anxiety, while in the other there was nothing to desire. The picture interpreted itself as one looked upon it. There in graphic outline was the oft-repeated story of the human being not yet awake to its divine Self—hungry, anxious, sad, yearning for it knows not what; and all the time the divine Self, the real Self, the true being, close at hand, waiting for recognition! It is this true Self of each one of us with whom, sooner or later, we must become acquainted, and whose presence we must learn to realize every moment of our lives thereafter.

When we do realize what our Source is, and then also realize that we must, in our true being, be like unto it—since cause and effect are in their nature always alike, although differing in degree and in manifestation—we shall begin to know who and what we are, and then perceive our origin, nature, and destiny.

That the thinking power in us all is the greatest force of which we as yet know anything is now becoming so generally acknowledged that we no longer have to argue and beg for

recognition of the fact. Material scientists, by their experiments and discoveries, are reenforcing the statements of the metaphysicians, idealists, and intuitionists, who have always been in advance of the plodders and delvers in what has been named matter.

We all promptly recognize the power of thought in extreme cases. When a person loses all appetite and cannot sleep, because of some sudden event, either of joy or sorrow, we see at once that, not the event, but the way it is viewed acts upon the blood, nerve-centers, and whole organism, causing either comfort or discomfort. So, again, excessive anger, fear, jealousy, or remorse, will quickly externalize in inharmonious physical conditions.

The imaging faculty, which we all possess, is our creative faculty, and it is God-derived. Through its use we make and change our conditions. If I hold steadily a mental picture of peace and harmony, I shall externalize peaceful and harmonious conditions in my life. If I image to myself fear, anxiety, or any undesirable condition, I shall get the legitimate result of my way of thinking—fear, anxiety, and undesirable conditions. Every idea that we formulate, and every idea formulated by others that we admit into our consciousness, will surely manifest on our physical organisms and in our life's experience. We may doubt or question this, but when we watch our thinking we shall prove it to our own selves.

We are not puppets, nor are we dominated by any power unwillingly, though we may be unwittingly. We are free, independent entities, and we are the arbiters of our own fate. Our destiny is fixed by our Origin, or Source; but we can and do bring to ourselves the experiences that we meet as the results of our line of thinking. Cause and effect work unalterably, from the beginning of the soul's development, on and on, eternally. Our Source being the one great causeless Cause, our goal must be a return to our Source, through coming to the full consciousness of who and what we are because

of our origin. Each and every soul must eventually wake up after the "likeness of God, and be satisfied with it."

Now, the question arises, Is this work done between the cradle and the grave? You can only give answer in the light of eternal justice and goodness—and thus understand all the varying grades of human consciousness that we see on this earth, and the manifold degrees of expression as well as what seems to us non-expression, all about us. Soul development, or soul unfoldment, or soul consciousness, furnishes the key to the problem.

It has been truly said: "*The world for us* is our idea of the world; nothing more, nothing less." *God for us* is our idea of God. Likewise, each individual is an embodiment of his or her idea of himself or herself. When we recognize this as a fact, we begin to realize the importance of our way of thinking, and the necessity that we should learn how to govern it according to absolute fundamental Truth, or Principle. False or erroneous thinking is the prolific seed from which comes every discordant experience of our lives. Progressive expression and fuller and higher manifestation of the God-likeness in man are in the Divine Order of the universe, and are becoming more and more evident to every earnest thinker.

On the so-called material side, mankind has taken remarkable steps forward. The grandparents of those who are now mature men and women never imagined, except in a few isolated cases, the methods of travel, lighting, heating, and manufacturing, and the modes of long-distance communication and conversation, with and without the use of the electric wire, occurring to-day. Then is it not reasonable to expect that also on the unseen side—the intellectual and the religious or spiritual—development and advancement should not only keep pace but be more rapid? We all know that thought precedes all things and every action. Of course, we also know that there is in reality nothing new under the sun, and that these greater views of Truth that are now becoming the conscious

possession of the multitude have always been understood by the intuitive ones of the past. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, that hitherto misnamed heathen, seventeen hundred years ago wrote as follows: "Your manners will depend very much upon the quality of what you think on; for the soul is tinged with the color and complexion of thought." Every age and nation has had one or more advanced souls among its people, standing like solitary beacon-lights pointing to higher ways. They were persecuted, ostracized, crucified, but were always dauntless in their grand conceptions.

To-day, inspiring Truth is sent broadcast throughout the land, and the proclamation of the prophet of long ago is again heard: "Ho! every one that thirsteth! Come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." The pure water of life-giving thought centers is poured out without stint. The stimulating wine of Truth, with the soul-nourishing milk of celestial knowledge of the divine Self of each one of us, is presented on every hand. Too many sip here and there, taking no deep draughts. They know just a little of these glorious themes for thought, and dwell with them not at all.

Use determines the real value to us of everything, either in the thought-world or in the so-called world of material things; and no one can possibly get a realization of the value of the knowledge embraced in the Science of Being until, through fidelity to the principle, it proves itself. The use of thought through the action of thinking and the projection of carefully-directed true ideas, we now know, do awaken the vital, spiritual healing power stored within every conscious entity and involved in every soul.

The usefulness of the Science of Being lies in the demonstrated fact that it reforms and transforms the life through the cultivation of right habits of thinking in each student. When these results are not seen, the student and not the principle has failed. Faithful application of, and unswerving devotion to,

the truth of our being, as revealed in the statement, "God is Goodness itself; therefore, Goodness rules the universe," with all that this—logically followed out—implies, will bring harmony, peace, prosperity, and health, whenever fidelity has been undeviating.

That every human being seeks and desires peace, happiness, and health, even though individual methods of attainment differ, is one proof that these conditions are (first) desirable and (second) attainable. The dynamic power of thought is now so well recognized that we need not dwell long on the proofs that are abundant. We will suppose for a moment that some one of us should within a few minutes receive a letter containing "bad news." Just before the receipt of the letter we were serenely listening to this lesson. After perusing the contents of the missive we note a marvelous change: the face is blanched; the body is inert; the person has fainted. Did the letter cause the change? We may severally take it and read it, with varying results to each one. Where, then, lies the cause of the fit of fainting? It was certainly not the letter, nor its contents; it was the ideas formulated in the mind of the reader. In short, it was what that news meant to the recipient—what thoughts it aroused. It was his or her individual interpretation of it that swiftly, in that instance, was photographed upon the countenance, and arrested, for a time, the action of the blood. Since many others among us could read the letter without any of these appearances, and since no two of us would be affected alike by its contents, we may be sure that the results to each of us would be according to our way of thinking about it.

Again, a great "panic" occurs in the financial world. Some men drop down in the street paralyzed; some experience the change called death; some are "laid up" on beds of sickness; some profit financially through keenness in the use of an unexpected turn of events. The financial crash is one event: its results to men and women as different as their methods of

meeting it, viewing it, thinking about it, and employing it. Not the panic, but the attitude borne toward it, determines what it will be to each individual experiencing it. And so with every event of our lives. We may multiply the illustrations, and always results will be determined by our own way of meeting and using events.

One of our best teachers has said: "Never allow yourself to be under any circumstances." Never say, "I am under circumstances." Meet circumstances; face them; rise above them; go over, or—if you must—go through them, but never permit the debilitating thought that you must necessarily be under any circumstances. Dominion over all belongs to the soul that is in full realization of its relationship to the great Omnipresence, Omniscience, Omnipotence.

We first determine the circumstances of our lives through our own thinking—then meet the results. Cause and effect work relentlessly all along the line. Each individual life is what the liver of it, and in it, makes it. To govern our lives we must begin by governing our thinking. The questions, then, of first importance to each one of us are: What and how shall we think? Shall we think and talk about what is unreal; or shall we hold in thought, and express in word-symbols, realities only? Everything in our lives hinges upon our decision. How shall we see the difference between realities and unrealities? The test is quick and the sword is keen that proves the unreality and destroys it, or puts it out of our mind. A reality is an eternal, changeless verity; the same from generation to generation; superior to change or destruction. Realities are always related to, and a part of, the truth of Being. Consequently, realities are ever of eternal Truth. Whatever, then, according to this definition, may not be classed with realities must be relegated to the side of the unreal. That which is changing is only an actuality, like a dream—very vivid and impressive, perhaps, but passing.

There is one great Cause and Source of all that really is.

We have named this one Cause GOD—Good. There is one Life, in and from which all that is exists. There is one Mind, and all that is in that one Mind. There is one indivisible Truth, in which is all truth. There is one Intelligence, in which and from which is all that is intelligent. There is one Perfection, in which and from which is all that is perfect. There is one Substance, in which and from which is all that is substantial. There is one Being, in which and from which are all that can claim being. There is one infinite, limitless Spirit: in it and from it are all things spiritual. There is one Omnipresence, one Omnipotence, one Omniscience. And all this is summed up and stated in the I AM.

What, then, is Man? Man is the expression of God. Infinite Mind has expressed, and is ever expressing, Itself in Man. Generic Man—the unit called Man—then, is the formulated Idea of the God-thought. Man is, therefore, because of his—or it would be more exact to say *its*—origin and source, or God-derived being, a living, loving, intelligent, perfect, thinking, spiritual entity. This creation of the one Creator, God, can be perceived only by the spiritual sense; it can never be looked upon with any physical eye. This invisible, *real* man is dual in nature; neither male nor female, but sexless; God-like, uniting in one the masculine element or characteristic, Reason, with the feminine characteristic, Intuition. He is a perfect whole, expressed in the words, “Man, the image and likeness of God.”

Is this God-like being manifested abroad in the earth? Yes, but not yet as a whole. In degrees, in fractional parts, Man is being manifested; and as the True Man becomes manifest to each or any of us, God is also manifested to us and to the world. This glorious creation of Infinite Mind is now your true being, your true Self: *my* true being; *my* true Self. It belongs to each and all alike; and only as the recognition of this great, transcendent truth becomes a part of each conscious entity shall we grow in the knowledge of

man and know God, who is only to be known through this perfect creation, or through our self-recognition. This it is that speaks when I declare "I am *one* with God." This man has form, but not shape nor figure. This man is manifested *through* the shapes that we look upon, and name men and women. Man is infinitely greater than any body of flesh and blood. Man cannot be contained within any fleshly organism. Man, by virtue of *its* origin, is ruler and has dominion over all below; *i. e.*, less than *itself*. This man is your individuality and mine. It belongs to each developing soul. And the work of each is to grow steadily in the realization of this true Self; to be more and more conscious of this divine Ego, which is the center of your being and the center of the being of every child of God.

Man, then, never was "born," and can never pass through the change that mankind calls death. Man, like *its* cause, is deathless, eternal, unchangeable; and because of *its* source is limitless in possibility of expressing and manifesting *its* boundless Source; Goodness itself; Life itself; Love itself; Truth itself; Wisdom itself; Intelligence itself. It is this matchless, splendid creation of God that speaks when I declare, with realization, "I am a child of God." I speak from this center of my being also when I declare: "I am a living, loving, intelligent, perfect, spiritual being, possessed of powers and possibilities God-like. I am the effect of a perfect Cause; therefore, I am perfect in my true being, or individuality. And what I claim for, and declare of, my true Self, I also claim for, and declare of, all humanity. There is one God—Creator, Father and Mother in unity—in whom we live and move and have our being. There is one great, innumerable family of brothers and sisters—all comprised in the unit, Man.

There is only one way by which the knowledge obtained in this teaching—which is variously named, but is all included in the term Divine Science—may become of real value to us; and this one way is through its practise: bringing it into

our daily lives. How shall we do this? First, by unswerving fidelity to the "truth of our Being." In order to *realize*, we must make our declarations the first moment we awake in the morning and the last thing at night. We must fall asleep conscious that we are dwelling "in the secret place of the Most High," and awaken with the same thought. Nor is this enough. It must be an ever-present knowledge, stored within our deepest consciousness, and therefore always ready for us to draw upon. There is no "royal road" to this abiding consciousness. We must each and all tread it alone, step by step; and every soul must work out its own salvation from the bondage of old error into the conscious freedom of the child of God through the government of thought. This means setting a watch at the door of our mentality, permitting no idea to enter it that is not in accord with divine Principle, and also allowing the imaging faculty no opportunity to formulate any idea that will not manifest itself in perfect harmony.

When the ignorant world discourses upon sin, sickness, and death, say (silently), "Omnipresent Good reigns; therefore, all this that I hear is unreal and untrue." When people about you talk of fear—fear of air, of water, of cold, of disease—say (silently and promptly): "All this is false; I know only the blessed water of life-giving thought. I breathe only the God-given, spiritual atmosphere; I am forever warm with divine Love. The outward material phenomenon only serves as a symbol of the invisible, spiritual reality." We must fill ourselves to overflowing with this glorious knowledge; and, as we go about, those who come to know us will be bathed in our harmonious thought-atmosphere, and will feel its virtue even when they do not understand it.

In each circumstance of our lives we should see an opportunity for further manifestation of the omnipresent Good. When we encounter something that seems to us untoward, we must speed quickly to the center of our being, where we shall always find that divine Self; and if from this still place we look

steadily for the omnipresent Good to manifest, we shall never fail. Our footsteps will be sure. Living in and with this divine Self, this God-consciousness, we may be constantly taught of God. The great, boundless wealth of knowledge involved in our origin—because of our Source, which is Knowledge itself—will unfold for us as we claim it and use it. The day is coming when the awakened and growing soul shall not have to turn to books or teachers for knowledge; for it will all be found within.

When you wish to *heal*, ascend and enter that still place where God and Truth are supreme; and there, from the mountain of realization, look steadily at the true, spiritual Being whose real consciousness is God-like (for we are all in that one Consciousness), and there speak to it. Tell the Truth of its being, and speak it unto manifestation. Say, "You are a child of God," and then tell what it means to possess this infinite parentage and the birthright that belongs to it. This birthright is health, wholeness, strength, peace, joy, and power. We cannot claim too much when we think of the birthright and the Source.

Since there is not an atom, in all the universe, that is not good and full of God, our work is to speak *the Word of Truth* and thus evoke the realization and manifestation. Every ray of light comes from the sun, and brings the sun's light to the world. Every ray is of the sun and from the sun. Every ray is sun-like and partakes of the sun's nature and qualities. Every ray comes forth from its source, and is forever joined to it. Every ray gives light and heat, and helps to make the earth blossom as the rose. Every ray, could it speak, might say, "I and the sun are one." Infinitely more close is the relation between God and God's Idea—Man. The sun's light fills the world through its rays, penetrating with warmth and vivifying power even the so-called dark places; and we thus have all the wonderful, useful, and beautiful things that we use in the world. Some one has said: "Coal is only condensed sunshine."

So we may say of everything in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. Diamonds, emeralds, rubies—all precious stones, as well as flowers and fruits, are condensed sunshine: sun-manifestors. And Man? He is, or should be, the God-manifestor. Every living soul is a ray sent forth to shine with its God-derived light, and to give light to the world.

Whoever realizes this idea, and lives in the realization, may say—in the words of the fully developed Soul whose earth-life shines down all along these nineteen centuries past, growing brighter and more beautiful as we begin to awaken after the same likeness: “I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world. Again, I leave the world and go to the Father. I and the Father are one.”

We no longer look to some one else to do our work for us. We ask no atonement through another, but we make each of us our own *at-one-ment* through our own recognition of our Source, and realize for all humanity—whenever and wherever we may think of this great family of the Father and Mother in unity—the blessed, peace-imparting truth that God hath indeed made of one blood all the families of the earth. That one life-blood is the one Substance: the God-thought. We know that, as there is but one Source, there can be but one Goal for all. From Perfection each has come: to Perfection each and all are going. One Source and one Destiny for all!



CHRISTIANITY is on trial for its life. It has survived the storm of theological skepticism and proved itself to be based historically on the rock. It has nothing further to fear from the assaults of unbelief. The new adjustment is creating a belief that makes atheism absurd. But if Christianity would survive it must demonstrate its ability to meet the demands that men have a right to make of a religion for this day. If the Church would come to the highest usefulness in the service of its King it must concern itself with living issues—must adapt itself to the needs of the present time.—*Rev. Carl F. Henry.*

EDUCATION AND SOCIOLOGY.

BY ANITA TRUEMAN.

Education is the evolution, by practical application, of the powers of the human mind. *Evolution* is the awakening to conscious activity of latent forces; it does not imply the creation or addition of any new forces.

The powers of the human mind may be grouped provisionally under three general headings—*impression*, *repression*, and *expression*. Under the first of these may be classed perception and observation—the former instinctive, but susceptible to cultivation; the latter deliberate and discriminative. Under *repression* may be classed all those powers that operate in the gestation of an idea—comparison, memory, calculation, analysis, etc. Under *expression* may be classed all those mental faculties that are concerned in the shaping of thought into fit expression—that govern the relation of the individual to the world about him. These are of a synthetic order, dealing with the adaptation of the laws and forces of Nature as media for the expression of human thought.

An ignorant man is one in whom these forces are still latent, having never been developed by practical application and systematic training. Having none or few of these powers at his command, he is unable to cope with the problems that engage the attention of intelligent minds. An intelligent man is one who has diligently applied these faculties, and so developed them that they are each and all ready to serve him in the solution of any problem that his experience may present.

It has been acknowledged through all ages that the most satisfactory way to awaken these faculties of the mind to conscious activity is through the systematic application and train-

ing of them, pursued under the guidance of those who have already developed them to a high degree. This process is termed "education," and is carried on to a greater or less degree in all schools and colleges, but especially in the kindergarten. Unhappily, it is frequently true that the students, and in many cases the preceptors, in so-called educational institutions are ignorant of this fact, and have come to regard education as a process of accumulation rather than of evolution. In fact, it is rarely that we find a student who consciously applies the various powers of his mind to his studies, or a teacher who endeavors to show his students that this is the real aim of education.

The different studies taught in schools and colleges require the application of the powers of the mind in varying ratios. Some are peculiarly adapted for the development of calculation, as mathematics; others to the development of observation and comparison, as botany and kindred natural sciences; still others to the development of construction and expression, as literature and other arts. There is, however, one study that requires a full and free application of *all* mental faculties. That study is sociology, or economics. A proper study of sociology brings into activity every faculty, and in such a way that each is perfectly related to the rest. All other subjects are minor factors in the construction of human life and experience. *This* deals with the final and universal aim of human life—the proper adjustment of the relations between individual and individual, of the individual to society, and of society to the individual. In this study all others find their true places, in due relation to one another; for there is not a consideration in human life or thought that has not in it the social element—that does not require the individual to consider his relation to other individuals and to society at large. If he does this consciously, he has attained a high degree in the scale of mental evolution, and necessarily in that of moral evolution.

Ordinarily, the powers of impression are devoted exclu-

sively to the observation of things as they appear to the senses. It is essential to the intelligent use of them that the perceptive faculties should be trained to discern, beneath the appearances of things, the laws and forces that operate in their production and their possibilities. In no other science has such an application of these powers so wide a field as in sociology. Again, no other study presents such valuable material for the application of the digestive powers of the mind. The infinite possibilities of arrangement and development in economic affairs require the finest reasoning to follow them under the varying conditions that may influence them. The memory is tested in a most effectual manner; for the deeper one delves into this most fascinating subject the more considerations are to be kept in mind. One must be able to adjust to a nicety every detail to the vast whole, and to trace each result to its cause with accuracy. There is no principle in mathematics that may not find practical application in the field of economic research and discussion.

But most important of all is the relation that the study of sociology bears to the development of the powers of expression. These determine a man's relation to the world about him. In applying them to this study he gives to them their fullest application, and strengthens his own influence in a way that his ordinary experience may never afford. Here he is obliged to consider all men, his relation to them individually and collectively, and their true relation to him. He is required to apply his innate conceptions of the laws that govern these relationships—and so discovers his very soul to himself and others. In truth, the study of economics is a touchstone at once of individual character and of individual mental capacity.

Another recommendation of this study as a means of education is the fact that it is susceptible at once of the simplest and the most profound interpretation. Its basic principles are so simple that a child may understand them; yet the greatest

economist the world ever produced had not fathomed the depths of their possibilities of application.

The foregoing deals exclusively with individual development. How much greater importance these facts must assume when we consider their bearing upon the life of the community as a whole! Ignorance is the foe of progress; and how ignorant are the vast majority of men and women to-day on this most important of subjects! They have not learned to apply thought—the instrument of intelligence—to the problems of social life that stare them in the face from day to day; while the lack of a solution involves thousands in speechless misery. And many of them would rather endure such conditions than rise in the dignity of true manhood, with its boasted prerogative of reason, and overthrow forever the common foe of all men—ignorance. How shall we awaken them?

Communities are made what they are by the individuals who compose them. In the "social wreckage" of our great cities we see the result of the general ignorance of the basic principles of social justice. Not one man in a hundred is able to apply the mental faculties he possesses to the social problems of the day. Instead, they are applied most assiduously to "practical politics," and in the process become so befuddled that they are no longer capable of performing their true functions. The laws of Nature are set at naught, and "legislation" substituted. There is no longer any opportunity or incentive for the development of true character. All relationships are perverted, and the body politic is diseased.

All this is the result of ignorance. The people are asleep—are mentally lazy. Upon those already awake, and aware of the danger that threatens the very foundations of the social structure, devolves the responsibility of arousing the rest to conscious activity.

That hundreds of noble men and women are already engaged in this great work is a most hopeful sign. But the

peculiar fitness of sociology as a study, by reason of the considerations named above, should invite the attention of any man or woman that sincerely desires to unfold the powers of the mind and to benefit humanity. All reformers should strenuously urge that the study should not be suspended from the time the child leaves the kindergarten until he attains the higher grades in college, as under the present régime. On the contrary, it is important for the future welfare of society that it should find a place in all the curricula, and should be presented to the students in our educational institutions in modes fitted to their various grades of development. This should be a plank in the platform of every social-reform movement.



HOW ALL along life we find that they who are the kindest and tenderest and truest, who understand your trouble as by instinct, who minister that understanding, giving it, are they who, because of their own inner experiences, have acquired the gladdening, refreshing strength they bestow—the compensation God gives those who learn to get out of themselves and feel and live for others!—*J. F. W. Ware.*



IT is a grand thing to find joy in one's work. If you have found that, you have found the heart of life. Glad service is better than great service, unless that be glad too.—*James Buckham.*



THE empire of Christ is a moral, not a material empire; it is a realm not of bodies, but of souls instinct with intelligence and love. Its seat of power is the conscience of mankind.—*Canon Liddon.*



GOODNESS and love mold the form into their own image, and cause the beauty and joy of love to shine forth from every part of the face.—*Swedenborg.*

BEARING PRECIOUS SEED.

BY MARY H. PEABODY.

"The happiest is he who knows how to bring into relation the end and the beginning of his life."—*Goethe*.

"There is something more awful in happiness than in sorrow—the latter being earthly and finite, the former composed of the substance and texture of eternity."—*Hawthorne*.

A new-born soul looked forth upon the earth.
Gladly it drew its breath, and glad it smiled
To see its dwelling-place so fair and sweet—
The sky, the sunlight, the wide, bounteous lands,
The wondrous life of man, ideal and high;
Home with its near and dear, supporting care—
Love, peace, and joy. Behold, how beautiful!

Years passed. Full poised and strong amid it all,
The growing soul swelled with its sense of power
And keen desire to prove its place; to shine
Among its kind; to claim its highest due—
That haunting, deep, yet dimly dreamed-of thing—
Its happiness. Ah! who should say it nay?

With song, rejoicing—"Down the broad highway,
Let the rose blossom where my foot shall tread,"
The youth went forth. Awaiting him stood Life.
"My child, we go together, thou and I.
At the low gates of birth each entering soul
I welcome, and all with me stay until
We meet with Death. Thence, with him alone,
Each passes on. Nay, child! ask me not where.
That lesson only canst thou comprehend
When thou hast learned the meaning of to-day.

Take now the nearest path that thou dost see.
I move beside, although invisible."
Youth smiled with joy. His pathway led to Love.

O Light of Heaven! To touch this lower earth
With revelation's fire; to show each flower
A-quiver in the sun with radiance new;
To change the air to ether; to inspire
The heart of man; to lift his soul so high
That he doth see his own descent divine
With angels born! Thou flame of human Love!
Here, on these heights, dwelt Youth with Happiness.

But Life breathed near and warningly. Oh, Death,
What darkness falls across the happy sky!
What blasting storm—bereavement absolute:
Youth, love, and happiness forever gone!

In misery profound, the Man demands:
"Life, what remains? Here, on this arid plain,
Trackless and bare, with no horizon save
These blackening clouds, what more wouldst thou with me?"
Life's voice replied: "Beyond these barren sands,
Behold the hills! Arise! Thy path lies there."

O Life, thou bitter one, what happiness
These ways to go? What value any height,
Though richest gems be scattered by the way?
What joy in labor? Rather let me die.

"Nay, child! I tell thee, many are the years
That thou must toil, and many are the paths
Thou must pursue ere Death shall call for thee."
"By Nature's way, O Life! But if I choose
I go this moment."

"Dost thou choose that way?"
The Man arose. "Thy world can yield me naught.

Still, death that stamps me coward, and a slur
Casts on my soul, I cannot choose. So, then,
On—to the hills." Life followed, smilingly.

"Not desolate, the soul that vibrates still
With memory of its birth. The shining key
By which alone the imprisoned human heart
Can master fate is still within his hand,
And by it shall he open vistas wide
When once he learns to turn and look within."

The Man passed on. The shadows deep and dark
About the hills, behold, were human lives
Together struggling—some to find the way;
Some to remember the high, holy light
Brought with them when from heaven to earth they came;
Some crazed with glory and the greed of gold;
Prostrated some; and some, serene and calm,
Pursuing silently their inner word
Of guidance; while the rest went on their way
Thoughtless and glad beneath the arching sky
Of Nature.

"Here!" said Life. "Hast thou no need
Thy roses fair to plant as on thou goest?"

"O Life! Those flowers celestial! What could grow
Where this pale sun but mocketh with its light?"

"Nay! leave that to the seed. Give thou the rose—
Duty demands no more; and sun and rose
May yet await and greet thee unaware."

The Man replied: "No sun, no rose, for me.
I ask them not."

Said Life: "'Tis better so.

Results are not for thee, nor earthly joys;
But to plant every seed that unto thee
Was given for planting, in that kingdom high
Where the Creator called thee first a soul—
Such is in truth thy human destiny.”
The Man passed on in silence sowing seeds.

Years after, weary, in a region high
(He knew not that, clear from the depths below,
His way was red with roses—nor indeed
How many hearts were glad because of him),
The Man sat down to rest and fell asleep.
Wakening, as from a dream, he saw a Rose—
Tall, green, and fragrant—growing by his side.
And the Rose said:

“Here on these lofty heights,
The mazy courses of the world forgot,
Facing the Light of Heaven, we come to know,
Above the broken part, the greater Whole.
Thou art thyself one spark of Life Divine
Flung from that glowing center we call God.
And I, O friend, in this my floral guise
Am still another form of His own grace.
And this one duty we together share—
Whether in gardens planted joyously,
With tender hands to help our perfect bloom,
Or dropped by roadways rough to grow alone
Amid the brambles, or by weeds beset—
One duty still: to blossom at our best.
That being done, God asketh nothing more.
The power to bloom He gave us at our birth.
And as for thee, with little semblance left
Of the young brightness that essayed the fray,
Thou sleepest here, a soldier wounded sore—
Ay, many a time; but oh, if thou canst say

That thou hast wrought beneath the Spirit's eye
 For all that to thy soul was whispered clear
 In thy first coming, then with thy last sigh,
 As on thou goest in thy round of life,
 Leaving this field for some new dwelling-place,
 Well may'st thou gather once thy fleeting breath
 And smile triumphant, looking, not without,
 Where all by virtue of God's law is change,
 But turning only to thine inward life—
 To love the Infinite that sent thee forth,
 Say to thy God and mine: Behold, I too
 Have lived on earth and yet know happiness."

A light wind blew. The Rose-leaves fell apart.
 The old Man climbed alone along the hill.
 One found him there beneath the twilight star;
 And on his aged face, made smooth and calm
 By gentle-fingered Death, the people read
 The majesty and inmost gladness born
 Of the soul's vision—Life and Happiness.

AS FAINTEST waft of pollen finds
 At last some wide-blown blossom waiting,
 So noble thoughts of noble minds—
 The soul's own rarest ether freighting—
 Reach, just in time, some open heart,
 With subtlest aspiration thrilling,
 And very breath of life impart—
 Unknown, their high behest fulfilling.

Y. E. KRAS.

LET your spiritual life be formed by your duties and by the
 actions called forth by circumstance. Do not take overmuch
 thought for the morrow. Be altogether at rest in loving, holy
 confidence.—*Francis de Sales.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

THE convention of missionaries held in Carnegie Hall, New York, while not ecumenical in the truest sense of the word—in that the Catholic and certain other Christian bodies were not represented—was nevertheless a noteworthy gathering and will doubtless be productive of much good. We are always pleased to chronicle religious events that tend toward unity, and we cannot resist the conviction that the assembling of representative missionaries and their co-workers of many denominations, to compare notes on evangelistic work in many lands, will promote a better understanding of what they all undoubtedly desire—to represent a living Christian faith.

* * *

UNDENOMINATIONAL CHRISTIANITY.—On one of the closing days of the conference a noted Brooklyn divine voiced what we believe to be the key-note of future missionary councils—the dropping of the denominational issue and the introduction of vital Christian truths. It would seem that at least the orthodox Protestant Church might “get together” and decide upon some rational course to be pursued in their missionary endeavors—whereby the heathen would not have their minds confused by Christian Methodists, Christian Baptists, and Christian Presbyterians. Unity of thought and action among the different evangelistic organizations and their missionaries in foreign lands would be productive of far better results than those obtained under the denominational *régime*.

EDUCATIONAL CHRISTIANITY.—Jesus once uttered a parable of a sower who went forth to sow. Some seed fell by the wayside, some among the rocks, some among the thorns and briars, and some on fertile soil. Only that which fell on prepared ground, however, brought forth fruit after its kind. And it would seem that more beneficent results would flow from our labors among and expenditures for the heathen if missionaries would devote a larger portion of their time to secular education—if workshops and industrial schools could be established by which the pagan mind might be gradually prepared for the acceptance of higher spiritual knowledge. The writer was privileged to visit the Hampton Institute in Virginia a short time ago and was delighted and impressed with what he saw. There are here several hundred negroes and Indians of both sexes (the former largely predominating), who get not only theoretical but thoroughly practical knowledge to fit them for advanced civilization. We believe in helping people to help themselves—in an every-day Christianity that considers man's physical, mental, and spiritual well-being in a single category. First prepare the ground; then plant the seed.

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

THE present time is rife with religious disputation. Some of the ablest clergy of the Presbyterian Church have arrayed themselves in opposition to the Westminster Confession of Faith, characterizing it as a hindrance to Church growth and an inadequate and misleading expression of what the modern Church really teaches. It is doubtful if one member in fifty of the Presbyterian body has any comprehensive knowledge of the Confession of Faith. Yet it is one of the most marvelous documents ever

produced by any body of men. There is much that is really helpful and inspiring in it, but a great deal that would cause one to prefer, if not already a heathen, to become one. It contains assertions that are quite as fatalistic and even more materialistic than anything to be found in the Mohammedan religion; in fact Mohammedanism offers a great deal more to its followers than does the Presbyterian creed. It is much easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for any mortal to reach the kingdom of heaven who is not of the few elected—not by God, but by the authors of the Westminster Confession of Faith.

* * *

FUTURE PROSPERITY OF THE METHODISTS.—One of the Methodist bishops has recently been casting a horoscope of his Church—to extend from now until the close of the present century—wherein a plan is outlined for the forming of an army of a hundred thousand evangelical workers. Their energies are to be directed to the saving of two million souls—in other words, to make good Methodists of that number—and incidentally to gather \$20,000,000 into the coffers of the Church. This extensive proposition must commend itself to every good Methodist, especially the latter part of it. But, notwithstanding the radiant optimism of the foregoing, there is a cloud considerably larger than a man's hand on the horizon of the Methodists' articles of belief. The burning question of theaters, card parties, and dancing is now up for consideration before one of their conferences. It is a little difficult to say how it will be decided. We trust, however, that the brethren will be able to find a satisfactory solution; for this problem has for some time both vexed and perplexed the officials, and to a still greater degree the lay members of that organization.

A WORD OF APOLOGY.

THE orders for the May number of MIND were so largely in excess of what we anticipated that the edition was exhausted in a few days. As a result we have had to keep a number of our patrons waiting for copies much longer than otherwise would have been necessary. We trust they will excuse us, and that they may derive enough benefit from the "Health and Happiness" issue, when it reaches them, to compensate for the delay. We can only express our gratitude to the many readers of MIND for their generous patronage by making the magazine better all the time.



SPRING THOUGHTS.

The beauties of Nature sometimes make one realize the true connection between life and death; for the colored petal of the rose growing wild by the roadside is but the realization of the ideals of the dried-up and dead-looking seed inclosed in its dark brown casket. What is the life of the rose but a fulfilling of the divine laws of Nature; the creating of higher standards of living; the endeavor to spread broadcast its sweet influence, which is to enter into the life of the higher forms and strengthen them with courage and perseverance: teaching them that after the hard struggle for existence on this earth—after having passed through many trying conditions—they at last come safely out of them all, leaving their shell behind? So, our life on this earth is but the endeavor to work out the ideals for which our special spirit is chosen; for can we not be likened unto the rose and its seed?

W. HARGRAVE KELSEY.



HUMAN love is itself the best worship. Human love is itself the holiest presence of God, and is the best proof that the Divine Love, which has produced it and lives in it, will fulfil all the promises whispered there.—*Henry M. Simmons.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"In flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

"Sure as earth lives under snows
And joy lives under pain,
'Tis good to sing with everything
When green leaves come again."

—*Anonymous.*

LAUGHING FLOWERS.

In the garden that I sing are flowers of every hue,
But the pansies are my baby boy's delight.
By the roses and the lilies—fair cups to catch the dew—
He will pause a moment only in his flight
To caress with dainty touch—just to whiff the odors sweet—
Then, onward down the straight long garden-walk,
Hands outstretched, and dancing curls—cased in red the flying
feet—

Friends are waiting for my baby's morning talk.

Underneath the apple-tree, clustered, crowded, huddled close,
Their faces raised in welcome from afar,
He hurries to the spot where, in many, many rows,
Near to Mother Earth the nestling pansies are.
Right down upon the ground, on outstretched hands he bends—
Fair curls, bright eyes, and red cheeks, all aglow;
He is kissing them, and whispering to all his tiny friends—
The crowd of little mates that he loves so.

"O Mother! See—they're laughing; they're laughing at me now;
They are glad that I have come, and know me well!"

And the laughing flowers make answer, as they bend and sway
and bow,

Crowding, pushing, each a story seems to tell.

As the "long, long thoughts of childhood" fill the busy little brain,

And the questions that he asks seem quaint and odd,

I sometimes think the pansies may have made the secrets plain
That the birds and flowers and children share with God.

MABEL WARD CAMERON.

FEARS.

I once heard a very wise man say that Fear had the largest family of children that ever was known. If he had only said that Love had the most children I would have been so glad; for Love is the dearest mother in all the world, and her children are just as sweet as she is. But this man is so very learned that what he says must be true. He counted up Fear's children, and among them were Fear of the Dark, Fear of Lightning, Fear of Ghosts, and Fear of Water.

Fred says he's afraid of thunder-storms, and if one comes up in the night he just jumps out of bed and runs into his big brother's room—and then he feels all right.

Ellen says that she's afraid of the water. She wouldn't go out in a row-boat for anything in the world.

Now, dear children, you don't want to invite any of Fear's family to stay with you, or even to come near you. If you open the door to one fear, two or three fears will follow the first one quickly. Now, it seems to me it would be just the best thing in all the world if, when we saw a fear coming, we would go to the door of our consciousness—I mean our real self—and draw the bolt and say, "I will not let these Fear children come into my house again; for they never bring me one good thing, but make me unhappy and full of trouble." By and by they will see we don't want their company, and they will go away. A still better way to rid ourselves of Fear's children is to remember that God has care over us, and that there isn't one thing in all the wide world that can do us any harm. God, the Good Spirit, is in the water and in the fire, in the cloud and in the storm; so, there is nothing we have to fear. Everything is good where God is, and He is everywhere.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

ONLY A DOG.

It was a cold March day, and the cutting wind was blowing in a gale and making "whitecaps" on the crests of the waves in the East River, when along down South Street, which extends along the river-front, hurried a little messenger-boy. His gloveless hands were crammed into his trousers pockets, and he looked very cold—with no overcoat to cover his tight-fitting uniform. But, away down the street he hurried, whistling as he went and dodging this way and that to avoid a collision with passers-by.

Suddenly he slackened his pace and gazed intently at a crowd, gathered at the end of one of the piers. He hadn't much time to spare, but over he went on a run; for messenger-boys want to see and know everything that is going on in their vicinity. When he got to the end of the pier, the object that had drawn the crowd was in full view. It was a little shaggy dog in the icy water of the great East River, and he was paddling for all he was worth. But it was evident, from his labored panting and weary efforts to keep above the surface, that he was fast losing strength, and soon the cold waters would close over him forever. There was no way by which he could get up the steep sides of the pier, and no one seemed to care much whether he drowned or not. Everybody simply stood and watched his last struggles—as they thought—in heartless curiosity.

Billy—for that was the name by which the messenger-boy was known among his friends—elbowed his way through the crowd until he stood at the very edge of the pier.

"There he goes!" shouted a big 'longshoreman, with a grin, as the dog's little head settled beneath the waves.

"What is it?" cried some in the rear of the crowd.

"It's only a dog," answered the 'longshoreman. But, with one last supreme effort, the little fellow rose again in his desperate struggle for life. The sight of those beseeching eyes, with the wet, tangled hair half hiding them, and the remarks of the on-lookers were too much for the little messenger-boy. The 'longshoreman's remark, "It's only a dog," seemed to ring in his ears and strike home to his heart. Billy tossed his cap to a bystander, and the next instant a blue streak of messenger-boy, brightened by the glitter of shiny brass buttons, was seen to disappear, head

foremost, beneath the waves. Up he came a short distance from the pier. A few strong strokes brought him to the side of the little shaggy head, which he raised above the water by grasping firmly the long hair on the neck.

"Gimme a rope—quick!" he shouted to the gazers on the pier. There was a sudden hustle for a rope; for a human life as well as a dog's life was now at stake. A rope was quickly secured, and, with a noose fixed at the end, it was thrown to Billy, who carefully adjusted it around the poor dog, and he was drawn up the side of the pier. The rope was then lowered again, and Billy went up, "hand over hand." He was at once taken to a neighboring shop, where he was given dry clothes and hot drinks; and soon Billy and his little shaggy charge were in good condition.

Several reporters were on hand by this time, and they wrote up the affair, giving Billy's name and address. The dog had no collar, and consequently no name; so they simply described him.

Billy took the grateful little animal home with him. And he *was* grateful, and showed it in every action. He would look up into Billy's eyes and wag his tail, as if to say: "Oh, if I could only speak, *wouldn't* I thank you!" He licked the hands and face of his gallant rescuer, and showed in every way his appreciation of Billy's act. Billy named the little fellow "Grit," because he struggled so heroically for his life.

Every day, rain or shine, Grit accompanied Billy to the office, and also on his trips about town when they were made on foot. One day Billy had a call to go to a broker's office, and there he was given a bank-book, containing an envelope, to be delivered to a banker and receipted for; so Billy, accompanied by Grit, started off for the bank on a run, for it was nearly closing time. Upon arriving at the bank he thrust the book into the teller's window, and was astonished when the teller, opening the book, asked: "Where's the envelope?" Billy's heart beat faster and harder when the teller said: "Young man, weren't you given an envelope with this book?"

Billy acknowledged that he had received an envelope, but did not know where it had gone. He had lost the deposit that he felt sure must be a large one, and he knew that it was important for the bank to receive it that day. The teller consulted with another man in a private office, and then asked Billy, who was

feeling faint over his dreadful blunder, to step inside the inclosure. Grit started to follow, when the teller exclaimed angrily: "Don't bring that cur in here!" But suddenly he said, "Here, dog; what have you in your mouth?"

He stooped to take something from the dog's mouth; but Grit growled, and walking over to Billy he dropped the lost envelope at his feet. Billy had dropped it during his run to the bank, and the faithful little friend at his heels had picked it up and brought it along in safety.

Within five minutes every man in the bank had shaken Grit's paw, and he was the hero of the hour; for he had saved not only the position and good name of his little master but also the credit of the broker.

When Billy and Grit got home that night, Billy said to him: "Oh, you faithful little friend! How can I ever repay you for what you've done for me to-day?" And the little ragged tail wagged very hard indeed, while the affectionate look in those great lustrous eyes seemed to say: "I am so happy that I could do my rescuer a service."

And Billy often thinks with gratification of that chilly plunge into the icy water of the East River. You may be sure that he cherishes most highly the lasting affection that his brave act won him from "only a dog."

FRED J. EATON.

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

Little Sunshine lives in a pleasant country home. They call her "Sunshine" because she makes every one happy. She is a real child of Nature. Her laughing eyes are made of a bit of the sky's blue; the wild roses gave her cheeks their dainty pink color; her golden curls caught some of the brightest sunbeams and held them fast.

Little Sunshine loves everything that God has made. She calls the bees and birds and flowers her brothers and sisters. Loving thoughts she sends to each little living thing.

This dear child has a lovely garden-bed of purple and gold pansies. She says that each pansy stands for a loving thought. When she wishes to show her playmates how much she cares for them, she gives them some of the velvety blossoms.

The wood-birds all love Little Sunshine. They show her their homes nestled carefully away among the green leaves. Sometimes they whisper their secrets into her willing ears, for they know Sunshine loves their baby birds.

This merry little maiden wakens at the break of day, when the sun sends one of his first smiles in at her window. She loves to watch the snowy white clouds sailing up in the blue sky. At sunset her heart is full of joy. When the dusk begins to fall and the crickets are tuning their violins for an evening serenade, Little Sunshine waves her hand to the birds and the flowers and says, "Good night, good friends that you are to me!"

EVA D. PICKERING.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

My little boy and I went to see the "moving pictures" the other day, and something happened that made us feel sad. A picture of George Washington was thrown on the screen. How the children cheered! Then there was shown a portrait of Aguinaldo—the leader of the Filipinos in this sad war between them and the Americans. And what do you suppose the children did? They hissed!—hissed the man who named his child (that little three-year-old boy who passed away while our prisoner) after our George Washington.

Then on the screen appeared a beautiful picture of the "Vizcaya," the splendid Spanish war-ship, as she was before the Americans destroyed her. And again the children hissed!

I know that tears came to some eyes when those hisses filled the big hall; for they showed hatred and uncharitableness in the children—the children of this mighty nation—against the weaker and less fortunate. Let us not forget that the Spaniards and the Filipinos are just as dear to God as we are, and that they are our brothers in His sight.

F. P. P.

Boys and girls, be kind to dumb animals, not only because you will lose nothing by it but because you ought to; for they were placed on the earth by the same kind Hand that made all living creatures.—*Marshall Saunders.*

BOBBY'S DREAM.

(Apologies to L. C.)

"Why!" said Bobby, "I must be 'Through the Looking Glass!'" And he sat bolt upright, and—sure enough—there stood Alice and Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

"You see," Tweedledum was saying, "it was a long time before men found out that by putting sugar-cane under heavy presses they could extract syrup from it."

"And then," broke in Tweedledee, "it was several hundred years after that before they discovered that by boiling down the syrup it made brown sugar. And *then* they gave this brown sugar to people to stop the stomach-ache. Of course, there was a perfect epidemic of stomach-ache among the children, nothing in the world giving the slightest relief but brown sugar."

"It isn't so, nohow," said Tweedledum.

"Contrariwise," said Tweedledee; "there are people to-day who say that sugar *gives* stomach-ache! 'If it was so it might be; and if it were so it would be; but if it *isn't* it *ain't*. That's logic.'"

"It's all nonsense!" said Alice, decidedly.

"Good gracious!" said Bobby to himself, "I suppose Tweedledum will be telling, in a minute, that I'm 'only a sort of a thing in a dream!'"—and then Bobby found himself all alone, looking up at the sky; and the white cloud overhead hadn't changed a bit.

"I think," said Bobby, "I'd better go home and explain to my mother that sugar does just what you think it will. Maybe, then, she'll say, 'Here, Bobby, eat this candy; it will make you so happy,' instead of, 'Here, Bobby, is some candy; be very careful, and don't eat too much.'"

And Bobby ran home as fast as his little fat legs could carry him.

C. L.



WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows—that wind is best.

—Caroline A. Mason.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

DISCOVERY OF A LOST TRAIL. By Charles B. Newcomb. 282 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Lee and Shepard, publishers, Boston.

The gifted author of "All's Right with the World," one of the most successful books in the literature of the New Metaphysics, presents in this new volume an amplification of the optimism that popularized the former work. Mr. Newcomb's philosophy is above all else helpful and inspiring. "Plain suggestions of confidence, patience, gladness, and decision," says he, "often bring us back to the trail we have lost through the uncertainty of our own power and freedom." This suggests the character and tone of the present book, which comprises thirteen chapters that virtually epitomize the teachings of the New Thought with regard to individual development and success. One or two of them have already appeared in *MIND*, as contributed essays; but we congratulate the author and the metaphysical world on their republication in this permanent and attractive form. They are not of ephemeral interest and are not intended for cursory perusal, but, being based upon demonstrable Truth, possess that quality of perennial freshness which attaches to things of lasting value.

SEMA-KANDA: THRESHOLD MEMORIES. By Coulson Turnbull, Ph.D. 254 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Published by the author, Chicago.

This is a mystic story that reveals a unique degree of familiarity with the occultism of the Orient, on the part of the author, as well as profound knowledge of the modern metaphysics of the West. The teaching that underlies the veil of romantic mystery and thrilling adventure that characterizes the narrative has been obtained at first hand during extensive travels in Eastern lands, and is therefore accurate. Dr. Turnbull utilizes the principles of Orientalism, in a setting that dates from the "lost Atlantis" to the present century, to portray their actual working in individual life. The doctrines of *karma* and reincarnation are fascinatingly interwoven in the text, while the spiritual evolution of the race is shown throughout the romance in a way that must commend

the New Thought to minds not otherwise hospitable to its teachings. The work is in four parts and twenty chapters, handsomely printed and bound, and should be in the hands of all students of the mysticism and religious philosophies of the East.

THE BRONZE BUDDHA. By Cora Linn Daniels. 295 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Little, Brown and Company, publishers, Boston.

Here we have another "mystery" book—admirably adapted for summer reading. The flavor of the story is quite as Oriental as that of "Sema-Kanda," though the scene is laid chiefly in and about the American metropolis. The occultism, or mysticism, is transplanted from India with a skilful hand, and in its new environment affords the author many opportunities for the display of keen and subtle powers of analysis. The ingenious "detective" story is always popular, but the present volume finds few analogies in our literature. The ancient superstitions that dominate the thinking of many Indian sects are suggestive of the degradation that may befall the most spiritual of religions when attempts are made to materialize it to suit the objective needs of ignorant minds. And much light is thrown by this author upon the truth that lies back of these superstitions in the unfoldment of her fascinating narrative.

J. E. M.



OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LOGOS—of the New Dispensation of Time. By Sara Thacker. 107 pp. Paper, 75 cents. Published by the author, Applegate, Cal.

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PHILOSOPHY
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PSYCHOLOGY
METAPHYSICS
OCCULTISM

A Magazine of Liberal and Advanced Thought.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON, Editor.

VOL. VI.

No. 4.

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MIND.

VOL. VI.

JULY, 1900.

No. 4.

WHAT SHOULD THE PREACHER PREACH?

BY THE REV. FRANK S. FORBES.

There is no question as to the physician's field. He is supposed to attack disease wherever he finds it, and by the method of whatever school of *materia medica* he happens to represent. The lawyer takes a case in his hands and conducts it as he chooses. The editor has a wide sea in which he may sail his craft; he can touch on every shore and drift in every current. To be sure, he will here and there run against some irresistible rock of public opinion, and often strike a contrary wind; but by "tacking sail" he usually gets back into smooth waters.

The preacher's is about the only vocation to which the public insists there shall be strings. Should not the preacher, by the very nature of his calling, be the freest and broadest of all public servants? Should there be any defined lines to the field of thought that he is to apply to the needs of humanity? Should sentiment or delicacy forbid the discussion in the modern pulpit of issues upon which depends the welfare of the race? Should the preacher be subservient to the conscience that spurs him on, or to the congregation that pays him? This last question raises a fine point of ethics on which men do not all agree. Not long ago a man confidentially said to a pastor: "When I pay you five dollars for preaching, I want you to preach five dollars' worth of *my* ideas, and not yours."

This would be a trivial incident did it not illustrate a sentiment that is commonly expressed these days in regard to the

preacher's message; if not in language as frank as the above, yet a sentiment of the same idea. There is quite a popular feeling among church-goers that a preacher who speaks definitely on any of the industrial or political issues of the day has transcended the pulpit's sphere. To denounce with fervor Herod's "slaughter of the innocents" is a brave defense of the weak; but to protest in the name of God and humanity against the Herods of to-day, whose greed for gain slaughters its thousands beneath the car-wheel, in overcrowded tenement, and unsanitary factory, is, according to the sentiment of modern churchism, treading on "dangerous ground," especially if there be a Herod among the regular worshipers. The preacher is admonished to be "more spiritual." He is urged to preach the "simple gospel," which, by interpretation of such sentiment, means a simpleton's gospel.

A list of a hundred sermon-themes selected from the larger pulpits between Boston and San Francisco includes less than ten per cent. on what may be termed the issues of the day—the really serious problems of this life. Among the topics chosen are "The Prehistoric Man," "The Theology of the Medieval Ages," "French Deism," "German Illuminism," and "The Transcendentalism of Early New England." Speculative theology comes in for a large share, with such impractical themes as "Was Jesus Conscious of a Pre-existence?" "The Principle of Difference in the Godhead," and "Will the Physical Body Appear in the Resurrection?" Sensationalism is not neglected; for "The Old Bachelor," "The Old Maid," "That Husband of Mine," "The Man with a Wife," and "How to be Happy though Married" are subjects in which the church-goers are spiritually enlightened. The so-called higher criticism occupies quite a space in the list, in such instructive subjects as "Were there Two Isaiahs?" "Was Job a Person or a Myth?" "Jonah in the Whale's Belly," "Is the He-goat in Daniel History or Prophecy?" "Who is Meant by the Ram with Ten Horns?"

We hear much in these days about the "decline of the pulpit." Is not the selection of such themes as the above one of the reasons, if not the chief reason, for its decline? Is not decline inevitable so long as leading pulpits consider questions having so little reference to the affairs of every-day life? Job is not an issue of the present day. What difference does it make to the average mind whether "the goat in Daniel" is a prophetic or a historic animal; or whether the "ram with ten horns" was a southdown or a merino; or whether the fish that swallowed Jonah was a shark or a whale? In fact, is it not time to give this man Jonah a rest? Every little while he is brought forward in some pulpit discussion and put through some theological criticism, which, if he can realize it, must make him feel more gloomy over his outlook in life than when cast overboard from the ship.

To be sure, there are thousands of clergymen in the land who preach in a general way upon the ethics of private life; but is there not a need in this age of a type of preacher after the order of the old Hebrew prophets? Whatever else we may think of these venerable persons we must acknowledge their uniqueness in history—as bold denouncers of social wrongs and ever-ready defenders of the oppressed. They came with a single message—to hurl the invisible weapons of heaven's justice against the invisible forces of the world's injustice. They staked their authority, not on the "sheepskin" signature of some scholastic scribe, but rather on the message written by the finger of God on their consciences. They cared nothing for tradition. They had no prejudices, only as truth is prejudiced against error. They placed no titles to their names to distinguish them from the common folk. The injunction, "Be not called Rabbi," could not apply to them. They received their education in the school of toil and suffering. They had learned—what every preacher of righteousness should learn—that:

"The heart must bleed before it feels—
The soul be troubled before it heals."

The old prophets were preachers of social righteousness. They selected their themes from the vital issues of the age in which they lived. If there were no issues they *made* them from the needs of the hour. Among others, they treated such subjects as: private luxury, oppression of the poor, wage slavery, land monopoly, extortion, class favoritism, indifference to the needs of the lowly, immorality in high places, political corruption, religious hypocrisy, license of evil, concentrated wealth, unholy alliances for gain (trusts), war, lawlessness, etc. In short, there was not a social or political evil of the day against which they did not speak. Yet they were not mere ranters; for the ranter is always a destructionist. Their mission was to "fulfil, not to destroy." It is needless to say they were not popular, at least not with the "powers that be." When one of them entered a town, no newspaper announced the arrival of a "noted divine." When they departed there were no "farewells," mixed with ice-cream. The atmosphere was usually too warm for such.

Recently there was a "voting contest," in the columns of the daily papers of an enterprising Western town, to decide who should be considered the most popular clergyman in the community. Where would the old prophets have stood in such a list? They would not have been in it at all. It is impossible to think of Isaiah or Hosea striving for popularity. It is impossible to think of Elijah or Jeremiah making "parish calls" in fashionable circles and sipping afternoon tea with the élite. It is also impossible to think of them as "quiet parish priests," living in narrow seclusion while the great human world outside goes on in the throes of selfishness. They were statesmen as well as preachers; patriots as well as orators; reformers as well as teachers; social agitators as well as spiritual advisers.

Take Amos as a typical example—a poor herdsman living among a people that had been oppressed for generations. The wealth of his nation was concentrated in the hands of a

few who lived in extravagant luxury, lying upon "beds of ivory," drinking wine from "golden vessels," eating the "fatlings from the flocks," while those who attended the flocks subsisted on roots and dried sycamore fruit. So cheap was industrial labor that "the righteous were sold for a piece of silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes." So monstrous was the avarice of the plutocracy that they are described as "panting after the dust that gathers on the hatless heads of the poor." So greedy in extortion were they that they exacted even the bed-clothing of the poor debtor as security. So low was mercantile honor that merchants bought by the "shekel" and sold by the "ephah;" *i.e.*, they "deaconed" their weights and measures to subserve the ends of unholy gain. In the midst of such conditions came this stern preacher. He appealed to the public conscience: "Woe unto you that are at ease in Zion!" He warned his nation of the inevitable ruin certain to follow such conditions. He denounced in bold language political injustice, social caste, and religious shams. "I hate your feast days; I despise your burnt offerings."

Is there not need of preachers of such type in this age? The questions that face the American people to-day are practically the same as those that faced the Hebrew people under the reign of the plutocratic kings. Had the American preacher always been as true to the public welfare as those Hebrew preachers were, modern Christianity would have never locked hands with the oppressors of men, and the ship of State would not have drifted into the dangerous waters in which it drifts to-day. Would it not be well for young men entering the Christian ministry to drink deep of the spirit of these prophets, and from them learn how better to deal with the issues of the day? John Quincy Adams once told a class of young lawyers to put the Virginia debates under their pillows at night. It would make of them better lawyers, said he. Would it not be well for young preachers to place under their pillows the religious speeches of the prophets? The times

call for a new type of preacher—a preacher who will be a reformer; or perhaps it is not reformation so much as *formation* that is needed: not the patching up of the “old wine-skins,” but the forming of “new wine-skins” that will expand with the new ideas of the age.

The preacher should be a statesman; at least, he should know enough about questions of State to be able to make a dignified and unbiased appeal for a higher type of Christian citizenship. While the pulpit is not the place for partizan politics, yet it is the place where the public conscience should be aroused against political evils. No sane person would advocate a union of Church and State in this country, but there should be a mingling of religion and politics of the true kind. This would give to the pulpit a power it does not wield to-day. It would be no experiment; it has been tested in history. Professor Moses Coit Taylor, in his “History of the American Revolution,” says: “Unquestionably the most vital of the survivals of the spoken eloquence of the Revolutionary age is in the form of political discourses from a few chiefs of Revolutionary pulpits.” It was a preacher, the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, whom Robert Treat Paine called “the father of civil liberty in Massachusetts.” Another preacher, the Rev. Stephen Johnson, is said to have been the first American to discover the unconstitutionality of the Stamp Act. From the pulpit he aroused a sentiment against it that resulted in its repeal. The voices of Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher rang out from the pulpit against slavery in tones of prophetic thunder. The cry, “It is a political issue!” could not silence them.

The preacher should be an agitator. His cry should be, “Woe unto you that are at ease in Zion!” This may not always be a pleasant duty. As Carlyle says: “Doubtless it were finer could we go along always in the way of *music*: be tamed and taught by our poets, as the rude creatures were by their Orpheus of old; or if *peaceable* priests, reforming from day to day would always suffice us.” But this is not sufficient.

There must be bold men, hard men, strong men, who refuse to cry peace when there is no peace; men who would not spare even for peace's sake; men ready to remove the obstructions that time leaves in the path of progress; men not afraid to use moral dynamite beneath the rocks of prejudice and the dry roots of conservatism. It would be pleasanter, of course, to prescribe oils and salves as palliatives for social evils; but any quack apothecary could do this. The surgeon's knife must go to the roots of the cancer in the body politic, however much it hurts the hypocrites and demagogues who hang to the body.

"Never on custom's oiled grooves
The world to a higher level moves,
But grates and grinds in friction hard
On granite boulder and flinty shard."

The preacher should be an apostle of industrial freedom, and the enemy of oppression in whatever form it appears. That this is not always the case is too true. A few years ago a company of men met in an office and decided to lower the price of coal in order to meet the competition of another company. To do this it was deemed necessary to reduce the wages of the miners seventeen per cent. The result was a strike and lockout that not only paralyzed the business life of the community but caused much physical suffering as well as moral degeneracy, which always follows such. What an inspiration such an occasion would have been to a prophet of the Old Testament order! Yet in the midst of this injustice, suffering, bitterness, and even death, caused wholly by greed of gain, we hear but a single voice raised against it in the name of God—that of a traveling missionary who, after personal investigation, used pulpit and pen to denounce the wrong that had reduced the miners to such slavery that the "wages were too small to supply the decencies of American life!" Doubtless it was too "delicate" a question to be considered by the score of "influential" pulpits in the community.

Recently a Western city was much agitated over the industrial life of its toilers. A list of printed questions on the

issues of capital and labor was sent to every preacher in the city, attempting to draw them into discussion of these problems. Less than half the number made any reply whatever; and only a very few showed any knowledge, or any desire to acquire knowledge, of the questions at issue. During the agitation the pastors of one of the largest denominations in that city met in conference one day and, according to newspaper report, "became very enthusiastic over the discussion of the question as to whether the physical body should appear in the resurrection." This question having been settled, nothing else was left save to adjourn.

It is said that the brightest and most earnest young men from our colleges do not enter the ministry now as in years past. In Yale College, for example, it is shown by the records that the *decrease* in the number of young men entering the theological department in the century just closing is thirty-two per cent., and in some other colleges even greater. It has been said that the young men of to-day are wanting in the spirit of self-sacrifice. This is hardly true. The men of to-day are just as heroic, just as self-sacrificing, and just as consecrated as in other ages. They are not, however, willing to sacrifice their lives on the altar of mere theological opinion. They are interested in the great problems of life; and if the Church would make such questions its issue, and give larger freedom to the pulpit, doubtless more would be drawn into the ministry.

The curse of the pulpit is its slavery to its financial supporters. Above all other public men, the preacher should be free to deliver his message; free to discuss any question upon which hangs human welfare; free to arouse public conscience in whatever he thinks is right; free to denounce any sin that stands in the way of human progress, however deeply it may cut into the conscience of those who occupy the "chief seats in the synagogue, and love to be saluted in the market-place;" free to preach and teach the radical ethics of the Nazarene Prophet.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.

BY QUÆSTOR VITÆ.

Consciousness is the necessary basis of experience. The fact that we *experience* during sleep shows that consciousness is present. But as the memory of such experiences does not emerge into the consciousness of awakened life, it follows that our consciousness must comprise dual modes—one pertaining to our active, awakened life and the other associated with our passive sleep state. These have been defined by Dr. Liébeault, of Nancy, as our active and passive consciousness respectively.

These dual modes of consciousness function in alternation and are discreted. It is the fact that they are discreted that gives rise to the mysteriousness enveloping the sleep state. The will of our active consciousness does not penetrate the door of sleep—does not carry its faculties of direction and control into connection with the passive state. On the other hand, the passive consciousness does not present the experiences associated with its functioning to the active consciousness. Only the memories pertaining to the awakening stage emerge, and even these rapidly fade away and the intervening period subsequent to the recollection of falling into a somnolent condition remains a blank to the consciousness associated with the active life. What we experience during the considerable part of our lives spent in sleep remains unknown to our awakened selves.

The law of being under which our active consciousness is normally discreted from our passive consciousness prohibits us from acquiring direct knowledge with regard to the sleep state. But French psychologists have found that sleep can be artificially induced. They have discovered that the passive state comprises a variety of stages, in some of which experientia-

tion becomes possible without awakening the sleeping subject. The barrier by which the passive consciousness is normally discreted from the ingress of the active consciousness has been franchised in this manner, and the active consciousness has been enabled to probe and investigate the domain of the passive consciousness.

But these psychologists have not been able to establish this relation between the active and passive modes of their own consciousness; in fact they do not yet realize that this sometimes occurs. The investigations in question have been effected by the action of their active consciousness on the passive consciousness of another person called a "subject" in experimentation. Yet the fact that this relation can be established between the complementary modes of consciousness in two different persons implies that the relatively simpler process of a similar connection being presented between the dual modes of consciousness in the same individual must also be possible. The phenomenon of suggestion is assuredly more complex and mysterious than that of auto-suggestion, or of volitional self-suggestion. The former introduces as a contributive element the action of a mind external to the organism in which the phenomena are induced. Auto-suggestion and conscious self-suggestion, on the other hand, are due to the simpler cause of the action a person's mind exerts upon his own organism, in an involuntary and in a volitional manner respectively.

The method by which an operator acting on another person establishes a connection with the latter's passive consciousness must indicate the path to be pursued in trying to establish a similar relation with his own passive consciousness. The results to be achieved must be similar. In the former case psychologists have been able to examine the gradation of stages of sleep that follow one another consecutively, from superficial to profound, and establish a classification of these stages. The phenomena accompanying each stage are also well known. It has not yet been recognized, however, that similar stages occur

in natural sleep as in artificially-induced sleep; nor has the identity of the phenomena presented in the two cases yet been admitted. And this is no doubt due to the fact that official psychologists have not yet realized the possibility of experimenting on themselves, as their own subject. Their investigations into the stages and phenomena of natural sleep have been limited to the observation of sleeping subjects. The field of experimentation under those conditions is very limited. But though the possibility of self-experimentation has not yet been envisaged by the classic psychologists, it has nevertheless been achieved. A most interesting series of experiences is described in a book that remains almost unknown because the author is not a medical man and consequently is not accepted as an official psychologist.* On the other hand, some of the American practitioners of mental science claim to have developed the power of going to sleep at will. They also effect volitional self-suggestion, and produce phenomena akin to those of occultism by that means.

The French experimental psychologists have shown that lethargy, catalepsy, somnambulism, and trance are but stages of sleep. While they are accompanied by external passivity, yet experimental research has shown that internal activity persists—though, as in natural sleep, the recollections of the experiences do not emerge into the awakened state. The most recent research, with regard to natural sleep, described by Drs. Vaschide and Pilez, has led them to conclude that dream activity persists throughout sleep. It is in the superficial stages of sleep, they tell us, that dreams are incoherent. Our sleep experiences become more rational and the images presented gain in distinctness as sleep deepens. The same law has been found to apply in artificially-induced sleep. In suggestion, auto-suggestion, and dreams, the representations carry apparent activity to the percipient.

*"Les Rênes et le moyen de les diriger." Amyot. Rue de la Paix, Paris, France.

A similar order of stages appear in natural and in artificially-induced sleep. The analogies are so close that it becomes evident that the investigation of the phenomena presented in artificially-induced sleep will enable much to be learned with regard to that portion of our lives which till now has remained an enigma.

Such research has shown the sleep state to be involuntary; volition is suspended. The sleeper is possessed by his ideas, instead of possessing them. He cannot direct and control his subjective presentations, as in the awakened state. The representation of previous experiences "possesses" the attention of the dreamer in natural sleep, just as suggested ideas do in artificially-induced sleep. In hysterical patients (and hysteria is but a morbid, partial, local sleep, says Liébeault) previous impressions emerge involuntarily, entailing auto-suggestion and producing obsession, automatism, mania, etc.

The functioning of the passive consciousness and its mechanism has a most important bearing on the after-death state. As has been pointed out in the English *Spectator* recently, sleep is a temporary, partial death. In deep, comatose sleep, the body sometimes presents every appearance of death. Some people have lain in such a condition for several days, and then "returned to life," or reawakened. Some cases have been recorded in which such persons claim to have lived an independent life in the internal, apart from their bodies. Other cases are recorded in which the "double" of people has been seen at a distance, while they themselves were asleep or in a trance (a trance is but a profound stage of sleep). One of the French psychologists has induced this exteriorization of the "double," or soul, in deep stages of artificially-induced sleep, in several of his subjects. These temporary exteriorizations show that the soul carries all the subject's memories with it—those of the active as well as of the passive consciousness.

There is every reason to suppose that the same law must apply when the soul exteriorizes permanently from the body.

The ideas registered in experience must entail subjective representations carrying the appearance of activity to the percipient. The strong impressions left by passion, by crime, etc., must entail repeated involuntary representation, such as we see illustrated in hysterical subjects by the automatic emerging of the fixed ideas entailed by fright, shock, etc. The conception of "purgatory" is thus found to have a basis in psychological laws; yet these laws also carry evidence of "redemption," and show that such a condition can only be a temporary stage. The passive state can necessarily only be temporary or transient, inasmuch as it is alternating and not permanent. It must be followed by a state of awakened, self-conscious activity. Both natural and artificially-induced sleep are known to be reconstitutive. Sleep, or partial passivity, is the condition of psycho-therapeutic suggestion treatment. The purgatorial sleep must consequently also be regenerative. It must be followed by a reawakening, as psychological laws demonstrate. But that reawakening is no longer connected with the physical organism, which we know disintegrates and is absorbed into other forms of life. What relations accompany that reawakening, experience will show. The loss of the physical sense-apparatus must inevitably entail disrelationing from the physical plane. But as the faculty of perception is precedent in logical order to sense-relationing, and functions in the sleep state independently of sense-relations, it must probably survive the loss of the sense-apparatus. Another mode of relating may be developed of which we know not.

We have seen that the processional alternation in the emerging of the active and passive consciousness is in some cases overcome and replaced by conscious, volitional, interconnected functioning. The passive consciousness then functions consentingly, in conjunction with the active consciousness; and the experiences acquired under the direction and control of the latter, with the coöperation of the former, become the common property of both. The active consciousness is then no

longer eclipsed in the emerging of the passive consciousness, but functions in unison.*

If we admit that the universe is a manifestation of universal law, then analogy would imply that the transcending of processional alternation in the daily and nightly functioning of the active and passive consciousness above referred to, and its replacement by consciously-conjoined dual functioning, would also entail the transcending of the processional alternation of the cosmic night (if one may use such a term with regard to the after-death sleep, or period of passivity) which must follow the period of active life in relation with this earth, and stand to our earthly life as night does to our daily life. If the involuntary condition of our nightly sleep may be transcended, it follows logically that the involuntary state of somnambulatory automatism in the after-death sleep may also be transcended.

Experimental study of the passive consciousness is consequently most important, not only to psychology but to ontology. The main researches made thus far come to us from abroad, but America is now pursuing this study and will contribute to its elucidation.

With regard to the volitional self-inducing of sleep, experiments in the artificial inducing of sleep show that this can be effected by concentrating the attention on a subjective image.

This produces a monotonous impression resembling in its effect that produced by a lullaby and rocking, or by the rhythmic noise and shaking of a train. It is not the staring at a bright spot that induces the sleep state in Braidic hypnotization; it is the arresting of the activity normal to the active mind entailed by fixing the attention on the *subjective* image

*Psychological research has shown that the passive consciousness continues to function during the emergence of the active consciousness, *i. e.*, during the awakened state, and comprises the experience of both. It never suspends its activity, but functions permanently—thus presenting a psychological foundation in support of immortality. It is only the active, volitional consciousness that requires intermittent periods of rest. Possibly it also may evolve permanent functioning.

produced. This is accompanied by inactivity of the body, *i.e.*, of the sensor-motor system. The effect is volitional primarily, but the monotonous impression induced facilitates the emerging of the passive consciousness, as is shown by the illustrations already given.

The experiments of Braid, Charcot, Luys, and Dumont-pallier have shown that many persons can hypnotize themselves in this way. A small minority of people are able to retain their mental hold of a subjective image till the passive state emerges, thus carrying their attention through the door of sleep into connection with the passive consciousness. The volitional consciousness may then direct and control the involuntary, passive consciousness. The complementary modes of consciousness being connected in union, the experiences are remembered by the active consciousness.

That our dual modes of consciousness may sometimes function in dual-union, as well as in regular alternation, has been known to some so-called occultists who have sought to enshroud that phenomenon in mystery and secrecy. Broader knowledge shows that it appears in some people spontaneously, apart from any knowledge of the principles involved. Experimental psychology will, it is to be hoped, gradually bring these mysterious phenomena into the domain of verified knowledge.



THE SOUL'S JEWELS.

Earth's children must learn lessons
Ere wisdom is attained.
All hearts must have their sorrows
Ere the soul's jewels are gained.
The richest gems lie hidden
From careless, indolent eyes;
The best rewards are given
To him that truly tries.

ISABELLA INGALESE.

THE NEW THOUGHT OF THE CHRIST.

BY THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON.

"But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ—the Son of the living God."—*Matt.* xvi., 15, 16.

Those who may remember a story which ten years ago created a great sensation throughout the English-speaking world will recall *Robert Elsmere's* declaration that what is now wanted in Christianity is a new thought of Christ. And, indeed, he was right. For no one can study the mind of Christendom to-day without realizing the painful perplexity in which hosts of men find themselves in the vain attempt to grasp the Church's doctrine of the Incarnation.

Wherein this very brilliant book missed the point was the truth which the classic authority in orthodoxy on the person of Christ indicated—that a new thought of Christ will be always found to presuppose a new thought of God. The thought of Christ must be determined by the thought of God. What you mean by the Divine Incarnation depends upon what you mean by the Divine Being. The trouble with the old doctrine of the Incarnation lies not in its formal statement. As stated in the Nicene Creed, and as philosophically interpreted, that doctrine is unobjectionable. As understood, not merely by the people, but by many of its professional interpreters, there are insuperable difficulties in the way of its acceptance in our age. All these difficulties, however, will be found to reach back into misapprehensions of the underlying conception of God. Sir William Hamilton, long ago, pointed out that no difficulty emerges in theology which has not first emerged in philosophy. So we may say that no difficulty emerges in Christology, the thought of Christ, which has not first emerged in theology, the thought of God.

The new knowledge of our age is bringing to us a new

thought of the Divine Being, and thus the way is being opened for a new thought of the Christ, as a Divine Incarnation.

I.

If we can place ourselves in the mental posture of the first disciples of Jesus, we shall see that their idea of their Master was more a feeling than a thought. When Jesus had reached the crisis of his career, he questioned his disciples concerning men's thought of him; and then, turning with a searching glance to his apostles, he put to them the question, "Whom say ye that I am?" He who was always the recognized spokesman of the twelve in every difficulty—always ready with a word if not with a thought—replied, on the instant: "Thou art the Christ—the Messiah; Thou art the Son of the living God." But, if Jesus had asked him what he meant by this word, Peter could not have clearly interpreted his own thought. He had the correct feeling concerning Jesus, but he had not defined the concept lying back of this awed sense. The evidence of this is plainly seen in all his writings, as in the writings of the Church through three centuries.

First of all, they had the feeling that there was something mystic and holy back of the actual man of Nazareth. They had seen him eat and drink and sleep. They knew him to be a true man. But, then, they felt that there was something more than man in him, as they knew men—something super-human. They felt the sinlessness of the man, the perfection of his character. They felt the Divine Presence, which tabernacled in him, as in the shekinah of the Holy One. They were ready with their glib speech—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." But, for a long time, they did not attempt to analyze or explain this language. Later on, when the increasing Grecian element in the Church developed the tendency to speculation, which was deeply ingrained in the Grecian mind, men began to reason concerning the nature of Jesus, as at once a man and something more than man—a manifestation of the Divine Being. How, then, should they

account for both of these factors in Jesus? How should they account for this humanity and this felt presence of the Divinity?

There were just two ways of interpreting that mystery. First of all, there was the natural way opening to the Christian Church, as it was the child at once of Paganism and of Judaism. The Jewish thought of God was deistic. He was a Being who ruled the world from without, by interfering with it miraculously, from time to time, as need might be; governing it through hierarchies of powers, mediating the Divine Presence. When, then, they came to think of an anointed one, a supreme embodiment of God, they fashioned a being who was not a very man, nor yet a very God, but an intermediary between the two. That was the Jewish thought of the Logos, as they used the term—an altogether different conception from the later Christian thought. The prevalent Jewish idea of the Logos was of a divine being falling far short of being the very God himself. The deeper, philosophic thought of paganism was theistic; but the average pagan thought was of the same nature and kind as this average Jewish thought. When these two factors met—the common Jewish idea and the common pagan idea—the development was inevitable. The Incarnation was then seen to be the blending of two distinct and dissimilar natures. The great chasm between God and man was bridged by a hierarchy of intermediary beings; at the head of which, so close to God as to be almost God himself, stood the Son of the Father, through whom there descended, down the whole scale of interlinking beings, the Divine Presence, the Divine Life, the Divine Energy—until man was reached, and the bridge of being was completed.

I could quote a most beautiful passage from a noted pagan writer describing this heavenly hierarchy of being. Those interested in mystic thought may know, perchance, that the father of all Christian mysticism was the unknown writer

who, about the fourth century of our era, gave to the world a book, professedly written by Dionysius the Areopagite, the disciple of St. Paul. This writer was, probably, at least half a pagan. He was a follower of the last school of Platonism, known as Neo-Platonism. The book is a curious blending of the decadent Grecian thought with the new Christian thought. From it, through successive generations, in Catholicism and Protestantism, all mystic writers have drawn their inspiration. By what was perhaps a very cunning stroke of genius, the author won the hearts of the ecclesiastics of Christendom by figuring the heavenly hierarchy as the type of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, then growing up in the Church; and so, while he kept the peace with the powerful priests, he smuggled in the deeper and truer theistic thought which has made his book the spring of all Christian mysticism, and thus kept alive the fuller conception of the Incarnation against the spring season of the soul.

As the Greek tendency to speculation took possession of the Church, it came under the influence of the dominant mental tendency in the civilization of the day. That was the influence of the Roman mind. The Latin mind was not philosophic. The fluent, mystic aspects of the Grecian philosophy ossified and stiffened into a thoroughly non-philosophic conception. The Roman mind, so busy with the institutional and governmental aspects of civilization, carried over into the unseen world the imperial idea. God was conceived as a celestial Emperor, the head of the hierarchical order of the universe.

II.

Thus, under these two factors, the pagan and the Jewish thoughts, the conception of a deistic God developed afresh and became the mastering idea in early Christianity.

When this Jewish-pagan speculation rose to a conception of the Incarnation—the embodying of very God in very man—it could not be as the crown of the natural processes. The

union of God and man was a miracle. It was not the God in all men coming out in a man, but it was the God out of all men coming into a man. The popular thought of the age wellnigh won the battle. Almost won? It won, indeed, for a long time; and, although it was condemned by the Council of Nice, as we all know, and although that creed was the contradiction and denial of this whole conception of God and of Christ, that very heresy, rejected by the Church, in its deeper consciousness, survived the decrees of the Council called to condemn it, smuggled itself back into the creed, and foisted itself upon the mind of the Christian Church—dispossessing the spiritual conceptions of God and of the Incarnation down to our own day.

The evidence of this is that, after the Council of Nice, Council after Council assembled, vainly struggling with this problem: How it should unite the two separate and distinct and dissimilar natures in the Christ; how it should blend the two wills, the two essences, the two consciousnesses, the two natures in Jesus into one. A most interesting period of Christian history is this age, after the Council of Nice; in which, under the guidance of this false principle of duality, the Church went deeper and deeper into the bogs of false metaphysics, until it became wellnigh hopelessly lost in the quagmires of theology, falsely so called. This vicious dualism continued to rule in the mind of the Church throughout the Middle Ages. It tyrannized the Reformation era, as we can still see in the confessions of faith which date from that period; as, for example, in our own Thirty-nine Articles, speaking of the the “two whole and perfect natures; that is to say, the Godhead and the Manhood,” which were “joined together in one Person, never to be divided, whereof is one Christ, very God and very man.”

This dualism has continued from the Reformation, down to our own era, the prevalent thought of the Church. Conclusive evidence of this may be found in the classic poem of

English Protestantism, Milton's "Paradise Lost," which is thoroughly Arian in its conception of Jesus. The Son of God therein pictured is a being between God and man—neither very God nor very man. The Son of God is taken for a separate individuality, called into being by the Father, as a human son is begotten by his human father; pre-existent, born differently from other men, coming down from heaven, returning to the skies to be an intermediary between God and man.

III.

All these historic difficulties in the orthodox conception of the Incarnation grow out of the historic misconception of the thought of God by orthodoxy. The revolt of our modern world from this thought of God carries with it a revolt from the thought of the Christ. We are in revolt morally and imaginatively and spiritually from this deistic conception of God. So, as we are breaking loose from it, we are groping our way into the new thought of Christ.

The trouble with the old thought is that it will not fit into the conception of the Divine Being as we now know Him, revealed through the Universe, which is His manifestation. The Universe is all of a piece. As Dr. Francis Abbot writes: "So far as modern investigations go they tend to prove that mind is everywhere; identical in kind, however varied in degree." There is a fundamental spiritual identity, then, between man and the Universe, in point of essential nature. One and the same mind is present throughout the Universe—one and the same life throughout the Cosmos, in varying degrees. Through all the processes of the infinite order, there is the unfolding of this Life—the increasing manifestation of this Mind. The Universe is an organism—the body of an indwelling Soul, or Spirit. It is God bodying himself—God incarnating or infleshing himself. Every form of life is an expression of the Divine Being—of that Holy Ghost, or Spirit, who is the Lord and giver of life. Creation is not a thing made by Him, but a life grown by Him; not

a deed projected out of Him, but a thought springing within the Infinite Mind—a flashing forth of the Divine Being into the Cosmos. So that in every tree, in every bird, in every man, in ascending series and gradations, there is this indwelling Spirit, this omnipresent Life, this one Mind and Soul of the Cosmos or Universe.

This one Life, in differing degrees, is the measure of the Divine Incarnation. There is more of God bodied in the bird than in the tree—more of God bodied in the man than in the bird. Each organic ascent of life pulls a new stop in the great organ of being, and a new note is emitted. Man sums the whole lower creation. All its forces, its elements, and its laws reappear in him. He is the microcosm, or little world. Man is the true incarnation of God. There is, however, more of God in some men than in others. There is more of mind, which is God, in Shakespeare than in the peasant of Stratford, who looked at him and dully wondered over this queer man from London. There is more of the soul of God in Francis of Assisi than in his stupid monks, who never understood him until he died—and then misunderstood him.

What can the highest expression of God be? Is it in the strong man? Is it in the wise man? Or is it the good man? Character must be the supreme and essential reality in the Divine Being. Therefore, when we stand, with the early disciples, before the supremely good man, faultless so far as we can see, sinless so far as we can trace—what are we to say of that man? Can we say otherwise than that God is in him—that he is God manifest to us? Can we otherwise than identify in him the full and essential nature of God? That is precisely the way through which the early disciples groped toward the recognition of an Incarnation. "Thou art the Christ," full of all beautiful goodness. "Thou art the Christ—the Son of the living God."

But, we pause and ask: Was all the being of God in Jesus? Was Jesus a musician? Was he an artist? Was he this, that,

or the other manifestation of that Infinite Life—that Mind which we reverently adore as God? He was no Shakespeare. He was no Raphael. He was no Wagner. Then, there are other manifestations of God than that which embodied itself in Jesus. He cannot be called the complete manifestation of God. He was the manifestation of the essential nature of the God who is essentially character, goodness. It would take a whole humanity to incarnate the whole being of God. The incarnation in the human race is the ultimate and complete incarnation. In MAN, writ large, is the complete embodiment of God. Perfected humanity would be “the Grand Man,” of whom Swedenborg dreamed and Comte prophesied. Such a grand man is yet to stand upon this earth: a humanity thought out of the mind of God; breathed out from the Spirit of God; clothed with the powers of God; having dominion over the Universe; the form of the Divine Man, across whose features will play the expression we love to trace in the face of Jesus, the Christ.

IV.

If this “Man-child glorious” is to be the outcome of the human story, of the processes of evolution—the complete manifestation of God in the race, of the God who is not only its Creator but its Father—then we may rise another step in our conception. What the outcome is, that also is the ingo. What the evolution is, that also is the involution. The thought of the perfected humanity must needs first stand erect in the mind of God, distinct, complete, and whole. It is not slowly manufactured into completeness, but is an organic entity, growing into a living fulness of being, a divine improvisation of the Eternal One. It is a perfect thought in the Divine Mind before it begins to take shape, slowly, as a perfected creation. In some such way have all the greatest works of genius come into being. “Paradise Lost” was first flashed through Milton’s mind in its perfection, as a complete whole—so he tells us. The greatest musician of the world tells us the same secret. Wagner writes of Siegfried:

"It is not my way to choose a certain subject, elaborate it into verse, and then excogitate music suitable to go with it. . . . My method is different from that. In the first place, no subjects attract me except such as present a musical as well as poetical import to me at the same time. Then, before I begin to make a verse, or even to project a scene, I am already intoxicated by the musical fragrance of my task. I have all the tones, all the characteristic motives, in my head, so that when the verses are completed, and the scenes arranged, the opera is practically finished, so far as I am concerned; and the detailed execution of the work is little more than a quiet after-labor, which has been preceded by the real moments of creation."

It was from a recognition of this truth of psychology that there grew into being the doctrine of the Divine Incarnation.

Philo, the Alexandrian Jew—the immediate father of our Christian doctrine—tells us that God is the Divine Architect; and, as the architectural genius does not string together, bit by bit, the fragments of his temple, but conceives it altogether as a whole, so God conceived the whole Universe. It was a complete thought in His mind before it began to be. This is what some of our wise men tell us is the meaning of the first chapter of Genesis; that it is not a history of the creation of the world, as we think of it, but the story of the creation of the world in the Divine Mind, as thought after thought rose and rounded itself into the shape of a perfect Universe, before God said aught. This was Augustine's interpretation; as, in our own day, it was the interpretation of Maurice. That perfect thought of the whole Universe is the Logos. It is the "Word" of our St. John's Gospel.

Now, the thought of God, or the Logos, is in all things, making the Universe intelligible; else we could have no knowledge. It is this which, being in all things, makes it possible for us to have our knowledges of all things. These knowledges are not merely our knowings of the outer universe, but our recognitions of the Son of God—the Word of God, the Logos, the Divine Thought, which is in all things. This truth is embodied in the very terms in which we speak of our sciences as real knowledges. Thus we have Geology, or the Logos

of the earth. We have Biology, or the Logos of life. We have Meteorology, or the science of the atmosphere. We have Sociology, or the science of society. We have no knowledge that is not a knowledge or thought of the inner idea—that inner thought which makes and holds the Universe in being: the Logos of God itself.

V.

One other step in my hasty review of this subject. What could that thought, standing complete in the mind of God, have been—what can it be? It must be a thought of the whole Universe, of which man is the crown. Man is the outcome of Nature, embodying its elements, forces, and laws. Man is a personal being. The type or norm or pattern of all the things that culminate in man—of the cosmos which flowers in man—must have been, must be the thought of a Personal Being. As is man, or humanity, so is the whole Cosmos, or beautiful order. Such is the thought or Logos thereof in the Divine Mind.

Now, what can that be, in the language of metaphysics, or philosophy, but a perfect expression of the mind and spirit and character of God; a life, a being in which the very life, the very being of God comes out; the Son of the Father—the very God of very God—God himself thinking himself into being? We are here far away in the clouds of metaphysics; but the moment you climb out of superficial, empiric knowledge, you are led on, step by step, until, whether you like it or not, you ascend these heights of philosophy. This Logos, or Perfect Thought, is in you; it is in me—the essence of our being, as it is the substance of the Universe, which is simply God's thought spoken aloud.

And so we find the secret of the identification of Jesus with the Logos. I have already indicated that he can be called the embodiment of the Logos, or thought-word of God, not as a complete embodiment of the faculties of man, not as a complete expression of the being of God, but only as the per-

fect embodiment or manifestation of the moral and spiritual character of God. He is the soul of God seen in a man. Because God is essentially goodness, the Church has identified Jesus, the Good-man, with the Divine Logos, the thought-word of God.

VI.

You will see now whither we have reached, as, in the language of Martineau, we learn this truth: "The blending of the two natures is not a biographical, but an eternal fact, belonging to the essence of their relation. The particular incarnation of the evangelical history reveals and realizes the universal truth; to which all its exceptional and marking features—miraculous birth, agony, and crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension—stand related as symbols to the reality; as phenomena that tell the tale of an eternity."

The Incarnation, then, is no new fact; it is as old as humanity—as old as the Universe. It is no special fact; it is a generic fact—universal as man, as Nature; true of all individuals, as they are made in the image of God. It is no exception to the general law; it is His general law itself. It is no miracle; it is the very order and constitution of the Universe itself. It is no coming down of God out of heaven; but, as Augustine said, it is the coming out of God in man, which we cannot conceive in the language of space and time. It is no finished action; but a movement going on and developing through the history of man.

This is, as I understand, the philosophic interpretation of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. Thomas Aquinas declared that the Incarnation is the exaltation of human nature and the consummation of the Universe. It is the inner secret and significance of the whole process of evolution.

VII.

What, then, is the difference between Jesus and other men? Jesus is not essentially different from us. The difference is one of degree. It is not in kind; since he could say, on

leaving us: "I go to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." But the difference of degree is one which, to all intents and purposes, marks a difference in kind.

Is Jesus, then, a mere man? Is there such a being in our world as a mere man? No; in all of us there is that mystery of which the Apostle writes: "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" Jesus is the symbol of the human race. The reality is to be found wherever that other word of the Apostle comes true in human experience, and "Christ," the Logos, the Thought-Word of man in the Divine Mind, is "born in you." The fruition of the Incarnation is to be found in the realized vision of Paul, as to the issue of evolution: "Till we all come to a perfect manhood in Christ Jesus—to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Jesus Christ."

VIII.

If you have followed me in this thought, you will have seen that from the new thought of God is growing the new thought of Christ, in which there is no difficulty or perplexity save that which pertains to the inevitable mystery that surrounds us all. Apart from the historic thought of Christ, we have reached to this rational, scientific reconception of the doctrine of the Christ, of the Incarnation. But have we here a brand new thought? If so, then we must remember the old saying that the novel in theology is the false in theology. All that is spiritual is old. Only the intellectual changes. The original meaning of the Creed, lost and now rescued, is none other than this very conception which I have presented. No other meaning is possible. Any other interpretation lands us in the Arian heresy.

The Creed itself says: "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth [the term "Maker" is archaic], and of all things visible and invisible; and in one Lord Jesus Christ [here Jesus is identified with the ideal man, the Divine thought of man, the Logos, the Son of the Father;

and henceforth the Creed in its affirmation concerning Jesus is really speaking of this Christ—of the Logos that is identified with Jesus]; the only-begotten Son of God [as the thought is not a thing made outside of the author, but an idea generated within the mind of the author—the offspring of the very life of the Father]; begotten of His Father before all worlds [as the thought precedes the deed]; God of God; Light of Light; very God of very God [as the thought is of the same substance with the thinker]; begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father [there being but one Substance in the Universe, which is God]; by [or through] whom all things were made [more correctly, were generated]; who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven and was Incarnate.”

You will perceive that this language of the Creed is pure philosophy, and is to be read as such. This alone possible interpretation of the Creed is that which the most philosophic of the fathers gave to it. The philosophy of the Greek fathers was a theistic interpretation of the Universe. It grew out of a genuinely evolutionist conception of the Cosmos; but out of evolution conceived as a spiritual and not merely a material process. The Greek fathers learned this from the higher Greek philosophy, and from the mystic philosophies of the East; all of which were seething in the thought of the Church in the first centuries. The East had anticipated our modern doctrine of evolution; though, as there held, it was not a strictly scientific conception, but rather a poetic and philosophic conception.

A theistic thought of the Universe in almost every land of antiquity had inevitably developed this very conception of the Logos or Thought-Word of the Father; and thus had prepared the way for the development of philosophy that took place in the Christian Church. The fathers were intent on interpreting the Cosmos ethically and spiritually. They, therefore, read the problem of the Universe in the light of the life

of Jesus, the Christ. Their philosophy was thus cosmology led up into ethics. In this attempt they naturally drew from the mystic philosophizings of the Greeks and of the Orientals. The Gnostics, who first introduced such speculations into Christendom, were led away by them into all sorts of wild fancies and metaphysical absurdities. The soberer minds of the orthodox fathers chastened these speculations, absorbed what was good in them, threw off their extravagancies, and thus the orthodox doctrine gradually evolved itself out of these Gnostic philosophizings. We can trace this evolution distinctly.

The real father of the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation was the Alexandrian Jew, Philo—the devout soul in whom Platonic philosophy and Eastern mysticism united to interpret the ethical and spiritual contents of Judaism. The doctrine of the Logos is the central feature of Philo's philosophic system. What he meant by it is made perfectly plain in such a noble passage as the following:

"For God, as shepherd and king, governs, according to law and justice, like a flock of sheep, the earth and water, and air and fire, and all the plants and living things that are in them, whether they be mortal or divine, as well as the course of heaven and the periods of sun and moon, and the variations and harmonious revolutions of the other stars; having appointed His true Word (Logos), His first-begotten Son, to have the care of this sacred flock, as the vicegerent of a great king."

Professor Drummond, in his fine study of Philo, closes the chapter on "The Logos" with this statement:

"From first to last, the Logos is the thought of God, dwelling subjectively in the Infinite Mind, planted out and made objective in the universe. The Cosmos is a tissue of rational force which images the beauty, the power, the goodness of its primeval fountain. The reason of man is this same rational force, entering into consciousness and held by each in proportion to the truth and variety of his thoughts; and to follow it is the law of righteous living. Each form which we can differentiate as a distinct species, each rule of conduct which we can treat as an injunction of reason, is itself a Logos; one of those innumerable thoughts or laws into which the universal thought may, through self-reflection, be resolved. Thus, wherever we turn, these words, which are really works, of God,

confront us, and lift our minds to that uniting and cosmic thought which, though comprehending them, is itself dependent, and tells us of that impenetrable Being from whose inexhaustible fulness it comes, of whose perfections it is the shadow, and whose splendors, too dazzling for all but the purified intuitions of the highest souls, it at once suggests and veils."

The man who chiefly fashioned our Nicene Creed was Athanasius. He was one of the most philosophic of the early fathers. What he meant by the language of the Creed we cannot misunderstand, when we consider carefully such passages as the two which I now quote. In speaking of one of the New Testament writers, he says:

"After making mention of the creation, he naturally speaks of the Framer's Power as seen in it; which Power, I say, is the Word of God, by whom all things were made. . . . If, through the Son, it came to be, and in Him all things consist, it must follow that he who contemplates the creation rightly is contemplating also the Word who framed it, and through Him begins to apprehend the Father. . . . Reasonably doth Paul, while accusing the Greeks of contemplating the harmony and order of the creation without reflecting on the Framing Word within it . . . reasonably hath he said: 'His eternal Power and Godhead,' thereby signifying the Son."

And, in another passage, Athanasius writes, making it still more indisputable what he meant:

"He, the All-Powerful, All-Holy Word of the Father, spreads His Power over all things, everywhere enlightening things, seen and unseen, holding and binding all together in Himself. Nothing is left empty of His presence, but, to all things and through all, severally and collectively, He is the Giver and Sustainer of life. He, the Wisdom of God, holds the universe like a lute, and keeps all things in earth and air and heaven, in tune together. He it is who, binding all with each, and ordering all things by His will and pleasure, produces the perfect unity of Nature and the harmonious reign of Law."

You see clearly here that Athanasius is dwelling on the Logos, the Thought-Word of God, as the law regulating the Universe, the order constituting it a Cosmos. His is, then, a cosmological theology. But it does not end there. It becomes an ethical theology, as it links cosmological speculation in with the interpretation of life suggested by the story of the Good

Man, and reads the universe in the light of Jesus, the Christ of God.

You can see the same conception in one of the best of the Latin Fathers, St. Augustine. He writes: "For our knowledge of first principles we have recourse to that inner truth that presides over the mind. And that indwelling teacher of the mind is Christ, the changeless virtue and eternal Wisdom of God, to which every rational soul has recourse."

The same conception appears, with equal clearness, in St. Thomas Aquinas, the master of theology in the Roman Catholic Church, when he declares: "Every intellectual process has its origin in the Word of God, who is the Divine Reason."

The spiritually-minded St. Bonaventura gives the same interpretation of the Catholic doctrine: "Christ is our internal Teacher, and no truth of any kind is known but through Him; though He speaks not in language, as we do, but by interior illumination."

No intelligent person can misunderstand the meaning of all this. It means that the orthodox doctrine of the Incarnation is an interpretation of the Universe as read in the light of the moral law; of the Cosmos deciphered as a thought of God; of that thought as constituting the ideal of a perfected humanity; of this Logos, or Thought-Word, as identified with the man who completely embodies the moral law—who lives the human ideal. The identification of Jesus with the Logos means the identification of the character of Jesus with the Law which is at the heart of the Universe. It is the sublime affirmation that the "Conscious Law" which is "King of kings" is none other than the Moral Law. It thrones that Law above the Universe. It reads God's purpose in the creation in the light of the life of Jesus—the Good-man. It sees the Universe as the outworking of the Divine Drama, whose denouement is the ultimate triumph of goodness, the realized thought of God, the unfolded purpose of the heavenly Father. It beholds the hastened process of evolution in the story of

Jesus. The culmination of evolution is, then, the vision of St. Paul: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."

Then of God it shall be said: "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied"—that Being who is at once our Father and our Mother.

Now we can turn to the immortal introduction to the Gospel according to St. John and read it intelligibly, as the highest philosophy of the Christian consciousness; and, I think, it will interpret itself with scarcely a note or comment:

"In the beginning was the Logos [the Thought-Word], and the Thought-Word was with God, and the Thought-Word was God. . . . All things were generated by him; and without him was not anything generated that was generated. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. . . . That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world—the true light which was ever on-coming into the world. He was in the world, and the world was generated through him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own possessions, and his own people received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God [like unto himself, the Elder Brother], even to them that believe on his name [that trust in the truth thus seen to be in him]. . . . And the Thought-Word was made flesh, and tabernacled among us, and we behold his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth [graciousness, or beauty, and truth and goodness, the divine Trinity of Spirit, uniting in him]."

IX.

You ask if the fathers understood and meant all this? Certainly, not all of them realized this meaning of their own language. In Emerson's great word, "they builded wiser than they knew." This is the way of all wise building, in the

thought-world, by creative men. The 'power that o'er them planned' has other and larger thoughts than they divine. All great truths, as Bacon says, have "germinant fulfilments." They are ever blossoming into nobler forms of life. None the less is this meaning essential to the Creed and to St. John's Gospel—to the whole philosophy of which these two great formulæ are expressions. In that Jesus was a true man, all that was affirmed of him must needs hold true of all true men. The essential nature of humanity being in him, that essential nature is revealed in this true conception of him. Man is consubstantial with God. So that the great historic battle over the term *Homoousion* was no mere word battle; it was a contention for a living principle—the alone rational interpretation of the Universe and of humanity.

Some of the fathers, however, distinctly realized the consequences of their own philosophy. I could quote passage after passage to illustrate this. Let it suffice to state that the chief framer of our great Creed, Athanasius, over and over again, in speaking of the Incarnation, declares that its purpose is that man may be "deified."

This new thought of the old doctrine of Christ, the Incarnation, grows out of our new thought of God—this new thought, alike of God and of Christ, proving to be the mystic wisdom of the ages.

If some tender-hearted, simple-minded soul feels puzzled by all this philosophizing, I need only remind any such that the sense of the Divine Presence in Jesus may be wholly apart from any clear-cut intellectual conception of that mystery. If you stand hushed and awed before Jesus, able to say with Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," rest content. You have the secret of the doctrine in your spiritual intuition. This it is, and not the intellectual concept, which inspires and saves us. If, however, you try at all to think out into clearness a conception of this mystery, you must philosophize; and, philosophizing, you must thus think, to think

sanely and soundly—which is more than some defenders of the faith seem to do.

X.

No one need fear the incoming of this new thought. Whatever was vital in the old thought is preserved in its new form. The hushed sense of the Divine Presence in Jesus, the spiritual recognition of him as God manifest in the flesh—all this we cherish in our new thought as firmly as did our fathers cherish it in their old thought. Our vision of the Incarnation grows indeed larger and grander far than the vision that rose above our fathers. The Incarnation itself is no mere point in time—no mere spot in space. It is the universal manifestation of the God indwelling the Universe itself; the revelation culminating, through humanity, in the Man who is the unique and perfect expression of the character of God. Our freest thinkers to-day, the men most emancipated as they may seem from the traditions of Christianity—these are they who most gladly and reverently recognize this mystery in Jesus. Let me quote only one of such utterances:

“He came—the soul most full of love, the most sacredly virtuous, the most deeply inspired by God and the future that men have yet seen on earth—Jesus. He bent over the corpse of the dead world, and whispered a word of faith. Over the clay that had lost all of man but the movement and the form, He uttered words until then unknown—love, sacrifice, a heavenly origin. And the dead arose. A new life circulated through the clay, which philosophy had tried in vain to reanimate. From that corpse arose the Christian world, the world of liberty and equality. From that clay arose the true man, the image of God, the precursor of humanity.”

He who thus wrote was none other than the Italian revolutionist, the foe of the Catholic Church, Joseph Mazzini.

This new thought brings an end to all confusion in our minds, and shows, in mental clarity, a sane and rational conception of the Incarnation. This new thought harmonizes the old faith with the new knowledge, and gives us a doctrine of the Incarnation which is at one with the profoundest philosophy and the most recent science. This new thought takes

off from us the load of depression with which we formerly contemplated the divine perfection of Jesus—as of a being whom we might strive to imitate but could not really follow, since he was no bone of our bone, nor flesh of our flesh. Standing before the Jesus whom we now see, we recognize one who can rightly lay his hands upon us, as he leaves us, and assures us that he goes “to my Father and your Father—to my God and your God.” So we, too, can aspire to grow like him, since the Christ we recognize in him is none other than the Divine Thought or Ideal tabernacling in our inmost souls.

This new thought gives us a vision of the outcome of the processes of evolution which fills us, in our weariness of work for the world, with new hope and new faith—as we see the eventual end of these slow processes, the coming forth of the Divine Thought of man, the realization of the Divine Ideal of humanity. And so, in the vision of this “far-off divine event, toward which the whole creation moves,” we ring in “the Christ that is to be.”

“Oh, God of unchangeable power and eternal light, look favorably on thy whole Church—that wonderful and sacred mystery; and, by the tranquil operation of thy perpetual providence, carry out the work of man’s salvation; and let the whole world feel and see that things which were cast down are being raised up, and things which had grown old are being made new; and all things are returning to perfection through Him from whom they took their origin, even through our Lord Jesus Christ.”



GROWING Christian-like is like climbing a mountain. The more the spirit is cultured the more we are lifted into the truly spiritual heights, and the higher we rise the wider does our horizon extend. We must climb before we can have our visions.—*Rev. Dr. L. S. McCollister.*



If there is anything that cannot bear free thought, let it crack.—*Wendell Phillips.*

LAW, WILL, DESIRE, AND ASPIRATION.

BY M. E. CARTER.

There is in reality but one Will. It is one aspect of the God-power, or one expression of God; we may call it Law or Will, or both.

Mankind—by which we mean all men and women—*wish*. We wish to do a certain thing, and we do not wish to do another thing, and this wishing upon our part we call our *will*. It is really our desire, or, when expressed strongly, it is our determination; and so we speak of one person as having a very strong will and another as being weak-willed. If, then, we each and all have wishes, or, so to speak, lower wills, or unreal wills, because variable in ourselves and varying one from another—consequently the cause of discord in the physical, social, and national organism—we must conclude that these wishes, desires, or lower wills are not acting in conformity to the great Law or Will that, as it belongs to and is Perfection, must in its nature, action, and result be always harmonious and perfect.

What, then, is wrong upon the side of mankind? Clearly, lack of correspondence; lack of oneness in action with the divine Will. In other words, lack of aspiration.

If I wish to know God, and man—the true image and likeness of God—I shall then begin to unite my wish or will with that of the one divine Will, and thus awaken and develop aspiration within myself; and my consciously directed wish or will, thus aspiring, will unite with the one divine Will. Then, as a logical consequence, harmony and a consciousness of innate perfection will be mine, and they will be expressed through me and in my life just in proportion to my conscious aspiration.

How, then, shall we all attain to peace, harmony, and perfection? By working for them. In words familiar to all, we "must work out our own salvation" from undesirable into desirable conditions. And here we may recognize the meaning of the term "free will." Without this power we should all be irresponsible puppets.

Then what is the work of each and every one of us? It is the unfoldment of soul from the least conscious condition of its nature and Source to the greatest. It is developing consciously from the first Adam to the second. It is growing to "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Each soul must make its own at-one-ment with God manifest through orderly steps. Each soul must climb the ladder of self-consciousness whose lowest round is upon the earth, and at whose topmost round God will be seen and recognized, because each will through these steps know its own self. This inner work, this soul-process, may be slow, according to mortal sense, or it may be speedy. It is for us to determine.

The Orientals have a story illustrative of this soul-process, or growth toward recognition. A bird of dull plumage was hopping about on the lower branches of a tall tree, and when it looked up it saw a beautiful bird away up in the topmost branches. The beautiful bird never came down, and the bird of dull plumage sat below and looked up every now and then and wished and longed that it might be like that beautiful creature so far above it. After awhile the bird below began to hop from branch to branch, higher and then a little higher, ever looking up and longing to be that beautiful bird away above. At last it reached the topmost part of the tree, when lo! it found that it *was* that beautiful bird.

Our wishes merged into aspiration will take us higher and still higher. The divine Self is ever in the highest of our conscious being, and we shall know it as our true being when we ascend in our thinking to it. We never become familiar with anything or anybody with whom we do not dwell in close

companionship. You may ask: How can we dwell in close companionship with what seems so far above us? "Seems" is the word that truly expresses it. This is what holds so many back from taking the step off the earth of mortal sense-consciousness to the first round of the ladder. Mount it we must, however, sooner or later, round by round.

How shall we unfold and cultivate spiritual perception? By faithfully speaking "the Word." By making certain declarations—claiming our birthright as children of "God, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy." Did you ever think about this birthright and what it means to us? It means freedom and the blessing of peace in the whole life. It means that we need never lack any good thing. But we must make our own individual claim before we can realize that it is ours. We may now be the actual owners of mines of gold through inheritance—and we may be feeling miserably poor, wondering how we shall live and pay our debts. And why? Through ignorance of our rightful ownership.

Perhaps some one may come to you and say: "Do you know that you are rich beyond all computation? I have heard through an undoubted authority that there is an immense fortune ready and waiting for you; but you will have to drop all that most claims your attention just now, and go and declare yourself the rightful heir. You will have to spend some time in urging your claim; you will have to prove your parentage, and be very clear and positive and undeviating in your statements before you can take possession of this great wealth."

You answer, perhaps: "Oh, this is too good to be true. I have been so long poor and lacking the comforts of life that I cannot believe what you tell me. I wish I could, but I cannot; besides, even if I could, you have no idea how busy I am kept just getting the necessities of life. I really have not leisure to go through all that time-consuming process. I should starve in the meanwhile."

Or, if it be a mother, it is her family cares that hold her back, not realizing that she would gain so much more for her family eventually. Or it may be society or business claims that are brought forward. "They all with one consent began to make excuse." Illustrations innumerable might be cited.

Think you that the great fortune would ever come into your possession? Never. After a legally appointed time it would go to the next of kin or revert to the State.

This is the way that some people talk when told of their God-derived being and their birthright of health, peace, and happiness. It is either too good to be true—as if anything that is good is not always true—or else of the truth they say that they have not time to concentrate their thinking upon it long enough to acquire the conscious realization necessary to bring it into manifestation in their daily lives. This aspiration after a conscious realization is prayer unceasing. When we do seek first the kingdom of God and the righteousness belonging to it, we shall find all things *added to* (not going before) it. This is only another way of stating the good, old-fashioned Biblical promise: "They that trust in the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good." Aspiration and Inspiration are twins born of a pure mother—desire for God.

The Brahmans tell a story of a yogi to whom a boy went to inquire about God.

"Do you want God?" said the yogi.

"Yes," replied the boy.

"Then come with me."

They walked together until they reached the shore of a deep river. Here the yogi stopped and quickly pushed the boy under the water. When he rose, gasping for breath, the yogi pushed him under again. The boy rose, gasping and struggling each time.

When they were again walking quietly together, the yogi turned and said to the boy: "When I pushed you under the water, what did you want most?"

"Air; air," answered the boy.

"When you want God as much as you wanted air while I kept you under the water, you will find God—you will *know* God."

We have all repeatedly sung that beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," without realizing that we cannot be any nearer to God than we *are* every moment. God is Omnipresence; therefore, what we require is *desire* to know this as much as we want the fresh air when in a stifling atmosphere, or as much as the person in danger of drowning wants it when under the water.

We are responsible for our way of thinking. We can admit into our mentality, and store away in the subconscious reservoir of our thought, what we choose to select and think about. It is a question of our own "free will"—of our individual choice. We can establish a barrier against what we do not want as promptly and effectually as we can close a house door against an intruder. This opening wide our thought storehouse to the Good, and closing it against that which we do not wish to see externalized in our lives, either on the physical body or in our daily experiences, is our individual life work. Nothing and no person can interfere here if we hold ourselves centered in the consciousness of God. A wise teacher says:

"Beware how you think as you prepare for your sleep through the night, for according to your state of receptivity will be your psychic experience during the hours of sleep. Beware how you enter a promiscuous audience. Do not enter it before you have closed every avenue to your own mentality by affirming who and what you are in your true being: setting up, so to speak, your wall of defense, holding yourself negative (receptive) to the Divine influx only, and holding yourself equally positive (non-receptive) to the disorderly thinking of those about you who have not yet learned to govern their thinking. Beware how you approach any project or business, for in each of these instances you may receive the best and give out the best, or else get experiences that will cost you dearly. Your every thought goes out touching like thought, and returns to you freighted for good or otherwise, according to its own character."

Our subconscious mentality is like a reservoir into which is steadily flowing a stream of ideas—thought-forms—each one to be externalized in our lives. With us rests the power to determine, through the conscious direction of our will, what manner of ideas we will permit to enter the harbor of our own minds. If we determine to walk in our conscious being, in line with the Will, the Law, God, or the Good, we shall experience the legitimate result—peace and tranquillity. We can never *break* the Law. When one is walking along the top of a steep and dangerous precipice, on a midsummer day, when the sun is fiercely hot, and finds a path shaded by a stone wall, in its shadow he may, if he will, walk serenely and calmly; but if he determines that he will not so walk, and that he will go against or through the wall, he shall not disturb *it*. It will stand firmly and still give shade and shelter, while those who go against it will find themselves bruised; and perhaps in the rebound they may go over the precipice—only to get up sorely wounded by their own misdirected action.

Do you now see where and how what men call punishment arises? We punish our own selves. Law, which is Love, stands firm and steadfast. We may at any moment walk with it and be protected by it. Supreme Justice rules everywhere; for Love is the only Law.

It is well to believe that there needs but a little more thought, a little more courage, more love, more devotion to life, a little more eagerness, one day to fling open wide the portals of joy and truth.—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

IN the issues of God's dispensations there can be no permanent ill. He is absolutely good. Of Him are all things, and to Him all things tend. When the goal is attained, all will be well.—*A. J. Patterson, D.D.*

THE GIVER IN THE GIFT.

BY HARRIET ADAMS SAWYER.

An angel came to earth at close of day,
And moved unseen along life's traveled way
Where many pilgrims walked with weary feet:
Walked oft alone, with none to cheer or greet.
One man there passed, with deeply-furrowed brow;
The angel, watching, saw him bending low
Over a prostrate form—a fallen foe.
With murmured benison, the hand he took,
And, quickly reading from his sacred book
Of Him who taught the people to forgive,
He said: "Obeying Him, I bid you live;
My hand shall bind your wounds—for this I came.
All, all I do, and offer, in His name."

With a sigh the angel turned to where there stood
A woman bent in loving attitude
Over a sister, wronged and in despair,
Lying alone, scorned and unpitied there—
Grieving her own sad fall, with only shame
Henceforth to travel with her blighted name.
"Look up," the woman said; "here; take my hand,
And none with scorn of thee with me shall stand.
One is our Father—both His image bear.
To love Him, hating His, who—who shall dare?
Come; you are mine, and Love's; let that suffice.
Love asks no hard conditions—sets no price
On Love save its acceptance. Come away;
Joy builds, with Love and Peace, a brighter day."
The angel smiled; her wings quick pierced the sky,
Bearing a message to the Courts on high:
"Love for love's sake I find! O prize divine!
Let all the lamps of Heaven for gladness shine!"

MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL HEALING.

BY THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

Both these phases of modern healing are included in the theory and practise of the New Thought. In mental healing, power is consciously projected in the form of thoughts or feelings from one mind to another. In spiritual healing, power is consciously or unconsciously imparted either as thought or feeling. The former is practised through the activity of mind forces: the latter through their passivity.

A mental treatment requires on the part of the healer a positive state of mind, with an emphasis of conviction concerning health, strength, vital force, energy—all that suggests splendid physical conditions. Alert, positive, active, virile, this mental attitude will inspire faith in the mind of the patient, convey potent suggestions of health, and capture the citadel of disease through its very boldness of attack. Strong in the overwhelming assurance that disease thrives by wrong and unpleasant thought-pictures in the mind of the patient, the metaphysician valiantly attacks and puts to rout, not only the pictures of disease, but the fear, anxiety, memory of accidents, conscious or unconscious dread of heredity, anguish of mind, or perverted emotion that has caused them. The wholesome and altogether desirable health thoughts sent forth by his powerful mental vibrations arrest the patient's attention. Involuntarily he accepts them as his own. The superb confidence of his mental physician is infused into every thread and fiber of his being, and the result is mental and physical healing. If to his newly-acquired confidence is added *knowledge* of the law, he has a basis for permanent health, provided he is obedient to the law.

In this positive exercise of the mental functions, it will be seen that all that is strong, courageous, and virile in the personality of the healer is brought into the mental treatment. Yet occasionally there are patients who seem totally irresponsive to the most persuasive and dauntless suggestions. Argu-

ment, delineation of cause and effect, aggressive, powerful words, either silent or audible, apparently have no effect. In vain the conscientious practitioner labors over these obstinate cases. In vain he seeks for an understanding of what is lacking in his administration of the law. At last he leaves that phase of the matter which relates to his personal failure and searches more deeply into the Source of his power. He opens his mind more fully to the reception of knowledge. As he contemplates the vastness, the majesty, the immanence of the all-pervading Power, he ceases the intellectual struggle to analyze or classify, or even to receive. His thoughts are stilled; his whole being is hushed into silence—that “silence which is a solvent that destroys personality and gives us leave to be great and universal.” And here his soul is fed with a divine satisfaction—a transcendent peace. He has given himself to “the Lonely, the Original, and Pure, who on that condition gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through” him. Or, with Jesus, he has found that it is “the Father that doeth the works.” Feeling this living oneness with the Source of “every good and perfect gift,” he recognizes it as the *universal* Giver, giving to all impartially—to himself, to his patients, and to the world at large.

Back at last from his meditation on the Abstract, he finds his vision enlarged, his perceptions quickened, his understanding cleared—and his patient healed. And this he would call spiritual healing—spiritual because, instead of being the result of mental effort, it was the result of the emanation of his spiritual quality while he was in that exalted state known as the spiritual. In his withdrawal from personal considerations he had found that side of his being which, as Emerson says, “lies open to all the attributes of God.” In the reception of this influx of divine Consciousness, he had become through his passivity the channel through which the God in him might act upon those to whom his unselfish interest was attached.

Yet it does not always follow that healing is the result of such treatment any more than through the use of mental

power. The cause of failure, however, does not lie with the *principle* of healing, but rather with the healer or patient, or both, in their nonconformity to the conditions necessary for demonstration. This is, of course, ignorance of what the conditions are. Just as heat is required in the making of bread, or as light is necessary to the growth of vegetation, so a point of affinity is required, between the one who gives and the one who receives, that will permit the connecting waves of vibration to transmit the message, power, feeling, quality—what you will.

This point of contact, or affinity, may be on either or all the planes of being, *viz.*, the magnetic, temperamental, sympathetic, mental, or spiritual. Perhaps the most common of these causes for lack of connection is found on the personal plane—in the anxieties, moods, prejudices, mental or physical intensity, on the part of one or both participants in the effort to establish health.

The highest attenuation of any power is that which is least tangible to the senses; hence, the highest healing potency must be that which is above the personal and on the spiritual plane. This is a realm in the being of man that is impervious to all inharmony in whatever form, which in itself is the supreme calm of the Spirit, and which indeed corresponds to what the scientist, in his mathematical analysis of the solar systems and their movements, calls the "center of gravity." "It matters not how great may be the number of massive orbs threading their countless interlacing, curved paths in space," says a recent scientific writer, "there yet must be in every cosmic system one single point immovable." So in the system of *man* there is that which is absolute in its perfection, unmoved forever amid the swirling, restless currents that sweep through mind and body. To become conscious of this Center is to find the harmony which is health. He who can introduce to a patient this pool of Bethesda, whether by audible teaching or silent treatment, is the transmitter of the highest attenuation of the Power that heals.

INVENTION OF THE PSYCHOSCOPE.

BY FENIMORE C. MORNAM.

In a new invention, not yet made public, Prof. Blankard has proved scientifically that "thoughts are things"—spiritual things; that a human being is a real, organized spirit-essence that can be felt—that can be seen by some eyes as easily as a rainbow can be seen by all eyes. The professor claims that with his invention, which he calls the psychoscope, he can see the moving presence of thought-waves, which flow and vibrate in one's inner sea of life.

It may be that he has an invention that will make spiritual thought-waves visible as the spectroscope makes color-waves visible; yet it is possible that Professor Blankard is a thought-reader or soul-reader, and uses his invention for its scientific effect in impressing materialistic minds. However, thought-waves are undoubtedly real, like ocean-waves or light-waves. We have inventions for ascertaining the nature of light-waves and invisible sound-waves, and it is not surprising to hear of this contrivance for exploring one's inner world of being. We may yet be able to see a 'scope of the life that is moving in another's mind, as we now hear his voice in the telephone, or as we may receive wireless telegraphic messages from him. We ordinarily read a person's thought-waves but vaguely, unless we are in close sympathy with him: then we often catch his thoughts and feelings, spiritually, before he gives utterance to them physically.

There are life-waves ever vibrating from human beings through ether, or spirit. We feel the spiritual "presence" or influence of some persons more than of others. Some have stronger characters and stronger magnetic life-waves than others. With the psychoscope, it is said, not only the present

color-waves or temperament of a person, but past temperamental moods also, may be observed. The professor has stated that he can trace the past life of a person—the inner changes of life from infancy to old age. He finds that a soul in old age returns to its early life, not only in memory, as is often noted, but in its actual early selfhood, and lives over again the individual's sentiments, thoughts, and manners, as well as his memory-life; yet these are all lived under a new aspect. A person in manhood often lives in memory of his childhood, but he does not then *relive* his childhood: he simply sees memory-pictures from childhood's distance.

A soul in going to sleep goes back into its childhood dream-life and sends out vibrations from that inner spirit-land that may be recorded by the psychoscope. With an attachment which the professor calls the psychometer he records the time and spiritual space traveled by a soul in going back into deepest sleep regions. He can also tell the time and inner regions traveled by one in developing from infancy to adulthood. The professor finds that a soul in going back to sleep first passes through the near past of the manhood life and finally reaches the distant past of childhood; that a soul falling away in sickness first rambles back through the recent years of life, then farther back into the early youth, then on into the childish being, which is near to death's mood: the end of life that was also the beginning. Thus in one's highest wide-awake being he is farthest from death's low, childish mood. In all forms of dying, as in other deep soul regressions, one sinks back into his primitive beginnings either slowly or rapidly.

In drowning, freezing, or burning to death the soul goes down through a region of strugglings in the higher consciousness until it finally sinks into a subconscious, childish state, and then below into death. These changing states and moods may be observed by the psychoscope and brought to knowledge. One speaks colloquially of himself as being "worried,"

"tickled," "scared," or "bored" to death, and such experiences do actually tend to drive a soul down toward dissolution. One may be bored down into a sort of antagonized hypnosis. All deep suffering drives one down toward a deathly mood. When the suffering is relieved the soul, after a child-like, idiotic pause, begins to rise again to normal heights. When one is awakening from a death-like faint he first awakes into the same child-like state; then later into his high, wide-awake state. A person in a deep faint or state of intoxication sinks out of his bodily consciousness; hence, such states are mostly painless, like etherized or hypnotized states. If a person could be kept fully asleep during a painful operation he would not be conscious of bodily pains.

The psychoscope shows that in all these low states the soul goes out of the body into the spiritual, disembodied state of being. It is not improbable that this invention can trace one throughout his inner stream of developed life.

There are men that can, with spiritual eyes, follow one's inner life and read the records of the past. There are also men that can psychologize a person and send him into his past life, there to be controlled by his past ideas suggested into renewed activity. It seems that Professor Blankard can also somniloquize certain persons when they are in natural sleep; such persons can then express ideas from their past, dormant selves as readily as they ordinarily do out of their wide-awake selves. When such individuals are somniloquized into deepest sleep they talk out their childhood lives in the original manner, as in "second childhood." When one awakens from this state he remembers his experience as a dream, or not at all.

The professor may have invented a way to prove physically what we have all seen with our mind's eyes. We have seen souls lapse into their lower past being through age, sleep, and other normal ways, and also through abnormal means, such as intoxication. We have seen persons go into a saloon

as dignified men and come out as boyish barbarians; and, lapsing later into a deep stupefaction, they became childish, simple beings bereft of their senses. A man going down in intoxication passes through his turbulent ancestral nature, but on "sobering up" out of his inebriated state he passes back through the boyish, barbarian-like nature, though without the ancestral turbulence. Having returned to his manhood, if he is determined to keep the lower life from drawing him downward, the man may remain a man during the balance of his days; but if he yields and lapses into his less civilized selves, he may become permanently a childish being. Professor Blankard's invention may prove of service to certain men by showing them their selves as others see them.

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M. FLOURNOY, Professor of Sciences in the University of Geneva, Switzerland, has published a book containing an account of the apparent reincarnation of a woman of thirty upon whom he has made observations. When in a somnambule condition she describes three previous existences—on the planet Mars, in India, and in France during the days of Marie Antoinette. In telling of Mars, she speaks in a strange language using clearly articulated words corresponding to definite ideas. She writes peculiar characters which do not vary. In speaking of her India life she uses Sanskrit and Arabic perfectly, though she has never in this life studied either. The truth of what she related in those languages Professor Flournoy verified by means of rare old historical manuscripts accessible only to students of history. When the woman recovers consciousness she remembers nothing of what she has been saying in somnambulism.—*Occult Truths*.

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THE taxation of ground values is a principle that will not be allowed to die until it is carried into effect. It is a principle that is becoming universally established, because it has been acknowledged to be both just and sound.—*Lord Rosebery*.

THE WAY TO FREEDOM.

BY NANNIE S. BOND.

In the above title I refer to freedom to express or manifest the higher Self. I do not mean the freedom of the lower self, which is veriest bondage unless the lower self has seen the glory of the higher and has merged itself into it. To free one's self is to free one's will—to release it from its tenacious hold of that which pertains to the lower or personal self, and so to relate it to the soul that the will consciously coöperates with the highest. We are all slaves in a greater or less degree to this lower self; we cannot soar, and we cannot dwell in our own native atmosphere because of the fears, the prejudices, the activities of this personal self. There are not, strictly speaking, two or more selves; but it appears so because, in consciousness, we can live at any height or depth where we project our thought. We can center our thought on the body; we can pamper the personal self with egotistic vain imaginings, or we can live in the spirit—with God; but it is the one self under all.

It is evident to most persons that the animal propensities are to be dominated; no one argues in favor of anger, hatred, revenge, greed, etc.—survivals from the animal; but it requires a certain degree of progress to discern clearly the chains by which the personal self binds us. These chains are habits forged by thought—and thought must loose them.

The way to freedom is a straight and narrow way; it begins for each person with the present moment, and involves the overcoming of all obstacles, even the smallest. Wherever one is weak, wherever one is out of harmony—that is the place to begin. The present ideal must be made actual before a higher is even glimpsed. But let each one live his own

ideal—his own, however low, is better for him than the highest ideal of the holiest. For even Jesus can be made a hindrance to the soul, when his life-history is interpreted as an example to be followed literally. He came to free us from all *imitation*; he came to set man free to live his *own* life from within. "I go to prove *my* soul," not another's. Has my soul evolved to that point where the transient ceases to attract; or is it still held by lower fetters? "I go to prove my soul."

The new name that God has written upon each soul must by that soul be made legible and distinct on this external plane. It is not to be erased or blurred; it is its own name; it is the tie that binds it to God, and by living which it gains freedom.

Freedom comes by realization of Truth. Realization is a state of consciousness; it is consciousness in its highest reaches. But we need to recognize the relation that the will holds to realization; for ascent in consciousness seems to run parallel with, or to be one with, the evolution of the will. Knowledge, or vision of spiritual realities, is equivalent to realization only when vision and will are coactive. The will must keep pace with the vision, otherwise there is no freedom. The man that knows but cannot will is as far from freedom as the man that wills without knowledge. The latter is the self-willed man; he is bound hand and foot; his will is active only toward self: the will is not evolved to that larger altruistic life where it is active toward others. But the strong, self-willed man is often nearer freedom than the so-called good but weak-willed man; for, to the latter, ideals remain only as beautiful pictures in the mind: they are not *lived*, and so become, as the psychologists tell us, a deteriorating force in character.

We are told by some that to help one's self by will-power is to make one's condition worse by a reactionary process sure to set in. When persons speak thus disparagingly of the will they seek to sever what has been indissolubly joined in the

nature of things. They refer, of course, to the personal will, which has not yet come into accord with the divine Will; but their words are harmful—they cause needless confusion in the mind. The more of God the more will. To tell a man not to use his will is equivalent to telling him to seek annihilation. Without will there would be no individual, no organism. Will is God. Will brings all things into manifestation. Will inheres in Being and makes possible the manifestation of Love, Wisdom, Justice, and all other aspects of Deity.

Many beautiful lives fail to reach the heights they might gain because of this bugbear of the will. It is one and the same will on whatever plane put forth, or however exerted. Is not the animal will simply the spiritual will in embryo? Is not the will that opposes law the same will that works in coöperation with law? God is in every soul, pushing it on to *will* just as it is pushing the little seed out of the ground. Will is to the developing man what growth is to the seed.

One may believe that God is Love; he may long to externalize all his loftiest ideals; his heart may be breaking over his failure—and yet the will may play him false. He may not be able to hold it to its task; he may not be able to raise his consciousness above the plane indicated by the words: "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." And he cannot go higher in consciousness until the will is awakened—free, vigorous, active, responsive to thought. If the will is then strong, when the vision comes the man responds; the change is instantaneous, as with Paul: his will was strong in persecution of good and equally so when the higher light came. But to the impulsive, weak-willed Peter there was many a slip before the will was steadfast. The full vision tarries if the will is not active to express it. Sitting still in passive receptivity will never bring one to the full stature of the perfect man.

As the will gains momentum, man becomes individualized and *conscious* growth begins; he knows himself one with

Will, and his will a part of the great, central, loving Will of the Universe—every slightest effort upheld by this central Force. This is freedom at all times and under all conditions. Until this plane is reached our ideals float before us with no tangible setting by the will. Here lie the greater impetus and power given to resolution; on this plane to resolve is to do; the will is not weakened by doubt; it knows itself strong because backed by the whole power of the universe; it knows itself free and becomes a coöperative force with God.

It is will that says "Peace; be still!" to tumultuous and riotous emotions; that banishes negative thoughts and fosters positive ones; that enables one to be quiet under provocation, to have habitual self-possession, to find one's own center. It is will that keeps the mind steady; for the mind is the battleground. Here is where we must establish peace; here the soul must prove itself victorious. Physical conditions, circumstances, environment—these are effects; these take care of themselves if the mind is attuned to the higher harmonies.

Outward signs disclose the inward state. Emerson says: "When a man lives with God his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn." The tone of the voice is a true index to the state of the soul. Every word, act, condition, environment points to the state of harmony or inharmony in the soul. It is idle for one to claim that he has realization of Truth unless he lives the life. Realization is the Christ-life. This is freedom, and we reach it by living our ideals. The obstacles we meet are beneficent forces to rouse the dormant will and to bring it to that point of resistance where it throws off the burdens under which the soul has lain helpless. That which strengthens the will in one direction strengthens it in all. While asceticism is not to be commended, the application of the principle to daily living strengthens the moral fiber; to do or not to do certain things, trifling in themselves, tones up the will.

We can often trace in an individual the upward movement of the will. He comes into a knowledge of will on the higher

plane by using it on the lower plane; but he must work out the problem for himself. He may be told that the assertion of will on the personal plane brings disaster, sooner or later; but it is of no avail: he must learn his own lesson—he must learn by experience the true exercise of will.

Without will the character falls apart, as it were; it has no center around which to revolve; its thoughts fly hither and thither; its desires are variable, and its purposes changing. Many persons of weak will pass for saints because they have not sufficient force to do wrong—they are in a helpful environment and float with it. Energy must come to the front; “energy” does not mean noise or bustle or confusion, but quiet, concentrated force directed by will, so that the waste of energy shown in trouble of all kinds is made available for good.

Pain, sorrow, and adversity are not evils if they arouse the will to banish them; they are evils to the individual only so long as he submits to them. Yet even to the man dominated and crushed by them they are not evils; for sooner or later the God-power in the will is bound to push itself through every obstacle and stand untrammelled and unlimited. But when pain, sorrow, and other trials arise in the path of the man that is free—the man in whom vision and will are one—he confronts them with a steadiness and a confidence that subdue them and compel them to yield up their strength; so that it becomes a conquering force in the man instead of an opposing force without. No longer a weakling, he faces life with the courage born of knowledge; he willingly reaps that which he has sown and thanks God for the unerring action of beneficent law. It may crush him for a time, but he knows that within the apparent failure lies hidden a glorious and eternal victory. He can say: “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;” for he knows that every experience has its lesson. He learns that emotions are not to be eliminated—they are material by which the soul can prove itself; he discovers that by establishing the positive emotions of love, joy, and hope he displaces the negative ones of hatred, gloom,

and despair; he learns that he can accelerate the evolution of the will by wise use of affirmation. When he asserts, "I am," or "I will," he recognizes *himself* as that unlimited Self which is one with God to will all good. The quality of will depends upon individual consciousness: the higher the reach in consciousness the higher the quality of will exerted. It is self-evident that without will "realization" is impossible.

Thus it is plain that one of the great barriers to freedom is inability to will. We need so to cultivate will that it will be in perfect accord with the higher impulses of the soul. Will not only brings into manifestation our spiritual visions, but prepares the conditions by which it is possible for these higher insights to take possession of the soul. Professor William James writes: "The strong-willed man is the man who hears the still, small voice unflinchingly." Is not this equivalent to saying that the man whose will is strong in action is the man that can listen most intently to the inner voice? Here is where will most needs to assert itself. We must not neglect to invite the heavenly vision. We must open our soul Godward, so that we may hear God's voice in the silence and may be able to distinguish it from the voice of personal sense. We must seek to open the soul to such an influx of spiritual power that it shall illumine the will, making it sensitive and responsive to the slightest motion of the higher ethereal waves. So shall the soul dwell in a large place, unfettered and free; for this brings us in consciousness to the "still place" where all struggle and conflict cease; where love, joy, and peace are supreme emotions; where we enter into that Presence in which is "fulness of joy,"—the joy to which Jesus referred when he said: "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." For joy is the key-note of freedom. We are joyous and free, not because we have overcome all things as yet, but because we have discovered within ourselves the power to overcome all. Fear and strain and worry have no place in our consciousness; we are like a child at home in its Father's house.

MATRIMONY AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

I. WHAT IS MARRIAGE?

BY JAMES GARRARD STEVENSON.

This age is asking this question with greater earnestness and emphasis, perhaps, than ever before. The question is of deep and far-reaching import, for it goes to the very heart of the problem of life itself. It is the institution around which all other institutions have been built. It came before all others, and it will doubtless remain when all the rest have gone. Church and State have simply given it their sanction, for in the presence of this primeval instinct they are but passive instruments. It owes not its sanctity to them, but to Life itself.

To know what marriage is, therefore, it is first necessary to know what it is not. It is not, as we have seen, the dictum of the law nor of the Church that constitutes the marriage decree: much less is it the decree of convention, of custom, of convenience, or of society—however prominent a part these may assume in the matter. Back of all these external things—back in the heart of life itself—lies the real marriage. All life is dual in experience. Beginning with the atom and ascending through every form of life to man, there are two opposite tendencies—one active, the other passive; one positive, the other negative; one male, the other female. The play and interplay, the action and reaction, of these two poles of life extend throughout Nature and make up the sum of life's activities.

In the simplest forms of life, as the atom, this simple action of the attractive and repulsive principles—the polarity of

life—is readily apprehended. In all mineral, vegetable, and animal life, science recognizes the mysterious fact of sex; but it has not been generally known that this law of action and reaction (polarity) extends into the world of thought and ideas and rules there, maintaining a perfect balance throughout the whole realm of man's activity. "Every substance," says Emerson, "is negatively electric to that which stands above it in the chemical tables and positively to that which stands below it. Water dissolves wood and iron and salt; air dissolves water; electric fire dissolves air: but the intellect dissolves fire, gravity, law, method, and the subtlest unnamed relations of Nature in its resistless menstruum."

We see *sex* everywhere in Nature; but, until its mystery has been fathomed, we are unable to say what *marriage* is. Sex is the rallying point of the senses, of the personality, of all the forces of egotism; and until we transcend this plane of thought we cannot know what marriage really is. It is only when we rise in thought from the personal to the impersonal that we can know the limits of personality; hence the transitory nature of sex. The sweet delirium that the senses create for us makes us long to hold forever the dream of personal felicity, of a place in another's heart—a private joy that seems good enough for eternity; but from these private dreams we awake to vaster aims: to universal views that reveal to us the true nature of the soul.

The universe represents the evolution of love. From the dawn of creation, love ascends by degrees through every form of life, expanding in ever-widening circles to include more and more of life within its embrace. Who shall say how much or how little is expressed in the attraction of one atom for another; in one flower for another; in one animal for another? In man we may trace the growth of this supreme sentiment from love of self to love for another self; from this to the love of children—yet other selves; from love of family to love of tribe; from love of tribe to love of country; from

love of country to love of humanity; from love of humanity to love of all living things.

Thus does love expand from the personal to the universal. From the personal we climb to the impersonal. Thus the Soul realizes itself. Thus it absorbs all things into itself—sex, mind, personality. Thus the two poles—positive and negative, man and woman, subject and object—become one: infinite and absolute Love.

“The Universe is the bride of the Soul,” says Emerson; and the union of these two in one constitute the true marriage of which all other unions were but the preparation and prophecy.

The Soul seeks itself under all the myriad forms of life, passing from one to another, identifying itself with each in turn throughout the whole cycle of experience, until it has realized its own omnipresent Self in all and through all. The young man seeks his ideal in the maiden and unites himself to her. It is his own ideal that he seeks in the form of another. It is always the Soul that he worships in the one he takes to his heart. From this, when it fails—as it must—to satisfy the mighty Soul within him, he arises to a vaster, purer love, which includes all things in its embrace. He awakes to find his ideal, his perfect Self, dwelling in all beings—an omnipresent Love, the Reality toward which all his dreams had pointed as shadows toward the sun.

The mother with her child is but the invitation into that larger love which includes all children, all men, and all things in its wide sweep. As the child with its doll foreshadows the human mother, so the woman with her child foreshadows the Divine Mother.

Love in all its myriad forms is but the type, the symbol, the prophecy of the perfect Love that knows neither sex, person, nor limitation. Thus the marriage repeated throughout Nature is the symbol and prophecy of the Reality which is the union of mind and soul—the union of Man with God.

II. SOME PITFALLS OF WEDDED LIFE.

BY M. HANSON BEST.

It is the mind feminine, with its complexity of emotional phenomena, that has evolved that time-honored and ever-living problem—marriage. If woman had the simplicity of the sterner sex in dealing with difficulties, she need never have known any perplexity in that relation. Man, from the primal savage to the latest product of civilization, has but this end in view as regards woman—to possess, to enjoy. With the cycle of the ages, that simple creed has changed only in extent. To-day he desires possession and enjoyment, not alone of his ideal physical woman, as did his savage ancestors, but of his ideal also along the lines of mental and spiritual capabilities—according to his own plane of thought.

Coupled with this simplicity of creed, he has that other happy faculty which is so essential to masculine complacency—the habit of regarding the various phases of life, marriage as well as all others, as incidents, and therefore, in a measure, temporal, evanescent. Were a man to consider the vicissitudes of his earthly career as final, or eternal, he would be sadly handicapped for the battle he must wage. No matter how bitter a defeat he may experience, no matter how dreary a heart-ache he may suffer, the problems of existence and the element of wage-earning insistently demand that he must be up and doing, with no time for lamentations or melancholy brooding. Thus the education of his environment tends to a subordination of the emotional faculties and develops the qualities of reason and will.

Unfortunately, with woman there is this difference: when she enters the matrimonial relation, in the majority of cases she has bound herself to the trade of household duties. There is a tread-mill monotony to this particular class of workmanship. Its principles are easily mastered, and when the hands have

once been trained the greater part of the labor is mechanical. Many are the steps to be taken from housetop to cellar, it is true; but the mind tends superficially to these duties, and is constantly busying itself in a subconscious thinking of its own. While a man has a thousand and one pleasant distractions that divert him from that fatal habit of too much thinking, a woman during the busiest of her working hours is alone, and consequently may concentrate every fiber of that undercurrent of thought on whatever misery she chooses—from her lame back, that has bent too busily to her labors, to her bruised heart, that was crushed under a careless masculine criticism.

It is not surprising, then, that woman has at last, despite her reputed lack of logic, awakened to the idea that she is much abused, practically enslaved, and generally unhappy. Since marriage is the condition held out to her from babyhood as the one chief end of her existence; since she walks a willing captive into that relationship; since the majority of her years are spent in that phase of her life, and consequently the majority of her tribulations come to her after marriage, naturally she assumes that all is incidental to matrimony. As a result, she harasses her mind with many vagaries for the solution of her quandary, giving free rein to her fancy—from “free love” to polygamy *via* the divorce court—only to find no satisfying answer to her questions.

It is the pen feminine that is most generally pointed to dissertations on marriage; and, having nothing better to offer, it usually sets forth celibacy as the only cure.

It should be a matter of congratulation that this is an era of New Thought—a time when one may dare to throw off the shackles of tradition and habit and emerge into a freedom hitherto unknown. Woman, who for so long has beaten against her gilded cage, may now soar untrammelled into the blue vault of heaven itself—since heaven is now defined as whatever joy we choose to create within ourselves.

She has, nevertheless, no need to throw down the dustpan and the dishcloth in puerile rebellion; nor need she contemplate the banishment of that necessary adjunct to matrimony—a husband. There are more roads than one to Mecca. She who so eagerly has clutched at floating straws, to save herself from the black waters of despair, may give her allegiance and discipleship to this modern godsend—the New Thought. It is not necessary that she decry all her bygone traditions at once. She need not leave the church and creed that have given her spiritual support in former times of trouble; she need not join the ranks of Christian Science nor become an adept in Oriental occultism, if she have a healthy horror of becoming “unconventional,” or what her neighbors might term a “crank.” There is still salvation for her.

Having the power to think, and the indisputable liberty of personal thought thereby insured, woman has but to reconstruct her mental habits. First of all, it might be wise for womankind to tear down that idol especially dear to the heart feminine—the love of self-sacrifice. A curious phase of the weaker sex is its facility for utilizing valuable material in the creation of a mighty Juggernaut to grind her sensibilities into atoms. It would be expedient also to cultivate a habit of viewing things temporal *as* temporal. If, for instance, under the glamour of love and youth, a man really vows impossibilities, how much wiser were it for a woman to smile in happy joy that she had inspired such thoughts, even though transient, than to mourn when time proved the unlikelihood of their fulfilment!

Men are not such arrant deceivers as the world would have a woman believe. They are madly sincere at the time—but time passes, and “all is vanity.” It ought not to startle a woman to be told that she must not be too rigid in her interpretation of that solemn adjuration, “to love, honor, and obey, until death do us part.” She stands at the altar and pledges herself, not to the actual but to the ideal husband. No power

on earth can reveal the actual man to her until the experience of living under his roof has opened her eyes. If, as often happens, the actual man be not worthy of that vow, nothing can compel a woman to lower the standard of her ideal. She may give him faithful service, she may shield him with wifely loyalty, and, being true to herself, be necessarily true to him; but she need not persuade herself that it is necessary to "cast her pearls before swine." She would wrong the purity of her womanhood so to waste the finer qualities of her soul. It should be a comfort to her to know she possesses those qualities, though she may not be privileged for the time to use them. This thought would save many a shipwreck on the matrimonial sea.

There are three avenues to a woman's unhappiness in the married state: (1) the apportionment of income; (2) the relaxations that man arrogates to himself in the way of what are termed "bad habits;" and (3) that gnat-like torment—individual masculine disposition. These three stumbling-blocks, singly or in any of their combinations, have marred millions of homes and broken myriads of hearts. But the time has come when there is disseminating a new doctrine—that of joy and happiness, not in some far-off future of eternity, but here on earth; and the hope is gradually gaining ground that this new philosophy is free to "whomsoever will."

Woman is already giving ear to the fact that she need not be ill if she will only learn to control her thoughts—that she need not be "aged" nor "wrinkled" if she will banish corroding emotions. If she will extend the application of these principles a little farther, she may also be able to down the ghost of marital infelicity. Specifically, she should be frank with herself and acknowledge how much she is willing to pay for the privilege of a sheltering home and the positive protection and social security that marriage offers to womankind. It would be well if her meditations clustered more around these advantages than about the bondage and monotony that more

often occupy the foreground of the marriage question. She should likewise define clearly to herself the extent of her toleration, and, having drawn those boundary-lines, abide thereby in a silent dignity that scorns petty complainings.

As to the matter of income, justice would demand that husband and wife share equally, and usually they do—in the main items of food and shelter, fuel and furniture, clothing and general household expenditures. It is generally spending-money that a man forgets to give his wife, and many women have not yet learned to husband their resources in such a way that this penny-poverty might be avoided. So many household articles are superfluous, so much in a woman's apparel is mere gew-gaw and caprice, and so often money is spent needlessly, that it makes the financial problem of marriage hydra-headed and open to much debate.

As to "bad habits," deplorable as they are, it is folly for a woman to take on herself all the shame that her husband ought to feel for his derelictions, or all the dishonor that he may incur in the way of extravagance and non-payment of obligations both financial and social.

And for the last element of infelicity, the stinging gnat of a man's unpleasant disposition, whether it exhibit itself in selfishness, in fretfulness, or in surliness, there is still left the strong citadel of her new discipleship, in which she is *captain of her soul*, and therefore immune from petty annoyances.

The world has too long been burdened with woman's tears and tales of woe. Often she is unhappy because she chooses to be unhappy. She persists in mourning, all the best days of her life, over some youthful affair of the heart; or she becomes disillusioned, or restless. She refuses or neglects to seize opportunities for mental culture and advancement in knowledge, and becomes self-absorbed and morbid.

She need not fear that in training her emotional faculties to more simple action, and in defending herself from former harassments, she will become too selfish. There is a vast

difference between selfishness and self-respect. The latter, while it does not allow others to injure its possessor, does not, like selfishness, injure others in the pursuit of its own aggrandizement.



III. FELICITY OF THE TRULY MATED.

BY MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.

Home, like heaven, is primarily a condition. Two persons of opposite sex may live together under the same roof for years, and yet never really be at home with each other; while, in the case of another pair, the whole round earth seems home and a sweeter place because, though divided by a hemisphere, heart beats responsive to heart.

The question of discordant homes is one of the most serious that society is facing—so serious that divorce courts seem to show that the temple of marriage totters before it. Yet, according to evolutionary law, it is working itself out to a higher conclusion. The time is coming when the getting and making and keeping of friends and friendship shall be esteemed one of the finest of the fine arts; and the getting, making, and keeping of love between lovers shall be something finer still. Love, on the highest plane, embraces all values below itself, elevating and making noble use of them. True love between mates includes all things that make life sweet and wholesome. It is physical attraction, intellectual affinity, comradeship, friendship, and something that is more than all these combined. Marriage, with the first and last of these qualities missing, might be defined as “friendship profanely familiar;” and marriage with only the first existing is a crime that shall be nameless here.

Tolstoi, in “The Kreutzer Sonata,” makes the husband say that he never realized that his wife was his sister woman until he had killed her and was looking upon her face, muti-

lated by his hand in jealous rage. A sweetheart, or a wife, should never be less than a sister. A lover, or a husband, should never be less than a brother. The *grande passion* should embrace the virtues of every other. As the brotherhood of man to woman and the sisterhood of woman to man become more clearly understood, more fully recognized, the character of all relations between man and woman will change; marriage will become what our ideals declare it should be, and divorce courts will have less to do—not because divorce is evil, but because marriage is excellent.

New Thought mothers can do much to hasten this good day. Men have been defrauded in that side of their education which taught them to look upon all women as sisters and all motherhood as sacred. Mothers have taught them to have regard for their own mothers and sisters, but not for *all* mothers and *all* sisters. Little daughters at a mother's knee have learned, line upon line and precept upon precept, that—as essential to the making of a happy home—they must keep their minds and bodies pure. Little sons at a mother's knee have not been taught this. When mothers teach their sons: "All women are your sisters," the war of the sexes will cease. And, in the peace that shall follow, men and women will begin to understand and to realize in harmonious unions the divine love of the truly mated.

For the present time—before the dawn of that blessed peace, and when one cannot glance over a newspaper or listen to any passing talk without hearing the groans of the wounded and the dying in this pitiless war—if there were ever a question which the adult of the New Thought should carry into the Silence, again and again until he is sure the right answer has come, it is the question of marriage.

Wisdom in mating means harmonious homes. It means also that little children will not come into the world with aching hearts, distempered minds, and decrepit bodies reflecting the discordant thought that created them.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH.

PROBABLY in no other age and in no other country has there been so determined a rush for material wealth as exists in our own land at the present time. Get riches, no matter how; sacrifice friends, health, and honor; surrender everything that is purest and best in human existence—only accumulate the almighty dollar! Such is the dominant impulse of modern life. People seem to have gone mad—to have become blind to every consideration other than the acquiring of wealth. The Church seldom raises its voice in reproof, and in many cases is even ready to receive ill-gotten gains. In fact, it has caught the animating spirit of this commercial age, and is dead to its highest prerogatives. It is Christian only in name: otherwise it would point out the true way of life in no uncertain words. The Christ idea is, first seek the kingdom of God, and Jesus placed that obligation above all others; for those who obey this injunction store for themselves riches that are available in this world as well as in the world to come.

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SOCIETY TO BLAME.—While the tragedy of men selling their souls for gold goes on, society looks on with smiling approval and flatters itself that it is passing through one of the greatest and grandest stages of civilization the world has ever known. Millions of our fellow-creatures dying of starvation in India, and thousands of people in our own land with more wealth than they or their families could legitimately use if they lived to be as old as Methusaleh—and yet we talk of the earth and the fulness thereof being the Lord's! This might have been true in Biblical times, but modern society will have none of it. Our noble Chris-

tian philanthropists who give millions from their tainted hoards to endow universities and libraries, whereby they may perpetuate their names, have donated but little of their wealth to feed their starving brothers. The social order that has the millionaire at one end and the tramp at the other must be radically rotten at its base. The one extreme begets the other. While human law may foster such conditions, there is a law of God that none may ignore without having meted out to them the full measure of their own professions. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Nations as well as men reap in tears the seed they have sown in selfishness and greed. The law is eternal and unchanging.

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RESPONSIBILITY OF MENTAL SCIENTISTS.—It is a peculiarity of human nature that people claiming the highest illumination—a spiritual vision that discerns the realities of the unseen life and the transitory nature of the material world—should nevertheless lose sight of the substance of the very principles they proclaim and chase the shadow. The recently developed system of giving mental treatment for business success or worldly gain in no way accords with the true growth of the life of man. We grant that material destitution should not be the lot of any one; but poverty is best overcome by treatment that goes to the heart of things—developing a man's soul, mind, and body, bringing out his latent force, and enabling him to cope with the problems of life as he finds them. Any treatment failing to do this is superficial in the extreme, and can bring no real or lasting gain.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GREED.—In Du Maurier's novel, "*Trilby*," it is asserted that, after *Svengali* had passed away, *Trilby* became hypnotized by gazing at his photograph. Men are being hypnotized every day by allowing their minds to become centered on the amassing of wealth for its own sake, so that a dollar has the same psychical effect on them that *Svengali's*

photograph had on *Trilby*. Viewed thus from a psychological standpoint, this phenomenon becomes interesting and suggestive; but it has an aspect in which pathos and tragedy so largely intermingle that its contemplation is saddening to any normal mind. The rush, the hurry, the anxiety—the strained mental as well as physical state—everywhere manifested show that our business men are losing all sense of the proportion of things. They are not the masters of their business nor of their accumulations, but are slaves to both. The thought uppermost in their minds in the early morning is their business, and it is their last thought before closing their eyes in sleep. Beautiful things in life are lost sight of, the mind becomes warped, and there is no enjoyment—no real social relations—because “business” is talked at the table and in the drawing-room. Conversation on any other subject would be voted a bore. “The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine,” and the day is coming when this mad rush for wealth will have its death-knell sounded; for, according to the law of life, wherever there is excess of action in any direction it must be followed by a corresponding reaction.

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THE COMING ORDER.—After the Mammon-worshippers have had their day, then will come in its fulness the worship of God. No single individual can serve both. The eye and the heart must be single—the mind absorbed in doing the Master’s will: in obeying the divine Law of Life that “whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.” We believe the night of materialism is drawing to a close, and that the dawn of the coming day will usher in a new order of things: when men will love the beautiful—that which uplifts, brightens, and glorifies the human mind; when honor, integrity, and unselfishness will replace the low cunning of greed. Then will come the worship of God in spirit and in truth—finding its most vital expression in loving service to man.

NEW THOUGHT REFLECTIONS.

The best way to demonstrate a fact to some people is to let it demonstrate itself.

"Truth is stranger than fiction" because it is deeper than fiction.

Do what you have to do with all your will, and you will be in some way blessed in all you will to do.

Our best thoughts are public property; the world has a claim on them by reason of the tie that binds all humanity.

A little time each day spent in true thought will help to keep you strong in mind and body and pure in heart.

When you have got hold of a truth, stand by it; live for it, and it will bless you even though the world despises you.

The greatest blessing a man can have is to know what a blessing is.

Our greatest foes might be our best friends if we were not foes to them.

One thing accomplished is of more value than a thousand but half accomplished.

The reason why some things are not practical to some people is because they are not practical themselves.

Evil is only that which seems to be; good is that which is.

BYRON LANGHAM.



SOME are asking, seriously, What is Jesus Christ to this world anyway? Was he a labor leader? Did he found a pure socialism? Did he deal with the here and now only? Would he own the Church if he were here to-day? Did he expound a theology? The various elements claiming the support of Jesus for the central position cannot be met with an absolute denial. But it is time for the Church faithfully and emphatically to assert the priority claim of Jesus's leadership in religion, which at once identifies him with a spiritual and eternal movement and with all the events and factors leading up to the consummation of this great movement.—*Rev. G. E. Cunningham.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from the way."

WHAT MARJORIE SAID.

Dear Marjorie sat in the clover so white,
Waiting for thoughts she ought to speak.

.

"I'm 'ginning, *now*, Mamma, to think of the Right;
I feel *ever* so good from my head to my feet.
That naughty old feeling's all going away,
And now I am sure in love I can play.
For, Mamma, out here with the bees and the birds,
The grass and the flowers and the sky and the trees,
My heart is just full of the loveliest words,
Like, 'I love you,' and 'Thank you,' and 'Yes, if you please.'
Now, Mamma, can't Robbie and Kitty and Lou
Come out in the garden, and play with me too?"

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

LIGHT.

On the twenty-eighth of May, this year of Nineteen Hundred, many thousand children eagerly watched for the eclipse of the sun. Several little friends of mine were standing on a veranda, that morning, with bits of smoked glass in their hands, and when the scurrying clouds would drift away, up would go the glasses, and bright eyes looked eagerly through at the sun.

"Oh, see!" cried Gladys; "it's beginning. There's a little round piece gone out of the edge of the sun."

"You mean," said ten-year-old Harry, with a learned air, "that the moon's beginning to get between the sun and us."

"The sun looks like a big biscuit that some one has taken a bite out of," remarked Dick.

"I dess de Man in de Moon bit it out," remarked tiny Paul.

There was a shout of laughter, and Paul was hugged, and patted on the head—all of which surprised him very much, for he didn't see any reason for the sudden outburst.

Pretty soon the moon hid nearly all the sun. It seemed like twilight. Baby Paul said: "*I don't want to det in bed. I jes dot up!*"

"You won't have to, darling," answered Gladys. "It's daylight. The moon's in the way—that's all. The sun is shining, just the same, right overhead."

Gladys was silent for a minute, and then said: "The next time trouble comes to me, Mother, I'll try to remember that God's Light is shining even if it doesn't seem to be for *me*. I know He can move away any grief of mine just as easily as He will move that moon from between us and the sun."

"Then," said Mother, smiling, "there's no need for grieving at all, when you know that God's Light is always shining for you. And you know, too, dear, that some of that Light is within yourself, and you can let it shine, if you will, throughout every particle of your body and brain. It is only when you let wrong thoughts get in the way of that Light within that trouble comes."

"Yes, dearest Mother," said Gladys.

F. P. P.

THE CAT-BIRD DID NOT SEE ALL.

The rain had fallen in bucketfuls, and, now that it had stopped, little yellow puddles were left shivering in the chilly wind. A bob-tailed cat-bird hopped about disconsolately, finding absolutely nothing to interest him until he happened to fly up to the window-ledge, and lighting there saw so cozy a picture that, for once in his life, he thought human beings were interesting bits of creation, and he was sorry that they were not wise enough to understand bird language; because, if they only did understand it, they would have given him a much-desired invitation to enter.

"Click, click," went the miniature tea things. "A bit of that cake would be very wholesome for me," said the bird to himself.

"Permit me to fill your cup," said Brown Eyes to Blue Eyes, balancing a tiny teapot, and not in the least noticing the bird at the window, who was thinking: "I wonder if they will throw the crumbs out of the window when they finish."

"I knew you were having a tea-party," said Mother, entering just then, "and I was going to give you this custard. But, look—a tiny mouse has nibbled all around it."

"I didn't eat the pie, Mother;" and Brown Eyes looked troubled.

"Certainly not, dear. A little mouse has been feasting."

"Yes, Mother; but truly I didn't eat it."

"I did not say you had eaten it, dear. Besides, my little daughter would not tell an untruth."

Mother left, and somehow things did not go so nicely. Brown Eyes lost her temper, and the cat-bird, being sufficiently wise to keep out of quarrels that did not concern him, flew away.

When bed-time came, Brown Eyes was in such a temper that Nurse called her "cross-patch." And that made matters worse.

The shadows lengthened. Blue Eyes slept soundly. Nurse had gone long ago.

First, a tiny bare foot appeared; then, a little white-robed figure almost fell out of bed, so great was her hurry. A run through the dark, a door pushed open, and Brown Eyes was in Mother's arms.

"Oh, Mother! I *did* eat the pie, an' a daughter of yours *can* tell what isn't true. An' I couldn't sleep—an'—" but the rest was sobs.

"There now, darling, tell me all about it."

"I ate the pie, an', an',"—sob—"when you came to give it"—sob—"to us, I was so 'shamed"—sob, sob—"an', an', I had a great lump inside of me"—sob—"an' I all choked up, an' "—sob—"I'm so, so sorry!"

"Ah! Mother's little girl has suffered. Lie still in Mother's arms, and let us think of beautiful dreams."

HARRIETTE E. WRIGHT.

I CAN AND I CAN'T.

There were two brothers, named *I Can* and *I Can't*, and they lived, oh, very long ago! They had such large families that I suppose that Fred and Jane and Nannie and every one of us are great-grandchildren of one or the other of these two brothers.

A long, long time ago the Indians in our country, who dwelt in tribes, wanted to distinguish themselves from one another. So, they began to tattoo themselves by staining their arms and faces with different colored paints that they extracted from vegetables and minerals. With these paints they made strange figures—blackbirds, white horses, and so on—to show what tribe they belonged to.

But there was never any need of looking for a painted design in the Can and Can't families; for one can see to which of the two families a person belongs just by his actions. The Can't people don't live in comfortable houses, and they don't wear comfortable clothes, and they don't eat good food, just because they don't like to work. The Can'ts are of no sort of use in the world, either to themselves or anybody else; for, instead of working, they say, "We can't—we just *can't*." And you know how much work has to be done to get one's clothes and food and shelter.

The Cans are the happiest people living. If the rain comes under the shingles of the roof, right away they say, "Well, this isn't so bad as it might be, for we can mend it." And so, what-

ever happens to them, they smile and say, "Oh, well, this isn't half so bad as it might be."

Out on my lawn were a good many ants, piling up sand-hills where I wanted grass to grow. So I smoothed out the heaps, and hoped the ants would go away. But this seemed to be the very place they liked best, and they ran and tugged and worked as hard as they could, and in a wee bit of a time these little ants had again built up their mound-houses. I know that *they* belong to the Can family. And so does the spider. One may sweep down his little web that catches the dust and looks so unsightly; but again he goes to work—and, lo! another silken web is soon swinging in the breeze. These little creatures show us that if they can do such wonderful work in so short a time by their steady toil, how many wonders *we* may accomplish if we only work willingly and have faith in our own powers.

I have read somewhere that an angel lives with each one of us, weaving laurels for our brow, and his name is *Toil*. The plants get their lovely crowns of flowers by toiling steadily in the dark earth.

Once there was a boy who had such a love for every beautiful thing that he longed to make a picture of some of the beauties about him. But he was so poor that he had no brushes to paint with. What do you suppose he did? Why, he made a brush of cat's hair. He worked very, very hard, and finally he became a famous painter.

There was another artist that made three hundred sketches of the same face—the beautiful face of King Hadrian's page—before he was satisfied with what he had done. Was ever patience like this?

So, you see, my dears, if we keep on trying, and if we always say "I *can*," we shall surely become great and good men and women.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.



MAKE up your mind just what you want to pass for, and *be* it.—*Abby Morton Diaz*.

A VIOLET'S THOUGHTS.

The April Wind was blowing softly over the cotton-fields and into the great forests. The tall trees swayed gently in the breeze, and the pine-needles constantly fluttered to the ground, where they rustled and creaked and shifted about, telling the news that they had heard in the tree-tops to the needles that lived on the ground. On the edge of the woods stood the young pines, like sentinels, who told the flowers that the Wind was on his way; and as he blew over them he carried on that sweetness and fragrance peculiar to them alone further and further into the woods, until he reached a little glade where, among the green mosses, lived a large family of violets. Two of the little ones were talking over something that had happened the day before to some of their cousins. The Wind, passing by just then, hid among the yellow jasmine vines that swung from bush to bush, and stopped to listen.

"Did you see those two children with baskets here yesterday?"

It was a worried little blue violet that poked her head cautiously out from the safe mossy hollow and spoke to her sister, whose dainty white face peeked out from a mass of green leaves.

"Yes; and did you see what one of them did to our dear cousin? He picked her off from her stem and pulled her to pieces, just as though he did not know that he was hurting her dreadfully. I heard her cry and cry; did you?"

"Yes, I did, and I saw what he did to her sister too; and she loved her sister just as much as I do you."

Here the Wind peeped around and saw the blue violet smile so tenderly at the little white face that he and the jasmines danced for joy at the sisters' love for each other.

"What did he do?" asked the scared white face, fairly cuddling up into its green leaves to keep safe.

"He pulled her away from her warm home, broke off her leaves, played with her a few moments, and then—threw her away. The jasmines told me this morning she was over there—across the brook—dying, and no one can help her now, poor thing!"

"Are all children as dreadful as that one, dear sister?"

"Oh, no! The other child was just as different as the warm

South Wind, who brings new life, is from the cold North Wind that takes it away."

At this the South Wind chuckled in his hiding-place, and blew a soft kiss of young pine fragrance to his little friends. They both felt it, and raising their dainty little heads out of the moss took a long breath.

"Such a dear South Wind as he is!" murmured the white violet.

"Well, the other child took out a basket and put it on the ground; then he put all of cousin Purple's family in it—all of them, without hurting a single leaf. And then he took some of the nicest moss and wrapped it all around them, keeping them moist and warm. And he stepped carefully over the brook, not hurting one of us, and went away. I wonder where he took them; I wish I could go and see."

"Perhaps he may come back, dear sister; but if you should go away with him I should want to go, too," said the white violet.

Then the Wind looked again and saw the two little faces close together, the blue and the white, smiling and nodding at each other; and as he came out from his hiding-place he patted them on the head, caressingly, and blew on through the wood. But for many a long day he remembered the talk between the violets and knew that kindness and love meant as much to them as to human beings.

EDITH C. EWING.

TWO LITTLE ESKIMOS.

Tiko and Komisko were twin brothers, six years old; they were born and lived on an island off the coast of Alaska. Living on the same island was an American who had been there many years in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, in charge of a small trading-post, supplying the wants of the natives with such articles as food and blankets, in exchange for their seal and other fur-bearing skins.

When Tiko and Komisko were little brown babies, their father and mother were drowned, while seal fishing, in an encounter with a wounded sea lion. Not long after this occurred, the care and charge of the two little Brownies came into the keeping of this American, who took them into his store—for store and home

were one—where they played at hide-and-seek among the barrels and boxes, and tumbled on the bales of fur. Each pictured label on bottle, box, or can was often viewed with wondering eyes. They learned from day to day—and thought it fun—to speak the labeled names in English. Beginning thus in play, they were led step by step to speak and use the English language.

Standing on the high bluff in front of the whitewashed log store—around which stand, regardless of odor, the huts, shacks, and teepees of the villagers—one can, on a clear day, see the snow-covered coast range, lying like a bank of summer clouds on the horizon against the blue sky of this northland. Yet Tiko and Komisko had never been on the mainland. This sea-washed speck of rock and earth was their known world.

Through the long arctic winter night they heard the ice grind on rock and reef, and in the long days of summer they played where the island was worn to a sharp sandy point, and disappeared beneath the running surf, as a burnished sword slips in its scabbard.

On a bright autumn day in the early '90s, a small coastwise steamer, on which I was a passenger, called at this island for the purpose of taking on board the two little twins, who were to be placed in the Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka. In making the landing where the island rose abruptly from the sea, and while the slow-moving engine held the bow of the vessel firm against this sheer wall of rock, the purser went on shore, soon returning with the two little Eskimos. The engine was reversed, and as the vessel backed away from the island, villagers, old and young, in their strange dress, stood silent and motionless in single file along the very edge of the high cliff, which was silhouetted against the sky. As the vessel turned, taking up her course, Tiko and Komisko were silent, too, as from the moving vessel they watched friends, islands, and all they had ever intimately known disappear.

The only animal they had ever seen was the native dog, half wolf. Whatever else of animal forms they knew had been gained through object-lessons while at play, where they had often seen the pictured label of a sleek, fat porker, on what was known to them as "bacon."

Landing at Sitka, we had to pass through the old Russian log fort and over a long pier. Tiko and Komisko were among the first to leave the vessel, skipping about, looking with wonderment into everything that was all so new and strange to them, when Komisko running to the end of the wharf spied two half-grown pigs. He began jumping up and down in a most excited manner, at the same time calling loudly, "Tiko! Tiko! Run here quick; here is two live bacons!"

W. H. LEWIS.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Once upon a time there lived a little brother and sister. Ned and Alice were the names their parents had given them; but the two were more generally known as Sunshine and Shadow. I will leave you to guess which one was Shadow and which was Sunshine.

Alice was certainly a dear little girl, and, as her mother said, "She does look just like an angel, with her clear blue eyes and golden curls." In fact, she not only looked like an angel, but she behaved like one.

Now, Ned was quite different. He disobeyed his parents, plagued his sister, and was so disagreeable that no one but Alice would play with him. When he threw her dolls on the floor, and made fun of them, Alice never scolded him, but she would pick up the poor dollies and tell them that "Neddie didn't mean to be bad."

So, very soon, Ned stopped trying to plague her, and it was not long before he had come to imitate her kind ways, and to be good, too. People soon ceased to speak of them as Sunshine and Shadow. It is true that one always remained Sunshine—can you guess, now, which one it was? But the other (who had plenty of friends now) was nicknamed "Brighty." I think the name was deserved, don't you?

Truly, a little girl may do a great deal of good in this big world, if she is kind and loving—and so may a little boy.

ETHEL MORTON.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

DUALITY OF VOICE. By Emil Sutro. 224 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York and London.

That there is such a study as vocal science, apart from the prescribed rules of singing and oratory, is not generally known. But here we have an "outline of original research" along lines of experiment and philosophy that have their foundation in the principles of the New Metaphysics. As an index to character the voice is preëminent, but its interpretation is difficult without knowledge of spiritual science; for, as Mr. Sutro clearly shows, vocal utterance is not a mere physically-vibrated air current. In the human race especially, it is a phenomenon of soul activity—an echo of thought—having its origin, not in the larynx, but in the psychic principle known to all students of the Science of Being. Speech is a faculty rather than a function; and its cultivation, as taught in this unique book, is more a matter of mental broadening than of vocal-cord training. For this recognition of the spiritual element in all true art and science, the author merits the commendation of the metaphysical world, and for furnishing teachers with the key to accurate instruction he is entitled to the gratitude of all schools of voice culture.

THE TWO PATHS. By Marie Watson, F.T.S. 195 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Alfred C. Clark, publisher, Chicago.

This sprightly story is theosophical in both tone and teaching; yet it is refreshingly free from the technical jargon that denudes of interest and value most of the writings of the Blavatsky school. It is a sincere attempt to make practical the truths of occultism—to point out some pitfalls in the way of the novice in mysticism and to present a few rules for individual guidance and development that are commended especially to the attention of young girls. Some of the sinister phases of hypnotism are portrayed in their true colors, many valuable deductions being made. The "trance" experience of the heroine, we have been informed, is an actual occurrence that tends to confirm the Eastern teaching of reincarnation. On the whole, the volume embodies at once

the interest of a charming novel and the fascination enjoyed by all students of psychic phenomena who conduct their researches in a receptive mood. As a member of the Theosophical Society, the author speaks authoritatively but not obtrusively of the doctrines of the cult she represents, and many of these are seen to be of practical utility in modern science and philosophy.

THE APISTOPHILON. By Frank D. Bullard, A.M., M.D. 109 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. R. R. Donnelly & Sons Company, publishers, Chicago.

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J. E. M.



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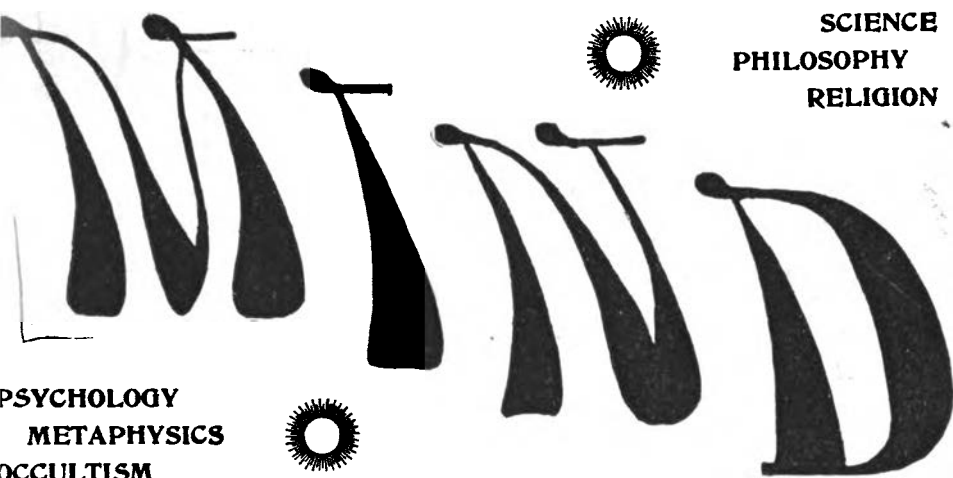
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No. 5.

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VOL. VI.

AUGUST, 1900.

No. 5.

THE NEW THOUGHT OF IMMORTALITY.

BY THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON.

"He hath brought life and immortality to light."—*II. Tim. ii., 10.*

These words do not mean, as our fathers interpreted them, that Jesus brought the fact of immortality to light—that he for the first time made it clear to men. Our later knowledge of ancient religions makes it indisputable that the fact of immortality was discerned, more or less clearly, ages before Jesus, among all peoples. It never has been brought more clearly into light than in ancient Egypt. What Jesus did was to bring the fact of immortality into a clearer light than that which Israel knew, in its later belief borrowed from Persia, or than that which Greece knew, in the theorizings of Plato, or than that which rose above most peoples, through his return from the spirit-sphere; to give the one historic attestation of life beyond the grave which has sufficed men for these centuries, as the foundation of their faith; and then to bring the nature of immortality into fuller light. He brought the fact of intercommunion between the seen and the unseen worlds out into a light such as had never risen upon this truth before.

From the time of Jesus to our own day, there has been little or no development in men's faith concerning immortality. The fact of immortality has not grown any more luminous, neither has its nature grown any more intelligible. It is a curious fact, this, that for wellnigh eighteen centuries there has been practically no development in the doctrine of

the hereafter. The fact is indisputable. Down to the beginning of our own century, men thought concerning immortality just as their fathers had thought, in each preceding century, up to the age of Jesus. You have but to analyze the hymns, the sermons, the theological and religious treatises of Christendom, in the first half of the nineteenth century, to find that they repeated the ideas that were current in every earlier age of Christianity. For nearly eighteen centuries there had been no progress whatever in the thought of immortality.

The first really new conception of the character of immortality given to the world for eighteen centuries came through the great savant and philosopher and theologian of Sweden—Emmanuel Swedenborg, who died in 1772. Whatever the nature of the sources of his thought, its character was revolutionary. He reconstructed the whole idea of the hereafter. For the first time in eighteen centuries—one might almost say for the first time in the history of humanity—it took on sane and sensible forms, and became rational and conceivable, natural and necessary.

Swedenborg's thought has been slowly leavening the great churches of Christianity in the Western world; and, under its influence, the traditional conception of immortality has been unconsciously changing. A veritable new growth is spreading before our eyes to-day—a growth entirely unparalleled in the history of Christianity.

This new thought of immortality has been fed by the remarkable movement of the latter part of our century known as Spiritualism. Whatever our judgment of the nature of the sources of the ideas that are current in Spiritualism, those ideas themselves are remarkable. There is a certain underlying unity among all spiritualistic communications concerning the hereafter. This general body of thought strangely parallels the thought of Swedenborg. Whether drawn unconsciously from him, or whether it be, as its followers believe,

the result of actual communications from the unseen world—the fact remains that the nature and character of the hereafter, as outlined through mediums, strangely confirm the visions of immortality that came through Swedenborg.

Under this double influence, the traditional conception of the hereafter is fading out of men's minds, and a new vision is rising upon their souls.

I.

Let us refresh our memory, for a moment, concerning the traditional conception of immortality. According to the traditional idea, death is really a sleep. The spirit passes into unconsciousness at the touch of death. It remains in slumber until the resurrection morning. On the resurrection day the soul, which has passed from the body at death and remained asleep, reënters the body and awakens to consciousness. Body and soul then, together, rise, and pass into the true life of the hereafter. The veritable body laid away in the grave rises from the grave, as the habitation of the soul in the hereafter. In the quaint old village of Easthampton, where I summer, the earliest pastor of the village lies buried at the eastern end of the old burying-ground, facing toward the east—that on the morning of the resurrection day, at the sound of the archangel's trumpet, he may be the first to rise from the grave and lead his flock in triumphant ascension to the skies. A touchingly pathetic illustration of the traditional belief! The Moors of Morocco have a grotesque form of this widespread belief. When their heads are shaved, one lock of hair is carefully left, in order that, on the resurrection morning, an angel may seize each man by this lock of hair and raise him from the grave.

Death fixes the doom of a man forever. As he dies, so will he live—saved or lost eternally. Life is a probation. Character does not change after death. The touch of death stereotypes character forever. The good pass directly to heaven; the bad pass directly to hell. The good never fall from

heaven—the bad never rise from hell. Fate is fixed irrevocably at the moment of death.

That fate, however, is not finally declared until the judgment day. On that great morning, before the great white throne, the books are open and the doom of destiny is read for each individual soul. The dividing line is drawn, and those on the right of the throne pass into their eternal heaven, while those upon the left are driven to their eternal hell. Endless happiness for the saved—endless suffering for the lost!

Neither in heaven nor in hell are there any natural relationships. The relationships of Nature are rudely broken at the touch of death, never to be formed again. In each family, one is taken and another is left. Heaven knows no perfectly reunited family—hell misses some of the home circle.

The whole adjustments of life in the beyond lack any natural orderings. There are no natural occupations. The saved need nothing but the joy of their salvation—the damned can have no joy whatever. The powers of earth, which find upon the earth their natural employ, find no provision for such activities in the beyond. The atmosphere of the celestial city is desiccated, and, in its dry vacuum, the pale and ghost-like forms of the blessed move across the scenes, bloodless and colorless. The hosts of the redeemed are grouped, as in pre-Raphaelite pictures, in endless concentric circles round the great white throne of the Eternal, harps in hand, forever hymning praises of the Most High. The old Scotchwoman described the traditional heaven when she said that “we shall sit upon stules and sing psalms all the day long.” A dear old child in our Easthampton pulpit, years ago, described the joys of heaven in the conclusive statement into which was condensed what years of tire in the daily chores had made him long for: “And there, my brethren, we shall have nothing whatever to do! Think of it! A whole eternity in Heaven, and nothing whatever to do!”

This traditional conception of the hereafter is passing

wholly out of the mind of our generation: so rapidly that it is difficult to realize now that men only a few years ago actually thought thus—or thought that they thus thought—of the hereafter. The language of this traditional conception still drawls in our hymns, still drones from our pulpits, still whines in our prayers. Alas, that we conservative Churchmen, holding our venerable prayer-book in our hands, in the last sacred offices of the dead should ever fancy ourselves obliged to repeat language that is archaic, obsolete, and untrue—words ringing false upon our consciousness, offending our judgment, and belying our faith!

II.

Let us turn now to consider the new thought of immortality that is dawning upon our century.

Whatever the new thought of immortality may be, it must be one that will fit into the universe as we know it. The highest generalization concerning our universe, thus far reached by man, is that expressed in the word *evolution*. Immortality, then, must be conceived in accordance with the doctrine of evolution. It must be read in terms of evolution. Evolution simply means that the Infinite and Eternal Life is moving in an orderly unfolding of itself through the organic ascent of life. The immortal life, therefore, must be itself a part of this general evolution.

Under this general conception of evolution, there are two or three laws of life that have come to be generally accepted, and that we must apply in re-reading the ancient thought of immortality.

The unity of life is a fundamental conception in our modern world. There are no wholly dissimilar worlds in the universe known to us. All the stars that spin through space are built out of the same materials. The same elements, the same forces, the same laws are found in Neptune and Uranus and upon our earth. An astronomer from our globe, landing upon Mars, would find the outlook in space familiar to him.

An earthly geologist examining Venus would find similar stratifications to those which he knew upon our earth. The life that is beyond is one and the same life that is here. There are not two lives, a present and a future; there are not two worlds, seen and unseen; there are not two states, a here and a hereafter—there is one life, one world, one state.

Another law of life revealed to us, under the general doctrine of evolution, is the continuity of all existence. There are different stages in the development of life—but they are only different stages in one and the same life. From the lowest to the highest reach in the organic ascent of life, so far as revealed to us, we can trace the unfolding of one and the same existence. In the orderly evolution of life there are no wholly dissimilar stages. The newest variations grow out of old forms of life. The most violent breaks in the continuity of development gather up the best of the preceding eras and carry that best onward. The strangest flowerings have their rootings in the far past. Man links by inseparable stages with the structureless specks of gelatinous matter that constitute the lowest forms of existence. Whatever the next life may be, it will be no wholly new being. It will prove simply a development of our present life. It will be this life carried on higher; not another life at all, but one and the same life in nobler unfolding. The eternal life is here and now. There is no other eternal life to be found in the universe than that which is to be found here.

Another general law of life involved in the doctrine of evolution is that there is a correspondence between its different stages. Each stage in the organic ascent of life shadows the next and higher stage. Each form of life types a higher form. The new is but the old in fresh and higher development. This law we trace through the whole process of evolution; so that we can read prophecies of the coming man through all the upward-struggling forms of life upon our earth. Whatever, then, the future life may be—if we

have eyes to see, we can discern it in the present life. What we are now shadows what we are to be. Immortality will prove the reality of the present earthly life in finer forms. All the characteristics of the celestial life can be traced in the earthly life. Rightly to read the essential elements of our life here and now would be to prophesy the hereafter.

III.

Applying these principles, which are involved in the general law of evolution, we can affirm, confidently, certain things concerning immortality.

Death is no real break in life. It is a conjunction, not a disjunction, in the story of being. It is a stepping-stone from one stage of existence to another. It is the link that binds the lower with the higher form of life. It is a birth into the hereafter. It is an episode in the story of man—only this and nothing more. "In my Father's house are many mansions." Death is the door opening from one room into another in our Father's house—the universe.

Death is not a divorce between the soul and the body, needing to be annulled by the soul's reunion with the body. Nature knows no such backward process. She is not so poor that she has to stoop to pick up discarded clothes. "They all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture they shall be changed; but thou remainest." As the Infinite and Eternal Spirit is forever changing the living garment wrapt around his true Self—that garment which we call Nature—so the child of the Infinite and Eternal Spirit casts aside his outworn garment and needs not to reclothe himself with it. The belief in the resurrection of the physical body, as a necessity for the clothing of the spirit, is a pagan superstition that has lingered too long in Christianity. It is in no respect a Christian thought. If anything, it is distinctly an Egyptian speculation.

Death, however, is not a mere unclothing of the soul, but a clothing again of the immortal spirit. No life known to us

exists disembodied. When life sheds one body it is but to grow another. The body always grows around the life. Each cell is an embodiment of mind, and is grown by that mind. The intelligence that grew it can grow it again, in a higher form. The soul of man, which first clothed itself with the visible body, need not draw from the precipitate of matter that we call our earth to fashion for itself a new and resplendent garment.* The elements out of which our body is composed exist in the air about us, in finer and subtler forms. From that surrounding atmosphere there can be drawn the materials to reclothe the spirit at its will. When orchids, hanging from the tree boughs, suck from the air the materials that build their beautiful forms, cannot the spirit of man do as much?

Death, in reality, frees the real body. Within this outer form we call the body, there must be an inner formative something that holds these coarser elements in abiding identity of form. The materials that compose our bodies are streaming in and out of us continually. Every seven years we re-form our body completely; so that no particle of the matter that made your body seven years ago is in it now. What is this inner form that seizes these fluent particles of matter, stamps them with its own impress, and rebuilds ever on the same lines the body in which we are identified by our friends? Paul gives the clue to this mystery, when he says, "there is a physical body and there is," even now, and here within us, "a psychical body." It is this psychical body, within the physical body, which is the true principle of form. The touch of death frees this psychical body, and man, passing out from the habitation of the flesh, finds himself not unclothed, but clothed upon.

Death, then, is the true resurrection. No other resurrec-

* Tesla, in a remarkable article in the June *Century*, says: "We can conceive of organized beings living without nourishment, and deriving all the energy they need for the performance of their life-functions from the ambient medium."

tion is conceivable. The body that we dwell in on the earth decomposes, and its materials pass into other structures innumerable. There is no law of *habeas corpus* which can reclaim these bodies of ours, after they have been appropriated by other lives. The archangel's trump, at the sound of which we are all to be changed in a moment—that is the splendid imagery of the apostle. The real trump of the archangel is a still, small voice, heard by no mortal. At that sound we all are changed, as in a moment. The day of resurrection is the day of death.

The traditional thought clings to our ancient and sacred offices for the dead, in language archaic and obsolete: "For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our departed brother, we, therefore, commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose second coming, in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed and made like unto his own glorious body." Even the splendor of this language cannot disguise from us the fact that it no longer rings real to our consciousness. God has given us to see a higher thought. Will our Church be faithful to the Spirit of Truth, who is guiding us into all truth? Or will she still expect her ministers to repeat words that are no longer true? "Why seek the living among the dead? He is not here; he is risen."

Death is no literal sleep. To the outward eye it seems like a profound sleep, and thus we call it. Thus the Master himself called it; but, if I rightly read his mind, not as meaning thereby that the departed fell into a long state of unconsciousness, but simply that he had not really died—that it was only the seeming of death. Sleep, to our modern, scientific study, proves to be a figure of the fancy. The senses

fall asleep. The body slumbers. The mind never sleeps. It is always wide awake, thinking actively. Only it is in another state of consciousness, which we cannot well link in with the consciousness that we call wakefulness.

All testimony from the unseen world—if there is any such testimony whatever to be trusted—confirms the conviction that he who passes through death, so far from finding himself in a state of unconscious slumber, finds himself wide awake, instantly. The dead have found it hard to realize that they have died. Again and again, if any such testimony is to be trusted, those who have, as we say, died, only became conscious of the change that has passed over them in their inability to communicate with the forms around them, so well known and loved. They speak, and no one hears them. They touch familiar forms, and there is no responsive thrill. Thus they come to know the change that has passed over them. “I am he that liveth and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore!”

He who dies awakens into consciousness—the same being as of old. He is conscious of his continued personal identity. He knows himself to be himself. The threads of the old existence are not cut at the touch of death. They spin on and on into the new being, weaving the old framework of memory and association and habit—of all that constitutes personal identity. Every touch in those beautiful stories of the after-life of Jesus reveals the continued identity of the Man of Nazareth. He was one and the same in the glorious form that he was upon the earth.

The dead are, therefore, recognizable by one another and by the living, if ever communication is established. This follows, inevitably, from the continuation of personal identity. The question of our recognition of friends in heaven is not one that should ever be raised by a thoughtful man. Despite the changes that take place in our visible bodies, as they renew themselves altogether every seven years, the personal

identity continuing, we are recognizable, one by the other, through all disguises. Voice and look will betray the friend whom we have not seen for decades—however changed the form may be. As it is here, so is it there. "Jesus said unto her, Mary! And she said, Rabboni [Master]!"

Death ushers us into no foreign world. We will be at home in the hereafter, as we are at home here. All that is essential to human life here will be found there. The activities of our being on earth will be the activities of our being in heaven. They are the continually abiding activities of our nature. They cannot change. We must find room for them in any conceivable form of existence. Life's finest joys and highest ecstasies would be stolen from us in a heaven where there are no play for these powers. The occupations of earth must, therefore, shadow and type the occupations of heaven. In higher and nobler forms, we must go on doing there what we are doing here. There must be ample room for these occupations in the universe revealed to us nowadays, the outer vestibule alone of which we enter in this earthly life.

If homes are necessary here, homes are necessary there—the centers of family life, without which the truest "bands of a man" would be broken. Those truest "bands of a man," apparently broken on earth, must be reknit in heaven. The associations that group themselves naturally here must, in higher and nobler forms, group themselves in the hereafter. Life without association is death. In Milton's swelling phrase, there must be there "noble troops and sweet societies." The institutions of society, evolved with so much painful effort on earth, must blossom into higher and nobler forms beyond. There must, there, be the reality of the State as of the Church. In the heavenly State there must be the functions of the earthly State, as in the heavenly Church the functions of the earthly Church, and thus every noblest power of man find full employ. There will be there hosts of undeveloped lives to be governed and ruled, to be taught and inspired.

Death makes no break in the continuity of character. It works no miracle. A man is the same here and hereafter. He is the same, intellectually, before and after death. The thoughtful, studious man upon earth will be the thoughtful, studious man in the heavens. He that is silly and superficial here will be silly and superficial as he starts again in life there. The wise man before death will be wise after death. There are fools over there, as here. The physical transition that we call death can make no essential difference whatever in the spiritual reality that we call character.

This may, perhaps, give the clue to that ordinarily perplexing problem—the twaddle of the séance. Assuming that there are human spirits at the other end of the telephone connecting the world seen with the world unseen, why should we expect that there will be no frivolous messages, no clatter of silly voices, heard from beyond? Society, as one finds it here, does not consist altogether of the wise and reticent. Social intercourse is by no means a feast of reason, even in Fifth Avenue palaces. I have observed that it is not always those qualified to speak intelligently who prate most garrulously over the dinner table. Why, then, should we wonder if, on our first establishing communication between the two spheres, it should be found that those who rush to the other end of the telephone are not those whom we most desire to call up?

A man's moral qualities are unaffected by the process of passage from one stage of existence to another. The man that is tender and affectionate here will be loving there. The selfish man before death will remain the same selfish man after death. The materially-minded on earth will remain materially-minded in emerging from earth upon some other sphere. There is no such thing as living in soul sin up to the day of death—wallowing in wantonness, stifling the spirit in sensuality, clutching at gold and murdering the bodies and souls of one's brothers to get it—and then, by "experiencing religion," or by receiving extreme unction at the last

hour, go straight into a heaven of holiness. The fingers that have been busy handling the croupier of our American Monte Carlo, which faces Trinity Church, cannot turn at an hour's notice to playing harps in the New Jerusalem. You will start in the other life just as you have made yourself in this life. You carry over with you, into your life beyond, the capital that you have accumulated in your soul here. To lay up treasures in Heaven you must lay up treasures in the heaven within you. Only thus can you take a letter of credit to the celestial city. There is a profound truth in the Eastern doctrine of Karma. It is the truth seen by the writer of the Book of the Revelation of Saint John the Divine, when he said: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

There must be rewards and punishments in the life beyond, if it is a real life. There are rewards and punishments here, because this is a real life. Generally speaking, virtue brings on earth its own reward, and vice insures here its own punishment. In the long run the good man succeeds, and the bad man fails. Even where this law does not seem to hold, it does, none the less, hold unescapably. When the good man fails, he succeeds. He succeeds in the true and only success of life—the maintenance of his integrity, the preservation of his character. He keeps his soul alive. He preserves the image of God within him. Even when the bad man succeeds, he fails. His is the true and only failure of earth—the collapse of character, the bankruptcy of spirit, the loss of life, which is but another name for soul. God needs no vindication of his government, even on earth. "Verily, I say unto you, they *have* their reward." They have what they go after—these smug, sleek, successful hypocrites. "And, verily, I say unto you"—thus the Master might have added—"they have their own punishment."

As it is here on earth, so will it be in the life beyond.

But the rewards and punishments of earth are not artificially disposed or imposed, not arbitrarily given or inflicted—they are the natural issues of character. In rewards and punishments alike, the man is his own destiny. He crowns himself among the blessed or damns himself among the cursed. As it is on earth, so will it be in the heavens and the hells. A man carries his heaven with him through death into the hereafter. He lays its foundation here, and rears its superstructure there. A man carries his own hell with him, through death, into the hereafter. He imprisons himself within his sins here, and those prison walls grow round him, seen perhaps and realized, for the first time, in the hereafter. That was a fine Persian vision which depicted the soul, on entering the next life, confronted by a beautiful being, who said: "I am thy good deeds;" and then shadowed by an evil being, who declared: "I am thy evil deeds." God does not reward man nor punish him. Man rewards and punishes himself. The schoolboy is making his own life, for success or for failure, in his school hours. He enters upon the destiny which he himself has prepared when he goes forth into life. A man, therefore, cannot miss his heaven if he has been heavenly-minded on earth. A man cannot skip his hell if he has been hellish in spirit in this world. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The judgment day is, therefore, not a page of history, but a drama of the soul. It is not a fact of prose; it is a symbol of the imagination. It is not a day to be fixed by any celestial chronology—it is every day, in every man's life. Each day you and I are judging ourselves—approving or condemning ourselves in the light of God; and thus preparing for ourselves the rewards of a heaven or the punishments of a hell. But this there may be of a judgment day to come—the sudden awakening of a man's soul, in the blinding light of the unseen world, to realize what a fool he has made of himself, and really to know himself for the first time.

Heaven and hell are not, however, located in space—they are located in mind. No latitude or longitude will determine for you the site of either heaven or hell. You will not find either by voyaging through the archipelagoes of space. Satan sighs: "Me, miserable, which way shall I fly? Myself am hell." An angel sings: "Me, blessed, which way shall I fly? Myself am heaven."

Heaven and hell are not shut off from each other, as we traditionally conceive of them. Heaven and hell commingle upon earth. Men living in each jostle one another along Fifth Avenue, and crowd one another on Broadway. You pass from heaven to hell as you pass from one block to another. You leave heaven behind you in one home, whose door closes upon you, and you find hell back of the next door through which you enter. Heaven is upon your right hand and hell is upon your left hand, as between two friends you take your afternoon walk. There is no more heavenly heaven to be found in the worlds of space than you will find in your own New York: men and women filled with the divine life, homes radiant with the divine love, the activities of the factory and the studio in which there is the forth-putting of divine energies. You will find nowhere in the worlds about you more hellish hells than you can find here in your own New York: men and women filled with impurity and hatred and every evil passion, homes rent with discord, and spheres of action turbulent with the anarchy of selfishness. Yet these heavens and hells adjoin one another closely, commingling freely.

There are, indeed, spiritual classifications on earth. How should there not be? Men group themselves here according to their moral affiliations. The good seek the society of the good, and the evil seek the company of the evil. Nay, goodness establishes its own territorial zone, and evil haunts its own dens. You know in what part of the city to go, if you desire the company of intelligence and culture and character. You

need not ask the policeman where to go if you want to find the gambling hell and the bagnio.

"He went unto his own place." This was the doom of Judas. He could go nowhere else. By every law of natural affiliation, he must seek out his own. By every law of natural gravitation, he must descend to his own level. But Jesus, also, went to his own place, beautiful and blessed. Every man tends to find his own place on earth, and he will go to his own place when he leaves earth, with swifter, surer steps.

But there are no fixed groupings for these spiritual classifications on earth, and there will be none in the hereafter—for one class, at least. On earth, these spiritual groupings are fluent. The classes are not castes. Goodness trips and falls, and then drops out of its own true place for a time and tumbles into a temporary place, out of which it must rise again. The bank cashier succumbs to temptation—he appropriates the funds of the bank; and then the sequel inevitably follows: the place that knew him knows him no more, as he "skips to Canada" and finds his own place in company with other self-exiled scamps and scoundrels. The jail-bird reforms, and his old surroundings become abhorrent to him. He is no longer found in the group in the groggery, among the wild-eyed watchers over the gambling table. His "pals" miss him in his wonted resorts. They can find him, if they know how; but it will be in other sorts of places. Thus the soul, in its stages of progress, readjusts its environment to its own condition, and changes its states.

And all this strange sorting of souls, this strange placing of spirits, goes on in one superficially indistinguishable mass of human life; the good and the evil jostling against each other; the spheres of heaven and hell impinging on each other, sliding forever into each other. Why, then, should we wonder that it should be so hereafter? How could there be any helpfulness for those whom we call "the lost"—how could the good reach out their hands to succor their brothers who have

not won character—were it not for this continued contiguity of souls throughout the universe, whereby all sorts and conditions of spirits commingle freely?

Character itself—is it ever fixed and final on earth? Up to the last hour of life the good man may trip and fall. “Come quickly, O Death,” sighed the great Marcus, on his imperial throne, “lest I forget myself!” Even up to the last hour of life the bad man may reform. “Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!” cries the dying thief. Saint and sinner may change places even in the shadow of death.

Why, then, may it not be so hereafter? Certainly death itself, the mere physical process, cannot fix character. There is no such spiritual fixative in a physical process. If Lucifer and his fellow-angels fell from heaven, other Lucifers may fall again. Sweet-souled Robbie Burns had the prophetic gift when he thought that “auld Neckie Ben” “might tak’ a thought and mend.” This is the infinite possibility which life holds within itself forever and forever; so that the saints in the innermost circles about the great white throne must forever put up the prayer, “Lest we forget, lest we forget;” and the sinners in the deepest bowels of hell may wing their cries to God for the help that “bringeth salvation.” It is the sheerest audacity of dogmatism that undertakes to deny the endless possibilities of change in character.

For the saints we need not fear too sorely. Character gathers impetus by movement, strength and solidity by action. There comes a day when, to all intents and purposes, it must be true that a man “cannot sin, because he is born of God.” But this thought may give us infinite comfort concerning those who so mightily need a change. What moral miracles changed conditions work upon weak and undeveloped characters here on earth! Nay, even those whom we call, distinctively and essentially, the bad, change, under new conditions—under wiser and truer treatment. The Kindergarten remakes the waif of the street. The reformatory makes over

again the youthful criminal. Modern penology, the true science of punishment in our great nineteenth-century prisons, is accomplishing the supreme moral miracle of life—turning sinners into saints, convicts into men of character. Most men are badly handicapped in their conditions on earth. Between heredity and environment there is a poor chance for most of us.

What, then, the miraculous effects of such a change of conditions as becomes possible in passing from earth into the life beyond! The material conditions, which now make so mightily for evil, fall away from the soul. The temptation that here thrusts itself upon one at every hand slips into the background. Increasing powers of helpfulness, in the increasing development of life among the good, make the reforms of earth seem child's play in comparison with those miracles then to be accomplished. Wiser treatment from those who have grown luminous in the higher life will revolutionize man's work for his fellows.

Hell, then, is no finality in the worlds beyond our earthly hells, any more than in the world here and now. There are, alas! too many instances of men becoming, as it seems even here, hopelessly degraded and imbruted in sin. Evil seems to be with us, at times, incurable. But the wisdom that is coming to us teaches us to believe that the fault lies, not in the intrinsic incurability of the evil, but in the limitations of the healer. Our methods are defective. Our powers are inadequate. We have not yet learned to deal with sin. But we are beginning to learn. No more beautiful development of our century is to be found than in the science of penology, or prison punishment. Up to our own day, there was no other thought, in the discipline of prison life, than that of punishment as a deterrent of others from wrong and as a restraint upon the criminal himself. The idea of reclaiming the criminal had scarcely entered men's minds. If one wants to know horrors, let him read a description of the prisons of our own

country and of England in the beginning of our century. We have but begun to apply this new science of penology. Yet already we have gone far enough to assure ourselves that, under right conditions and by right methods, the great bulk of our criminal population can be reclaimed. Those noble men who have achieved the most brilliant successes in prison discipline thoroughly believe that, eventually, success will be measured by the restoration of the criminal. Repentance, reformation, rehabilitation—these are the stages of recovery of lost souls in our earthly hells.

When man can do this, with his limited powers and his imperfect conditions, what cannot God do? If earth can open the prison doors, shall they remain closed in the hereafter? The baleful words that Dante saw over the door of hell already begin to fade out—"Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here." The significance of the great Catholic doctrine of purgatory is beginning to be discerned. Not as in the Catholic purgatory, limited, but without limit, so far as we can see, the pains of prison punishment are purifying. The sufferings of the hells in the beyond, as here, are remedial.

The work of all true society, whether in the world seen or in the world unseen, is to carry on this redeeming, restoring, renewing work of God in man. For this end are all the institutions of our social life on earth. For this end are all the institutions of the social life in the hereafter—there, however, mightily reenforced by the developed powers, mental and moral, of good men. That great prophetic vision of the early Christian ages is coming to be seen in its true light. We would not now care to erase from our creed the words "He descended into hell." Even in the most literal interpretation of them, we can believe them now, as our fathers dared not to believe them; seeing the work of the Christ and of all his followers in the beyond, not in the selfish enjoyment of a heaven of happiness but in the unselfish ministry to those in the hells of suffering: that they, too, may be brought

into the light of God and led up into the life of the All Father.

The outcome of all life is in that great word of the seer, in the Book of the Revelation of Saint John the Divine: "And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire." The lake of fire that burns to consume all evil, all sin, and all suffering—into this lake, at the last, death itself shall be cast, and with it hell. There shall be no extinction of being, and there shall be no continuation of being in suffering and in sin.

This is the final vision of the Kingdom of God, whether in our world or in other worlds:

"I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, 'Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.' . . . And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him. And they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light."



THERE is no Christianity in being unhappy, for the essence of Christianity is hope. "A merry heart doth good like a medicine," runs the proverb. And Howells says, "A widespreading, hopeful disposition is the best umbrella for this vale of tears." It is against the mind of Christ that his people should have troubled hearts even in troubled times.—*Rev. R. E. Connor.*



PUT a seal upon your lips, and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again, and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.—*Prof. Drummond.*

ASTRONOMICAL MYTH - MAKERS.

BY BATTERMAN LINDSAY.

The orientation of ancient temples proves that the solstitial and equinoctial points, and the rising and setting places of the prominent stars of the period, had been determined with absolute accuracy five or six—Lockyer thinks, in some cases, even eight—thousand years before Christ. It would be impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to demonstrate why this is believed; but it is simply a matter of mathematical calculation from the present positions of prominent stars to those they must have occupied when the axes of their temples were directed toward them on the horizon in either the dawn or twilight. And it is to people capable of such exact and long extended observations, which must have been carried on and recorded for centuries, that a certain school of philosophers attributes the puerile conceptions of the universe of natural phenomena that they insist upon as the true origin of ancient mythology.

That the masses had little or no comprehension of the symbolisms of their cults, and accepted them in their material significance, may perhaps be true. The world has not yet altogether outgrown that stage of intelligence; but the cults themselves were neither puerile nor gross in their inception. To what they had degenerated in practise in the historic period, all students know; but we should remember the tremendous difficulty, to us almost inconceivable, with which the first philosophers had to contend—that of expressing abstract ideas by concrete symbols. They had no written language ready to their hand, as we have—its symbols conventionalized, its words exalted from a concrete to an abstract significance by ages of use. If we but consider the fact that all

ideas were in the first instance perforce expressed by pictures of well-known objects, and then reflect upon the origin of some of our own most sacred symbols and metaphysical words, we must concede that there was an immense elevation in the ideas that first appropriated them, when they could so consecrate such symbols to spiritual uses.

All ancient temples, not excepting Solomon's, were observatories. This is not remarkable when it is remembered that all the wisdom of antiquity was in the keeping of the priestly caste, and that they guarded it most jealously. It was because of their knowledge that they could work "miracles" and hold both king and peasant in subjection. We of to-day can but guess at the scope of their information; but it seems possible that the science of the present excels that of the past more in diffusion than in quality—more in cleverness of application and perfection of apparatus than in grasp of fundamental truth. When the undermined walls of Jericho fell at the preconcerted signal, the priests alone had the formula for the explosive; now any evil-disposed person can manufacture a bomb. Which way is the better, or worse, is merely a matter of opinion. There are people, even now, who have a prejudice in favor of the older method.

No doubt the heavens were first studied for purposes of mere utility—as an almanac of the seasons. According to the distance from the equator, the vernal equinox or the winter solstice would be the turning-point of the year—the harbinger of the planting time. Explorations of ancient temples prove that both systems had their votaries, who, having long since emigrated from their original seats and forgotten the practical origin of their cults, belabored one another polemically, or fought and persecuted one another carnally, as zealously as any modern sects. Our era, with its prodigious power of assimilation, has appropriated both festivals. We still celebrate the winter solstice at Christmas, and the vernal equinox at Easter. But to the ancients these anniversaries

were something other than commemoration of certain important events at an approximate date. For the purposes of a calendar absolute mathematical accuracy was necessary, or their seasons would soon have gotten out of gear and the weather man's predictions would have been too untrustworthy for practical uses. Moreover, frequent failure in prophecy would have brought discredit on the sacred guild, and the first-fruits would not have appeared in the outer courts of the sanctuaries with such pleasing regularity.

The vernal equinox, or the day when the sun crosses the equator coming north, was the planting time in the valley of the Euphrates because that was the time of the annual inundation. In the Nile valley the summer solstice was the crisis of the year because it was then the river began to rise. South of the equator at many points the winter solstice marks the opening of the yearly cycle. The sun, personified under different names, was the symbolic object of conspicuous adoration at all these festivals, because the orb of day, rising in some constellation, or heralded at dawn by some large star, marked the season each recurrent year. Thus sun-worship was practical and simple enough in its origin. The many attributes with which the day-star was invested—the countless myths with which he was surrounded—were the accretions of later ages. We know that the sun is the source of all material existence, so far as this globe is concerned. They knew it as well, and perhaps not less scientifically; but they had no alphabetical language in which to embalm their knowledge. So in the course of time their symbols became so extended and complicated that none but the most advanced among the priesthood understood it, and among the masses it degenerated into polytheism of the grossest character. The yearly cycle of meteorology became inextricably confused with tribal legends, ancestral genealogy, totemic emblems, metaphysical symbolism, and the Great Cycle of the Zodiac, which served to record historic and cosmic events. The re-

sult was a great body of myths, often puerile, sometimes unspeakably gross, always fantastic, which in the end became for the most part an inexplicable and indefensible jumble, even to the priesthood itself. To unravel this knotted skein will require great acumen and patient research. But it were a task worthy of the most exalted intellect and the noblest fortune; for in disentangling those intertwined threads the leading facts in the history of the race will be recovered in their chronological sequence, and perhaps also in their approximate dates.

The wise men of old had a no less vaulting ambition than to write the history of mankind upon the sky. It is evident that the ancients were more keenly alive than ourselves to the supreme importance to the race of an adequate knowledge of its past if it would guide its present aright. Their archaeological remains witness the infinite pains and cost with which they strove to perpetuate history. But myth and geology alike point to cosmic catastrophes in the comparatively recent past that no works of man would be likely to survive. The ancient dwellers in the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates were not so far removed from those racial tragedies as to relegate them to the domain of myth. So they abandoned their Towers of Babel, and essayed to make the eternal stars in their courses the chroniclers of our little human world. A conception sublime in its audacity, was it not?

For the purposes of a calendar, it would be necessary first to fix the length of the year with accuracy; this was done with comparative ease by ascertaining the solstitial points, or longest and shortest days of the year, by means of gnomons—columns or pyramids whose shadow was measured at the same hour each succeeding day. Some of the Pyramids served as gnomons.* But this method meant a long time between events, and a priesthood that desired to maintain a reputation

* The gnomon and the phallic symbol, both connected with sun-worship, became identified after a time, and survive in our own church spires.

for prescience found it necessary to be able to prophesy a little closer to date than six months or so. By patient observation (who can say how long they were at it?) they discovered that the sun pursued a certain fixed path among the stars; that is, that certain conspicuous groups of stars appeared in regular rotation just before sunrise or just after sunset at the same season each recurring year. "Now," said the priests, "we shall be able to tell these impatient peasants who come pestering us about their flocks and crops that in just so many days their Nile will rise or their Euphrates will flood." Hence, the first temples were built, not for sun-worship, but for star-observation—on the horizon.

The next natural move was to divide their star-belt into sections. At first it was perhaps apportioned into six only, for six have come down to us from "time immemorial." The line of descent of the other six is not so clear nor so ancient. In Egypt at one time there seem to have been twenty-four divisions, one for each hour of the day. But they must have a name for their star-belt. They called it the Zodiac, or "Little Animals." To be sure, *Zodiac* is a Greek word, but it is a translation of the primitive name. Now, why "Little Animals"? Because they named their constellations after important clans or families of their race—whatever race it was to which the first astronomers belonged. And these clans had no other way of designating themselves than by Totems, as our Indians do to-day. Therefore, we have a heaven peopled with "little animals," where their successors have not filled it with heathen gods, or named it after one another and their kings and kings' favorites. The prehistoric practise was not essentially different from the more modern one.

Things now went on smoothly for some time. The sun was personified by the "little animal" that just preceded his uprising either on the longest day of the year or at the vernal equinox, according to the cult of his worshipers. And I

think we have here the plain origin of "animal worship." The important hour was marked with festival, solemnity, and sacrifice. The temple treasury was replenished, the secular rulers were suitably reminded of their duties and obligations, and all was well.

In the course of a few hundred years, however, things were all askew again. The sun did not meet his dates. Unaccountably he lagged behind, a few minutes each day, until at the end of five hundred years he was a week out of the way. The astronomer-priests had discovered the "precession of the equinoxes," or rather had the discovery forced upon them. Now, the "precession of the equinoxes" means that any fixed object on the earth's surface that the first rays of the rising sun illuminate at a certain hour on March 20th of a given year will not be illuminated the next year on that day until $22\frac{1}{2}$ minutes later. This is not because we are revolving any more slowly on our axis or in our orbit, but because the inclination of the earth's axis is constantly changing, and will result, in the course of twelve thousand years or thereabouts, in exactly reversing the seasons, as we know them. But that is not important in the present discussion. The vital point is, that every two thousand years, approximately, the sun enters a new constellation, to rise therein for the succeeding bi-millennium, at the vernal equinox. The sun entered the constellation Pisces about the beginning of our era; hence the mystical significance of the Fish to the early Christians, and the esoteric allusion in Jesus's remark that he would make certain ones "fishers of men." For two thousand years previously the sun had risen in Aries; hence Anu, the ram-headed god. For two thousand years before that, Taurus was the spring constellation; hence the worship of Taurus the Bull, the "golden calf," so feared and abhorred by the Jewish prophets. The new god did not always displease the old, but sometimes levied tribute conjointly with him. It was a good thing for the priests: the more gods, the more tribute. The cult of

Aries did not supersede the luxurious, licentious, and bloody worship of Taurus. The legend of Abraham and his contemplated sacrifice of his only legitimate son plainly refers to the introduction of the more humane rites of Aries. Abraham takes Isaac up to the most ancient "high place," Mount Moriah, to give him as a burnt offering to the cruel sun in Taurus. Arrived there, he sees the "ram" caught by his horns in a bush; that is, low on the horizon. Henceforth the first-fruits of the flock, and not the best-loved of man, were to be the accepted sacrifice. The epoch at which this is said to have occurred corresponds with the first century of the sun in Aries.

Many another stray myth, seemingly most absurd and brutal, if brought home to its astronomical sheepfold, would resolve itself into a statement of historic fact. One of the most ancient of worships, perhaps the most ancient, still has its votaries—that of the Serpent. There is no Zodiacal constellation that can be identified with the Serpent; if there were, we could at once fix the era of its worship. But, from the earliest dawn of recorded astronomy, the constellation Draco, the Serpent or Crocodile, had its place in myth. It was a circumpolar constellation 5000 B.C., and as such would have been of supreme importance to a northern race—a race of navigators, of discoverers—the ancestors, perhaps, of those peoples who within modern times rode the seas and raided its coasts in "Long Serpents" and "Dragon Ships." It is noteworthy in this connection that, while the "Serpent" was accursed, he was considered an embodiment of wisdom—a seeker after knowledge, even when forbidden. Through all antiquity he remained the symbol of wisdom and the warder of treasures, though sunk now to be the deity of the Voodoo-worshiper. But before our era, owing to the declination of the earth's axis, he had fallen away from the pole and become a rising and setting constellation. He took the Pole-star with him. He plucked the Golden Apple from the Tree of Knowl-

edge and went henceforth on his belly on the horizon. All legendary lore seems to point to some racial, if not cosmic, calamity attending his declination; it might have been only a change of climate due to the change of the axis that drove his votaries out of their "Paradise," but tradition indicates something more catastrophic. However, down he went, and was destroyed every morning by the baby god Horus, the young (or rising) sun, portrayed in ancient sculpture as a child setting his foot upon the serpent, or strangling it in his fist: in the one case the prototype of Hercules, and in the other of a more divine Child.

One of the most ancient of cults is that of Hea, the Fish. He was the patron saint, the culture-hero, of the earliest dwellers at the mouth of the Euphrates. He came up out of the sea and taught them all that they knew of art and civilization. He is specially spoken of as a great Potter—the Maker of Men, indeed. The only sea over which a culture-god could have come to the dwellers in the valley of the Euphrates was to the south; and thence he came. But this wonderful Fish had a goat's head; therefore, he flourished when the sun was in Capricorn either at a vernal or solstitial period. The orientation of the earliest temples of this region shows that its people worshiped a solstitial deity. South of the equator, the sun was in summer solstice in Capricorn 12,500 years ago. This may seem a startling antiquity, but it is corroborated by the tenor of the most recently discovered inscriptions. It has, however, a much stronger support in a physical fact—the building of the delta of the Tigris and Euphrates. The inscriptions show that the most ancient Chaldean city, Eridu, was once a seaport. It is now far inland, and the delta is still building at the rate of sixty-six feet annually. This fact alone gives us an antiquity of many thousand years.

The colonizers of Eridu were not a Semitic race; neither were they Aryan. Some, in default of a better name, call them Cushites. The archæology and early theology of Egypt and

Chaldea are so similar that they point to a common origin. One branch of the race seems to have colonized the valley of the Euphrates by sea, while the other found its way down the valley of the Nile. Now, it is most natural that a people dwelling near the equator should be interested in the sun at the solstices rather than at the equinoxes, for then is their planting season. But they have two planting seasons, or springs; therefore, it would be natural that such a people would have two sets of myths, originating from the totems or signs of the constellations marking the solstices. Do we find any trace of such a fact? Most assuredly. What more widely known *demi-gods* than the Twins—culture-heroes always? While the Goat went across the sea to Chaldea, thus annexing a fish-tail to his goat's fore-quarters, his opposing sign, the Brothers, traveled down through Egypt and arrived in Greece as Castor and Pollux, colonized Italy as Romulus and Remus, and by some unknown route landed in America as the twin ancestors and teachers of the *Zuñis* and many other Indian tribes.

Thus, if the record of the stars be not a foolish fable, we are told that the most ancient civilizers of whom we know left their primeval seats somewhere in Africa, not far from the equator nor far from the eastern coast, between ten and twelve thousand years ago. One clan or tribe at least was composed of seafaring people. They worshiped the solstitial sun in the totem-designated constellation of the Goat, and in their new home added the Fish to their totem in commemoration of their long sea voyage. Another branch worked its way slowly down the Nile, halting for a long time at the upper Cataract, where they encountered a Semitic (?) race who worshiped northern stars and kept track of the Pole-star. Conflicts of race and religion ensued, which lasted, with intervening periods of truce, far into the historic period. Their temples tell the story of their triumphs and defeats and compromises more surely in their orientation than by their inscriptions.

The Chaldean colonizers, on the contrary, seem to have made a peaceable conquest, and amalgamated with three other stocks whom they found in possession, or who entered after them—probably Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian. The most ancient Chaldeans prided themselves on being a mixed race—a fact that would imply a great degree of enlightenment; for, the more primitive a people, the greater sticklers are they for purity of descent. They were not bigoted in religious matters, for they took under their wing the equinoctial and circum-polar deities. It would perhaps be rather fanciful to name them as the first trinitarians; yet they are responsible for the first appearance on the sculptured scene of a graven image of a tripartite god.

The ancients strove to make of their Zodiac not alone a yearly but a cosmic calendar. We have seen how the sign of Capricorn was made to do duty in recording a migration and colonization.

Were all astronomical myths sifted down to their final elements and purged of the legendary accretions of ages, and of that part of their symbolism relating to the daily and yearly journeys of the sun, and which should be classed as meteorological rather than astronomical, we should find a solid basis of fact relating to the past history of the race, and possibly also to great cosmic changes. The vital defect heretofore in all astronomical theories about mythology has been the attempt to fit all the myths to the procrustean bed of the yearly or daily phenomena; whereas these play but a small part in their evolution. The Great Cycle of twenty-five thousand years has sustained a more important rôle in their origin, and the Totem or "sign" around which each myth is built is meant to fix the era of the event it is intended to perpetuate. The field is so vast, and I am convinced would prove so fertile to students properly equipped for the task of entering upon it, that it can be no more than hinted at within the limits of a magazine article.

The division of the sun's apparent path among the stars into "chambers" designated by totemic "signs" inevitably led to a division of the world's history into epochs or periods of about two thousand years each. With each new "sign" a new cult came into vogue. That implied great social, political, and moral changes; for no doubt the new deity was made the symbol of the most advanced knowledge and aspiration of the period. That Jesus was conversant with the wisdom of his time is proved by his reply to his impatient disciples that the day and hour no man knoweth when "these things shall be," but then shall appear the "sign of the Son of Man in heaven." Ye prophets and soothsayers of the present, under what constellation shall the Son of Man come into his own?



SPEAKING of "The Idea of the Papacy" as symbolic of a Holy Catholic Church, embodying the life and continuing the work of Christ on earth, Dr. Philip H. Wicksteed says: "It seems as though the great popes had power to confirm and deepen it; but the unworthy and insignificant ones had no power to degrade or destroy it." This may pass for a comment on Paul's brave word: "We can do nothing against the truth." Even the liars are its unwilling and unwitting witnesses. Dr. Wicksteed adds the sarcastic story, told five hundred and fifty years ago by Boccaccio, of a Jew who was converted to Christianity by visiting Rome. "There he saw the abominable lives the clergy were leading, saw the whole place made into a 'devil's smithy,' saw the pope and all his court toiling to destroy Christianity—and toiling in vain. Truly, the religion that could live under such tutelage must be divine!" By way of an offset, we read of a Buddhist who was persuaded to become a Christian by reading the Gospels. But, on making a pilgrimage to the Christian land of England, he returned to the religion of his fathers.—*The Christian Register*.



NO MAN could ever have a just claim over the title of another by right of property in land.—*John Locke*.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

BY THE REV. R. W. SAVAGE.

The fact that physical science attracts the most profound interest at the present time places physical investigation at the head of other lines of study. This is wholly in keeping with the course of human progress, which runs in channels of intense thinking. The intensity of present physical research and study can result in good only, for it is bringing to light the vast benefit to be derived from a true understanding and wise use of the physical world in which our lives are immersed. By a proper use of the physical the spiritual grows stronger each day. We are fast learning that there is no real conflict between the physical and spiritual, but rather that the physical is a genuine expression of spiritual activity in course of development.

When we attempt to investigate the process of life in its manifold unfoldment, we must confine our work to special aspects in turn. At the present time the most intense thinking and study are exercised upon physical investigation. The physical universe is open to our observation through the senses. Its infinite variety and extent must ever appeal to us, and arouse our most profound interest through the channels which in nearly all persons are the keenest and most positive in their testimony. We have long ago discovered, however, that the senses are not always, by any means, to be relied upon in the testimony they bear. The physical senses frequently prove themselves incapable of revealing facts as they exist in the universe. We cannot assume, therefore, that the physical senses are the only or the most reliable means we have through which to obtain knowledge.

Physical knowledge creates an insatiable desire to know something truthful about the force or energy that lies *back* of all physical phenomena. This desire is leading the thinking of to-day into a careful study and research of the more delicate phenomena of human life and of its mysterious relationships and possibilities. But we have to study the physical in order to understand the spiritual, and for this reason all science must have a foundation in physical knowledge. Science must rest upon a true knowledge of physical phenomena—hence the need of a real scientific method in all research and study. As conditions are to-day, it is necessary to begin at the lowest round and establish our work on a plane that is open to human observation through the physical senses. We have to take life as it is and deal with things as they are, taking an advanced step, as we are able, into higher capabilities. But first of all is the physical, and then the spiritual. As we progress we shall arrive at last to that condition where we can at will become conscious of any set of vibrations we wish to enter and investigate and thereby gain knowledge not accessible through the physical senses. We will then be able not only to communicate with others by thought transference but to receive and to transfer genuine feelings.

We are living, however, in a physical body with physical environments. These we have with us always to realize, to study, and to use. The physical is a good and necessary element in our lives, and wisdom teaches us to keep it at its highest point of efficiency and comfort. And in doing this we should consider and use every righteous method within our reach. It is at once a privilege and a duty to manipulate the physical, to become master of it, to treat it generously, to enjoy it to the fullest extent, and become in every way richer for having it as a possession. It is our faithful servant, our beast of burden, our embodiment of energy, so long as we command it and treat it wisely, generously, and with true regard; hence the benefit derived from knowing all we can

about it and how to use it. Our study and investigation of things physical should have this purpose in view. All true enjoyment is spiritual, and in this life is expressed through the physical, leaving no sting behind it.

The physical is ether in motion. The energy that puts this substance in motion flows from spirit in the form of desire, will, thought. There are two eternal realities out of which issue all things else. These are Spirit and Ether—the latter being the substance through which the former objectifies itself. Spirit is the source of all energy, and ether is that substance in which energy expresses itself as materiality. The physical universe is specialized motion in the substance we denominate ether, and of which the finite spirit in man becomes conscious. In a human being the universe exists in epitome. In a human being there is spirit possessing sufficient energy to create and maintain, immediately about it, a definite and specialized activity in the surrounding ether, and which we call the physical form or body. As ether thrown into activity constitutes matter, then matter, whether tenuous or not, is determined by the quality as well as the quantity of energy expended in ether.

The spirit develops personality through the conscious expenditure of energy in maintaining control of its environment and in objectifying itself in that definite portion of ether in which its physical activities, which make up its body, exist. That definite portion of ether in which are contained the special activities that constitute the human body we call the soul. Thus by "soul" we mean a given portion of ether in which is expressed physical or bodily existence. In speaking of the universe we say "spirit, ether, and matter;" but in speaking of a human being we say "spirit, soul, and body." The spirit is the source of the energy that creates the bodily expression. In this work the spirit draws upon anything it may use and can obtain from the surrounding universe. The more full and rounded is its development, the more fully does it draw upon and use its resources. The soul is subject to thought-energy,

usually expressed in the form of suggestion. This thought-energy may arise from within or from without the personality. It may be beneficial or it may be detrimental. Spirit, therefore, suffers or enjoys, is exalted or cast down, in accordance with the thought flowing into its soul.

The observation and study of spiritual energy, ever active in the ether or infinite soul of the universe, and also in the finite soul of finite being, give rise to both physical and psychical (or spiritual) science; but the physical first receives attention and afterward the spiritual.

DESTINY.

Caught in the gulf stream of some great desire,
Know that thy life-trend rhymes to the nightly flow
And ebb of Life's full ocean. Also know
Each out-reach of thy soul bears deep the seal
Of cosmic impulse, eons old. That thing,
Heart-hungry—every fiber thrills to reach—
Hath sought thee down the ages, hungering too:
In the birth-travail of this thine ideal,
Dumb longing of the centuries finding speech.
Hunger is prophecy. Take heart, and fling
Doubt and despair forever from thy view.
Thy longing is the covenant cloud and fire
Forever faithful 'twixt thy goal and thee.
Fate follows faith. Desire is—Destiny.

ESTHER HARLAN.

God grant that you may so conquer your temptations by the power of God that they may not leave you as you were, but fill you with the consciousness of God, with the consciousness of yourself, and with deep sympathy with your brothers!—*Phillips Brooks.*

STUMBLING-BLOCKS IN EASTERN PHYSICS.

BY T. E. WILLSON.

The Western student of the ancient Eastern physics soon meets serious stumbling-blocks; and one at the very threshold has in the last half century turned many back. In beginning his study of the solar system, the pupil is told:

The first three planets—Mercury, Venus, and the moon—are dead and disintegrating. Evolution on them has ceased. The proof of this is found in the fact that they have no axial rotation, Mercury and Venus always presenting the same surface to their father, the sun, and the moon the same surface to its daughter, the earth.

This is a concrete statement of physical fact at which the Western student protests. If in the whole range of Western astronomical science there is any one fact that he has accepted as absolutely proved, it is that Mercury revolves once in 24h., 5m., 30.5s., and Venus once in 23h., 21m., 22s. He would as soon credit a statement that the *earth* has no axial rotation as that Mercury or Venus has none; and if he continues his study of Eastern physics it is with no confidence in its accuracy, and as a matter of curiosity.

The statement that Mercury, Venus, and the moon "are dead and disintegrating," the former two "always presenting the same surface" to the sun, is the basis for an elaborate superstructure, both in the physics and the metaphysics of the East. It is used in physics to explain how the "evolutionary wave" came to an end of the perfection of the mineral on Mercury with the loss of its axial rotation; how the "wave" then passed on to Venus with the seed of the vegetable kingdom, where the vegetable evolution ended with the loss of axial rotation; how from Venus it leaped to the moon, mother of animals and controller of animal life, with the seed of animal life in the

vegetable; and how finally it came to the earth, when the moon ceased to revolve, bringing *in* the animal the seed of man. Here man will be evolved and perfected. Man has not yet been "born" on this earth, they say. He is still in a prenatal or embryonic condition within the animal.

The lunar Pitris, the men-seed, have a physical reason for being, if this evolutionary theory be true; none if it is not.

Axial rotation is necessary in evolution, the ancient physics teaches, which must cease with it. The reasons for this are too lengthy to give here. Briefly, the rotation makes the electrical flow and a thermopile dynamo of each planet.

The ancient astronomical teaching is absolutely true. There will not be a work on astronomy published in Europe or the United States this year, or hereafter, that will not state that "Mercury and Venus revolve on their axes in the same time that they revolve around the sun," which is another way of saying that "they have no axial rotation, always presenting the same face to the sun," and an inaccurate way of presenting the truth. The screw that holds the tire at the outer end of the spoke does not revolve "once on its axis" each time the wheel revolves. Run a cane through an orange and swing it around; the orange has not revolved "once on its axis." Nor does the stone in a sling revolve "once on its axis" for each revolution around the hand. The motion of Mercury is identically that of the impaled orange or the stone in the sling. It has no axis and no axial rotation. The modern astronomers, detected in pretenses to knowledge they never possessed, let themselves down easy.

This "discovery," of no axial rotation by the interior planets, made by Schiaparelli and confirmed by Flammarion in 1894, has since been fully verified by our Western astronomers. All the new astronomies accept it. But the admission of astronomical "error," to speak politely, comes too late for the student it turned back from his study of Eastern physics. He cannot regain his lost faith and lost ground.

Thirty years ago Proctor made it clear to Western students that the orbit of the moon was a cycloidal curve (a drawn-out spring) around the sun, the earth's orbit being coincident with its axis; and that the moon was, astronomically and correctly, a satellite of the sun, not a satellite of the earth. This has been the Eastern view and teaching from time immemorial.

The Eastern distinction between father Sun and mother Moon, and the classification of the latter as a planet, did not disturb the Western student. He understood that. It was the "absolute accuracy" of modern astronomers in regard to the length of the day on Mercury or Venus, which the astronomers declared had been corrected down to the fraction of a second, that made it impossible for him to accept the Eastern physics when the latter squarely contradicted his own.

This was but the first of many similar stumbling-blocks in the path of the student of Eastern physics.

"Few were the followers, straggling far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;"

and when they did, this was what they had to face:

"The planets absorb and use nearly all the solar energy—all except the very small amount the minor specks of cosmic dust may receive. There is not the least particle of the sun's light, or heat, or any one of the seven conditions of the solar energy, wasted. Except for the planets, it is not manifested; it is not. There is no light, no heat, no form of solar energy, except on the planets as it is transferred from the laya center of each in the sun to them. The etheric globe is cold and dark, except along the lines to them—the "Paths of Fohat" [solar energy]. Six laya centers are manifested in the sun; one is laid aside, though the wheels [planets] around the One Eye be seven. [This alludes to the moon, whose laya center in the sun is now also that of the earth; but it is considered as a planet.] What each receives, that it also gives back. There is nothing lost."

"That settles it," says one student; and the others agree. Of the hundred who started,

"The foremost horseman rode alone,"

before the next step was won.

In the light of the tardy but perfect justification of the first stumbling-block, this statement may be worth following out, "to see what it means," and how "absurd" it can be. An etheric globe, cold as absolute zero, dark as Erebus, with here and there small pencils of light and heat from the sun to the planets—just rays, and nothing more—is a very different one from the fiery furnace at absolute zero of the modern physicist.

On a line drawn from the center of the earth to the center of the moon there is a point where the "weights" of the two bodies are said in our physics exactly to balance, and it lies, says our physics, "2,900 miles from the center of the earth, and 1,100 miles from the surface." This is the earth's "laya center" of the Eastern physics. It is of great importance in problems of life; but it may be passed over for the present.

Between the earth and the sun—precisely speaking, between this laya center and the sun—there is a "point of balance," which falls within the photosphere of the sun. This point in the sun is the earth's solar laya, the occult or hidden earth of the metaphysics.

A diagram will make this clearer. Draw a line from the laya center in the sun to that in the earth. Draw a narrow ellipse, with this line as its major axis, and shade it. At each end of the axis strike the beginning of an ellipse that will be tangent. If positive energy is along the shaded ellipse, negative energy is in each field beyond—earth and sun. This is a very crude illustration of a fundamental statement elaborated to the most minute detail in explanation of all astronomical phenomena; but for the moment it will do.

The point is that along this axial line connecting the laya centers play all the seven solar forces—light, heat, electricity, etc.—that affect the earth, and on every side of this line is the "electric field" of these forces. To this line any escaping solar energy is drawn, as the electricity of the air is drawn to a live wire or magnet. But there is little or none to escape. From

the laya point in the sun to the laya point in the earth, the solar energy is transferred as sound is carried along a beam of light (photophone), or electricity from one point to another without a wire.

To the advanced student of electricity the ancient teaching is easily apprehended; to others it is difficult to make clear. These laya centers, it says, are "the transforming points of energy." From the earth laya to the solar laya center, the energy, we may say, is positive; beyond both the solar and the earth laya center, in the fields touching at them, it is negative—or *vice versa*. The line connecting the layas is the "Path of Fohat"—the personification of solar energy.

This is a very crude and brief way of putting many pages of teaching, but the important point is that this line between the layas is one of solar energy, with a dynamic "field" of solar energy, elliptical in shape, connecting with the reverse fields at the laya points. These "dead points" are the limits of each electric field, which "create," we say in electrical work, opposing fields beyond them.

Each one of the planets has its laya center inside the sun's photosphere. Each planet has a line of solar energy with its "field" of solar energy—not only a wireless telegraph, but a wireless lighting, heating, and life-giving system. These six solar laya points are the six "hidden planets," the earth and moon being one, of the ancient metaphysics. The moon is the one "laid aside." In their reception of energy from the sun, it is as if the planet were at the solar laya point, or connected with it by a special pipe-line. The position of these six planetary laya points in the sun is indicated by the position of the planets in the heavens, and they may often influence or modify one another. If Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn is anywhere near conjunction with the earth, not only will a part of their "fields" be joined, but their laya points in the sun will be modified.

The physical basis of the old astrology was the physical interferences of these fields of solar energy; and what it

depended on mainly in its work was the position of the six hidden planets, or laya centers, which was shown by the position of the planet with reference to the earth. That the planets themselves affected any one or anything on this earth, no real astrologer ever believed; that their position in the heavens indicated certain changes and modifications of the flow of solar energy to the earth, they knew from their knowledge of physics. "The twelve houses are in the sun," says Hermes, "six in the north and six in the south." Connect them with the zodiac, and the position of the planets shows the interferences of the solar currents.

The one objection to this ancient theory is that it does not present enough difficulties. The present value to science of the many theories in relation to the sun is the impossibility of reconciling any two of them, and the fact that no two theorists can unite to pummel a third. This ancient theory does not call for any great amount of heat, light, or energy in any condition to keep the Cosmos in order—not even enough for two persons to quarrel over. It merely turns the sun into a large dynamo connected with smaller dynamos, and these with one another, with return currents by which "there is nothing lost." In its details, it accounts for all facts—neatly, simply, and without exclamation points. It is so simple and home-spun, so lacking in the gaudiness that makes (for example) our light and heat less than the billionth part wasted on space always at absolute zero, that we may have to wait many centuries to have it "verified" and "confirmed" by our Western Science. That it will be "verified" in time, even as the first stumbling-block has been removed at the end of the nineteenth century, its students may at least hope.

The lesson, if there is one, is that the Western student of Eastern physics does not ride an auto along asphalted roads. He must own himself and not be owned by another man, or even by "Modern Science."

DARKNESS IN LIGHT.

BY LYDIA A. BELL.

"Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness."
—*Luke xi.*, 35.

There is no language to describe a great soul; nothing in the world can describe it. We attempt it, however, after the order of a weak and adulterous generation that deals in signs and symbols. It exists in feeling, in thought, in a touch of reality. A great soul's power is like the secret of life, which science tries to fathom through "knowledge." We have to step beyond knowledge to know the meaning of knowledge.

Have you ever traveled upon a great height, as in the Yosemite, where you get so high above the plain that, as you look down into the valley, men appear not so large as ants, horses as insignificant as grasshoppers, houses like mere pebbles on the beach? Viewed from the height, they have lost their value; for, from the standpoint of an exalted view, they have lost their character in a limited capacity. Again, you have looked at cattle feeding far up on the hillside, and they seemed very small. In comparison with a great measure forms of things grow less and less. Our senses give us a limited and relative vision always. In the picture of the "Big Trees" a man stands beside them: from the size of the man you try to take in the size of the tree. The smallness of the man is the measure for the greatness of the tree; it appears large by comparison. By itself, the greatness of the tree does not appeal to us—it is too great for us; and so we measure it by something that is small. Thus we measure the great by that which is less than the great, that we may see it; while from the standpoint of the great the small grows smaller and smaller, and dwindles away.

These are our two object-lessons of measure. In trying to measure the Reality of Life by *our* small standard we have no true conception, and stumble and fall and fail in the midst of philosophies and creeds and beliefs. Just as we measure the big tree by the man, so we stand our conception of things against the Reality of Life and make the larger consciousness do obeisance to our limited measure. The true measure of the great tree or the great mountain is in the voiceless appeal to the soul, which impels us to a feeling of grandeur. The tree speaks to us in its own voice and we must rise with it to hear it. Its measure of power and strength is in itself. It is the record of centuries of elemental conflict.

Our light has become darkness when we have no measure for Truth except the form of Truth. The soul that measures itself in the true likeness has a measure like the heart of the tree, which does not look outside of itself to find its measure but looks within, in the consciousness of a glorious and great Light that holds it. Each life is like one of these great trees—one of these great, grand souls.

When a character like Jesus flashes out upon the world, the world tries to measure him in the same way. Those who stand in his immediate presence catch a glimpse of the real greatness—greater than all of his words or acts; while those who follow after can measure him only by the man who stands beside his soul. They take the image for the measure of the Real.

What every soul needs, that it may cease to measure itself against the darkness, is to tear down the false measures of limit and measure itself by the truth of an infinite and eternal Light within its own self. It needs to let go of everything that binds or limits it. We are bound quite as much by the things we call true as we are by those we call false. Anything that puts a limit upon me binds me. I am a free soul. I dwell in neither good nor evil. When you measure me by my goodness or by my badness you do not measure me at all.

You stand me against the background of your limited vision and see me in a quality or an act. If I measure you by either your virtues or your vices, I have not taken your true measure. In that estimate of life the light in me has become darkness and I make you the mirror thereof. Let me stand against the light of the truth of myself and measure myself against the Eternal, and I have found a new measure for you. You, too, shine in a new light and a divine image. I can no longer set you against the scale of life that reveals only the shadow of yourself. I feel you in the touch of that great Soul which holds your life in itself.

Why do we measure ourselves and friends and humanity everywhere by these small limitations of the *man* form? Why do we put up the standard of darkness for that great measure of light? It is the light in us parading on the plane of the shadow that makes us do it. We refuse to perceive the true perspective of life. The glory of the Christ is lost in the worship of the man Jesus. The voice of the Eternal in him should also be the same voice in us. We bind it in words and opinions and theologies, and the music and message of the voice are lost—drowned in our darkness. I am Life itself, eternal, possessed of an eternal being, which now waits to shine in its own Light—to be established in me. Why do we fear and cavil as if we were worms of the dust? Why do we limit ourselves by this small perception, which hides the Light so that it appears as darkness to us? Why do we cover it up with the rubbish of this and that “attainment”? *It is*. Let it shine in its own glory.

A hero arises: we immediately limit the man by his courage; we pin him to an event. Idealize courage; idealize truth. Let them stand as the essential human qualities that seek free play in every life. Call out the great qualities in one another by recognizing that each man's measure is eternal. We expect great things because greatness is there to be revealed. Until we establish ourselves against this background

of consciousness—this beautiful, glorious light of eternal life—we have no true measure of living. The whole world slumbers and blunders in the darkness of a light that is hidden beneath the rubbish of foolishness, pride, and ambition to “be something,” instead of taking hold of that which we are and letting the Life itself reveal itself in its beauty. This glory can never take the form of the darkness; it can never come into things; it cannot be revealed in the shadow life. The man Jesus is the type or symbol of the Christ-soul, the universal Soul. Its glory is so bright that the world, unable to grasp it, falls down before it. It is unable to feel the touch of it, and so follows after the light that is hidden in the darkness of a form—concealed in the limitation of a place and a time. “Ye are the light of the world.” What a voice speaks in those words! How they ring down the centuries in rebuke to our measure of light by darkness!

It is our own ideals that need to be illumined—that need to be recreated, reestablished. Look at the man that lives by himself in some mountain valley, where he has spent his lifetime among familiar neighbors and friends and the traditions of his fathers. He has his own measure of life. He will stoutly deny any existence to discoveries and inventions that he has not seen. He will not believe in the telephone, nor the locomotive; to him they do not exist. His life is measured by the consciousness of things about him. We do likewise when we measure life by the things we would like to possess, by the things we hope to have, and not by the great Soul that, flashing its radiance upon us, exclaims: “Now, thou art the Eternal Light of Life; in thee is all the possibility of endless being!” You are not what you seem. I am not that which I seem. The greater light waits to be revealed in all this seeming light, which is darkness.

Why should we measure ourselves in this darkened way? The soul seems to demand that we shall reveal ourselves to ourselves; that through the measuring of ourselves in our virtues and vices we shall at last come to the measure of Light.

One says: "I have always been good. I have always tried to do right; to do no wrong act; to think no wrong thought: is not that my highest ideal?" From the standpoint of the Christ-light I must say no. It is an ideal, and a necessary one; but it is not the highest. It is an ideal that you will some day leave far behind. Your measure is in the center of Light, where you cannot feel yourself as measured against virtue or vice—against life or death. They no longer exist to you or for you. You are the One of Life! People often come to me to be helped in this or that hard place. "Let me get over this difficulty, or this obstruction, and things will be all right with me," they say. I have come to know that these difficulties and obstructions are not the things that we want to be helped over so much as we want the light that will put all experience into one category. When in one place we wish to be in another; when in one condition we wish to be in another. The shifting of the scene will not help, but knowledge of the Light will help the placing of ourselves in a true measure. You are feeling yourself at the measure of darkness in yourself. That is not the ideal; the ideal is that you are now in touch with the great vibrating Soul of your own Life. No matter what it is that seems hard, you press on to the True; you get that courage of the eternal hills of life in your soul; you meet this and that event, not in the consciousness that you have done it virtuously or not virtuously, but in the consciousness that you are traveling toward the Light of Life. When we reach the point that our heart chooses above everything else to find the Truth of itself—to know the impulse that is beating and vibrating at the center of existence itself—the light has begun to shine, the ideal has begun to spring forth, and we have begun to reveal that which we *are*.

Do not measure yourself by your name, your fame, your possessions, your conduct, your worry, by what you feel, or by what seems to be. Let the great vibrating Bliss of itself begin to be in you in the consciousness of that which every soul holds—the touch that says that all things move within and of a

Divine order that is greater than all lives. Then your courage will be of that quality which relates you to the triumph over all the changing conditions of life; your truth shall be of that quality which shines in the radiance of Eternal Light to illumine the whole world; your life shall be of that quality which knows no separation in time or place.

I am presenting to your gaze the image of the Divine Man as he is, not as time nor place but as he exists—as the central Light of every soul. The Truth of Life *is*; we cannot leave it; we cannot escape it. The eternal obligation is upon us to find and measure it.

Get out of the joy and you will get out of the sorrow. Get out of wanting “things” and you will get out of the limitation that things impose. Is that too lofty an ideal for most men and women? Yes; it is. It is strong diet—intended for men and women that begin to be truly in earnest about the meaning of life. Let us get rid of the idea that death is possible, or that mortal life is real, and take hold of the truth that *being is eternal*. Get rid of the idea that *you* are virtuous, and you will also get rid of the idea that some one else is vicious. Get rid of the idea that *you* are going to heaven, and you will get rid of the idea that some one else is going to hell. Get into the consciousness of yourself which chooses to be what you are—the great, eternal One of existence. Nothing more than that. Is there anything more or less? Yes; we touch the light on the mountain-top to measure the whole of the mountain, and find ourselves in the consciousness of the grandeur of life itself. Get over the limited God idea—the limited Savior. Measure not your light by any limit, which is darkness. There are no mistakes for you. There is no limitation for you—no loss, no lack, in the eternal glory of your God-soul.

O Thou Divine One of Life! We lift to Thee the salutation of the deep current of ourselves! We upspring from the darkened measure of ourselves into the Light of that glory of eternal Peace! That which Thou art, that I am also!

A PRAYER FOR THE CLOSING CENTURY.

BY FANNY L. FANCHER.

Thou who e'er marks the sparrow's flight,
And heeds its fall, oh, with Thy might,
Earth's suff'ring souls succor, defend,
And swift the gyves of tyrants rend.

When rulers cruel despots are,
Fierce rampage reigns, and awful war,
Subdue their lust for power and pelf,
And all that maketh god of self.

If Thy dear Fatherhood men feel,
They'll labor for their *brothers'* weal.
Oh, make them see their brothers' need—
Thus crucify earth's selfish greed!

We would implore that hearts of stone
May speedy list the plaints and moan
Of those who, from oppression's rod,
In anguish cry: "Is there no God?"

Vouchsafe Thy *Love*, most vast and great,
To mortals long controlled by hate:
No murd'rous bombs will be hurled down
If dear the head that wears a crown.

Aye! give to all humanity
Thine attribute—blest Charity.
The Universe for Thee then's won;
Thy Kingdom's here; Thy will is done.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

BY MABEL C. THOMPSON.

If this divine law were thoroughly understood and realized, it would restrain mankind from all evil and inspire to all good. If it were held constantly in the consciousness, and brought near to the inner life of the human soul—if all our thoughts, words, and deeds were entertained and pursued in view of it—it would require no effort to listen to the dictates of that which is divine in our nature and to live up to our highest conviction of what is right.

The scope and operation of the law of compensation are so extended that an infinitude of time is requisite to work out its legitimate results; and from the fact that a large majority of the human race has not reached that stage in development in which the individual has the ability even to apprehend the immense scheme of the universe wherein this law plays so important a part, one is apt to believe that it has only a partial application in the domain of earthly existence. The general acceptance of this belief is expressed in the popular aphorism, "Honesty is the best policy." But, unless *policy* is made to comprehend more than that which is merely temporary and earthly, the expression falls short of bringing to our realization the full truth. The narrow view of many of the commonality of mankind has given to the word *policy* the limitation of the concrete and physical, and has proved in the experience of many that there are exceptions to the law—which is true, under so restricted a view.

Judging from the evidence presented on the plane of sense-consciousness, does not the conscienceless manipulator of finance often succeed when the conscientious citizen is overcome and submerged by the evils and inequalities of society?

This disposition of the world to take a restricted view of compensation, and to localize it in some fleeting circumstance or thing unreal—something with a circumference limited by the senses—is the great blindness of the race. Such a circle is too small for a revelation of God's law. We cannot study the landscape by gazing at the soil, weeds, and pebbles at our feet. We must ascend to an eminence and gaze afar off over the valley, the winding river, and the intervening foothills, to behold the grandeur and glory of the view. Likewise, life cannot be measured by the circumstances of a moment; the whole cannot be discovered by one of its fractions, unless the relation of that fraction to the whole be first made known.

It is true that theologians have marshaled all the virtues that the word *honesty* stands for, and have attempted to justify the adherence to such virtues by a compensation not limited to earthly things. But the fruits of honesty and virtue are, in general, put so far off, and made so doubtful by the speculative nature of their promises, that the masses fail to perceive, either intellectually or spiritually, the inner light of the truths they present; accordingly, they utterly refuse or fail to attempt the realization of the great fact of compensation. Bearing further on this point, Spencer says:

"Great mischief has been done by the repellant aspect given to moral rule by its expositors, and immense benefits are to be anticipated from presenting the moral rule under that attractive aspect which it has when undistorted by superstition and asceticism. Nor does mischief result only from this undue severity of ethical doctrines bequeathed us by the harsh past; further mischief results from the impracticability of its ideals. In violent reaction against the utter selfishness of life as carried on in barbarous societies, it has insisted on a life utterly unselfish. But just as a rampant egoism of a brutal militancy was not to be remedied by attempts at the absolute subjection of the ego in convents and monasteries, so neither is the misconduct of ordinary humanity, as now existing, to be remedied by upholding a standard of abnegation beyond human achievement. Rather, the effect is to produce a despairing abandonment of all attempts at a higher life. And not only does an effort to achieve the impossible end in this way, but it simultaneously discredits the possible. By association with rules that cannot be obeyed, rules that can be obeyed lose their authority."

While our theologians have given a few sanctions for the acceptance of the law of compensation, notwithstanding their dogmatic presentation of that truth; and while our ethical teachers, speaking as they do from the basis of pure ethics, have been of some assistance to the soul searching for light, it may safely be said that never until the advent of the teaching known as the New Thought has the law of compensation been so logically and coherently presented that both the heart and the intellect are forced to a realizing sense of the everlasting certainty of reaping the compensation that is a true correspondence of the thoughts, words, and deeds from which it flows. It illumines and explains the divine truth uttered by our great Teacher, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

We need to realize that the law of compensation is a fixed law. It is continuous and eternal, and is in operation *now*. Communities and nations are built up and destroyed under plans formulated harmoniously with the workings of this law. It is vain to plot or combine against it. It is but another name for the law of cause and effect. Like causes and effects, it is an eternal arrangement set in the constitution of the universe. It is not subject to any external intelligence, nor to the choice of an anthropomorphic God.

Though a narrow and restricted observation tends to generate a disbelief in the unerring nature of compensation, yet a broader view of Nature and a deeper study of existence will show the omnipresence of this principle. Physical science demonstrates its application on the physical plane. Nature is less partial than she appears, and all situations in life have their compensations. As it is exemplified in Nature by action and reaction—a duality, or system of opposites—so it may be seen to extend to the larger realm of spiritual life. To give such a conception a solid foundation in the understanding and consciousness is, I take it, the justification of our efforts to disseminate a knowledge of the principles and teachings of the New Thought.

Like the law of evolution, the law of compensation extends throughout the whole chain of existence, from the internal extreme of the spiritual to the external extreme of the physical. This law cannot be interpreted, wholly, by a view of its activity in the affairs of human society, any more than can evolution, in its larger meaning, be interpreted by that one step of progress known as Darwinism. Compensation can be interpreted only through the medium of all existences and all eternity. The principles and scientific teaching presented by the New Thought reveal the force and efficiency of compensation because it gives to it an intelligible interpretation and verifies the law in the consciousness of every human soul that has the care and the disposition to look upward and *within*.

Some noble souls, hearing the "still, small voice," have had the moral courage to step out of and away from the doctrine, dogma, or tradition adhered to by our theologians—to put aside the pursuit of pleasure, that *summum bonum* proclaimed by some of our ethical teachers—and have realized the divine nature and the true inwardness of this law, which, though it be set in the foundation of the world, is beneficent, and can be made to serve us as easily, as readily, as *objectly* if you will, as we have heretofore served it. With some, such steps have been taken with open eyes and an intelligent view of the glorious heights to be reached in the path of eternal life; others were as the architect who builded better than he knew, who saw but dimly, whose insight was spiritual rather than intellectual. But these native forces of heart and intellect are so rarely developed that the world were doomed to a longer period of darkness but for the promulgation of the principles formulated by the teaching of the New Thought.

Those who, even for a short time, have been students of this higher teaching know that the first measure of compensation that comes to us is the *recognition* of the *fact* of compensation. To *know* that compensation *is*, is in itself a com-

pensation. To know that although this law transcends the limitations of time, and reaches its most glorious fruitage in eternity, it is operative in Nature and in the individual existence of every human soul, and to know from experience that its operations may be observed and understood here and now, is to have a glimpse of the eternal truth of the universe, which shall be an impetus to inspire to the further persistent effort necessary to reach a fuller and more complete and perfect realization of that truth.

When a soul has experienced this first measure of compensation, and has lived even for a short time on this higher plane, it will not be content to go back to the old way of living and thinking. Having gained this spiritual altitude, the soul will not fail to recognize its duty and privilege, not only to do what it can to further its own spiritual advancement, but also to assist other souls in this direction. With every influx of light to the soul there comes the responsibility of reflecting that light—of letting it shine. To be the means through which another acquires truth is to render us fit receptacles for an increased inflow. In fact in no other way can we so effectually minister to our own spiritual development. To consecrate one's self to the good of universal being is at once the most selfish and the most *unselfish* act of which the soul is capable. It is indicative of the highest wisdom. It shows a recognition of the truth that there is no real separation between living souls. It is the office of the human soul to impart. We can never attain to our highest well-being until, becoming aware of the divine order of our existence, we employ the activity with which we are endowed in view of, and with an understanding of, the eternal unity of human souls.

At a recent meeting of the Conference Circle, in the Fine Arts Building, Chicago, called for the discussion of certain technical points on which not all the members were quite clear, it was stated by the chairman that God is fully represented

by humanity as a whole, but that it is the mission of the individual soul fully, completely, and perfectly to manifest God. This constitutes the growth of the soul; and this, as well as its capacity for further growth, increases as it finds a place in the mentalities of more and more souls. This is true because we are interdependent. The doer of a kind act is also a recipient. If his kindness, as viewed from the plane of sense-consciousness, results in the temporal welfare of another, the compensation of the doer lies in the spiritual advancement that inevitably redounds to himself. To bring this fact, then, down to a practical plane, it will be seen that for the development of the individual soul it is necessary that there be other living souls whom it will be a privilege to assist, since only in assisting others does a soul most materially and positively promote its own spiritual development.

Those who have given their time and attention to the study and investigation of the New Thought find their greatest measure of compensation in the certainty that this teaching *does* lift one from the *uncertainty*, fear, and unrest engendered by speculative philosophy and places one on the solid foundation of discerned truth. When we compare its utility and scope, and the satisfaction experienced in the study of it, to that presented by and acquired from the study of other teachings, philosophies, and creeds, we cannot express, we can only feel, the gratitude that wells up from our souls in the knowledge that we have found *the Truth*: a philosophy that satisfies not only our intellectual demands but our spiritual desires. Not that we have realized, in any great degree, the possibilities of this truth awaiting our recognition; but, in the little perception that has come to us in the realization we have experienced in minor matters of our individual existence, we feel that we are *on the way* to the discovery and the appropriation of Truth: on the way where first we see, then perceive, then understand, and finally *know* Eternal Life. And our greatest pleasure should consist in doing what we can,

individually and collectively, to assist others to walk in this path, which leads to Life, with an intelligent understanding of where they are and whither they are bound.

As already said, the greatest possible service that one person can render another is to assist him in acquiring *knowledge of himself*; of what he is as a living soul; of what existence is; of what it means to him; of what he can make of it for himself: in a word, to teach him that existence is his *opportunity* for learning what God is, what Man is, and the relation between the two. This is to set him in the path of acquiring for himself a knowledge of the scientific truth of the universe—a point of realization at which every living soul must eventually arrive. All that may be said of the compensation merited by such a service is, that it will be meet and just—that the magnitude of the compensation will square with the magnitude of the service rendered.



LORD of a thousand worlds am I,
And I reign since Time began;
And night and day, in cyclic sway,
Shall pass while their deeds I scan.
Yet Time shall cease ere I find release,
For I am the Soul of Man.

CHARLES H. ORR.



TO THE man who foolishly does me wrong I will return the protection of my ungrudging love. The more evil comes from him the more good shall go from me.—*Buddha*.



TO FEAR science or knowledge lest it disturb our old beliefs is to fear the influx of the Divine Wisdom into the souls of our fellow-men.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

OMNIPRESENCE AND REALIZATION.

BY M. E. CARTER.

To come into a realization of the Omnipresence is something requiring persistent habits of thinking; in a word, concentration. Omnipresence, if we dwell upon its meaning, is tremendous in significance. There is not a place nor an atom in the universe where God, the one Omnipresence, is not.

Think of your own self, therefore, as full of God. There is not anything outside of this great Power that we name *God*; hence, the Omnipresence cannot be outlined in what we name Space. That which has outline must be limited in its nature. Realizing this, and also realizing the Omnipotence, we may take a step toward Omniscience by putting ourselves into right relations with it. The first step is the beginning of realization. We can only get more and more realization through our own fixity of purpose.

Perhaps the question arises: Why should we try for this realization; of what use will it be to us? There is not a human being anywhere that does not wish for happiness or satisfaction. No one wishes to be sick, or weak, or unhappy, or poor. All want life, health, and peace.

If God, the Source of my being and of yours, is Life, Peace, Love, and Goodness itself, and omnipresent, why are any of us in conditions the opposite of what we desire and contrary to that which belongs to our God-derived being? The answer is found first in ignorance, and secondly in lack of realization because of our own *indolence*. We must first learn, then realize, and finally *know*—without any effort—that, as children of God, all things are ours. Omnipresent Good pervades and rules everything, everywhere.

How, then, shall we overcome our mortal false sense that

tells us that the unreal is real? How shall we overcome what is named "evil" and put it out of our thinking, and by so doing destroy it *for us*? There is but one way—through realization of Omnipresence. Where Omnipresent Good is recognized there is no place for evil. We can, and must if we would externalize good in our own lives, see only Good. We can and must concentrate our power of thinking upon *Reality*, and see it only, never recognizing its opposite. If you gaze at a shadow in your room and name it a burglar, and think it is one, it will be to you what you name it, and your peace and happiness for the time that you think the shadow is a burglar will be disturbed. Some one comes into your room carrying a bright light, and, lo! the burglar that your disordered thinking conjured up vanishes into the nothingness that it always was. "But," you say, "there are actual burglars whom we *do* have reason to fear." The one who *lives* in the conscious realization of Omnipresence will never see a burglar. Burglars will have no existence for that one.

We have been taught that "God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." We, too, can develop our inner, real, spiritual vision and see no iniquity—*attract no iniquity*. You may look at a human being and say of him, "He is wicked; he is a burglar;" another, dwelling more in the God-consciousness, will say: "Behold a child of God—my brother, in whom is the divine spark of Life, Love, and Truth waiting for expression. I will tell him of his real, God-like self. I will speak silently the Word to him, which shall be a light to lighten the darkness of ignorance that thus far has hidden from this misguided one the knowledge of his birthright. He shall know the Truth, and this knowledge shall be his savior. The seed of Truth that I shall sow for him shall become to him, and in him, a tree of life."

Could we realize every moment the power of our thinking, and also realize that in what measure we mete out our formulated thought it shall be measured to us again, how

watchful we should become! We should sit as witnesses, or doorkeepers, at the portals of our own conscious thinking, and never admit to that sanctuary any but realities.*

When individuals learn the power of thought and live according to this knowledge, we shall no longer need jails, reformatories, nor prisons. Bolts, locks, and keys will be regarded as belonging to an age of undeveloped beings, and the new heaven will be here on earth.

Our great poet said: "Be noble, and the nobleness in others will rise to meet you." This is absolutely true. We evoke by our thinking, and the action consequent upon it, corresponding thinking and action in others. We relate ourselves by our habits of thinking to like thought-vibrations elsewhere. All thought moves in vibratory currents, and we have about us currents of thought infinitely more powerful than the ocean currents. Every thought we think goes forth, if we direct it consciously, in the direction that we send it. But, in any case, our every idea unites and blends with all ideas like unto it, and, being a part of ourselves, it stamps itself upon the physical organism. The body has been likened to a screen. Ideas are the pictures on the slides. We make the pictures with our imaging faculty, or we accept and use those that are made by others. Besides, this our formulated thought having gone out upon its circuit, each idea comes back to us intensified through touching like thought.

Do you desire health? Think health, harmony, and peace, and claim them. Declare firmly, in the face of the "actual" but unreal condition that you would be lifted out of: "I am a spiritual being *now*. In health and happiness, harmony and peace, I live and move and have my being. I will ascend the mount of transfiguration and look at my real self—the idea of God, Perfection. No falsity shall ever hold me in bondage. I claim my birthright—freedom from all bondage. God

* Always bear in mind the definition of and distinction between *reality* and an *actuality*. The one is eternal and changeless, the other evanescent and full of change.

is Goodness itself—Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience. I will see only the good. I will manifest only the good, which is the Truth. I am free now. Omnipresence, manifest Thyself in me!"

The first declaration for us to make every day is: "I will serve and acknowledge Good in all my ways." The command is: "Choose ye each day whom ye will serve."

It is with a definite purpose that in these papers, as far as possible, the mention of that which many regard with fear, and name "evil," has been avoided. In the absolute sense, "there is no evil." Good is omnipresent, leaving no room for its opposite. In a relative sense, we see about us differences in human beings, and we in our limited way name them good and evil; but *all is good*. These differences are due to unripeness. If we say that one is undeveloped, or ignorant, instead of *condemning*, we speak more strictly in accordance with Truth. The law of correspondence teaches that we cannot condemn in another anything that we have *entirely* eliminated from our own conscious thought. We do not see that of which we have no picture—no formulated idea within ourselves. You may answer, "I am not intemperate, and yet I see intemperate men." What is intemperance? Is it never evinced in words; in eating; in dress; in pleasure-seeking; in self-gratification—in manifold ways? You will say: "I never tell an untruth, and yet I know that people are often very untruthful." *Are* you strictly truthful? Is your every thought and every *act* in undeviating line with exact truth as far as you know it? Then, perhaps, you will say: "At any rate, I never steal, and yet I see theft and am sometimes robbed." Examine yourself. Have you ever robbed any one of his or her comfort through your negligence or thoughtless words? Have you never taken the joy from others by your disregard of their peace? Have you never interfered with the freedom of another?

We are all aware that we cannot stand the test of Divine

Truth. The sword of the spiritual sense promptly divides asunder truth and error in our thinking.

We know that, as we unfold our real being and develop our consciousness of the Divine within ourselves, we shall learn to know ourselves. When we do really and truly live in and with this knowledge, we shall dwell in the Omnipresence, through our own steady choice, as naturally as we breathe. This will develop power. This ever-present "realization" is for the healing of the nations. Just in exact proportion to our growth in realization shall we carry about with us an aura that shall help and heal all who come in touch with it. It will prove itself the hem of the garment of Truth that will uplift and make whole all who come within our thought-atmosphere and come in touch with it. There are those now on earth who have an extended vision called clairvoyance (clear-seeing); and some of these see thought-emanations, and distinguish their character by their color—by the *trend* of the color as well as its clearness. This is interesting to know because it reenforces what has been stated about our thinking. Its quality, its power, and its rapid transit are becoming well known even to the physicist, working for discovery along the line of so-called material things.

What we who are seeking knowledge need to keep before our mental vision is the absolute dominion that we may gain by using our thought-force scientifically—directing it into avenues for usefulness, and not permitting any but the *real* to lodge in our mentality, or externalize in our physical organisms or in our lives. The one who fully holds the realization of the Omnipresent Good will most speedily conquer each and all undesirable conditions and experiences, and manifest Good in the world: thus making God manifest in the flesh.



ALL true opinions are living, and they show their life by being capable of change. But their change is that of a tree—not of a cloud.—*Ruskin*.

TRUE WOMANHOOD.

BY ANNA M. PENNOCK.

From the genesis of humanity to the present, the soul has been seeking with the power of silence for a more adequate expression of the divinity of woman, wife, and mother; and the dawn of the twentieth century reveals a marvelous advance from former ideals. What underlies the numerous mothers' clubs, conferences, etc., but a natural result of the accumulated forces within—this creative energy externalizing in varied forms as woman awakens to new consciousness? Her power, from within, has been slowly but subtly opening to her new avenues and greater freedom to exercise her creative motherhood.

Woman would not and could not outgrow her nature as home-maker and mother, but she demands a broader education and exercise of her powers wisely to fill that sphere. From the days of the primitive woman, man has unconsciously absorbed her subtle creative force to assist him up and onward in his career, individually as well as in the crude principles of progress he claims to have worked out. With the conception of an exclusively masculine Deity, this condition is not surprising; nor is it strange that in one period man viewed woman as a mere physical organism.

As time progressed, however, woman proved she was a soul—gradually taking one century after another to convince man that she was his other soul: equal in divine creation and indispensable in all avenues of silent power. That a sphere could be marked out for woman by man alone, she ever to remain unchangingly in that condition, could not be possible. The divinity within marks the place of both. The natural law of omnipotence has marked all things by change and spon-

taneous growth. Divinity knows no limitation, only as it has failed to become consciously evolved.

Woman's creative force, now expressed in so many diverse ways, is not discontent. It is her natural means to an end—seeking unity with the God-Self; calling to man to recognize this restlessness, with his logical understanding; knowing that in diversity of individuality is unity.

It has been growth from the primitive idea of power—sheer physical strength—to the consciousness of the ascendancy of the spiritual. When we refer to the superiority of physical strength we fail to see that all force is dependent on the spirit. Such conception of power is as the myths of the early ages to the race: a dimly-understood answer that Nature gives to the infant soul of man—that man and woman will outgrow as they awaken to higher consciousness, while advancing side by side and perfectly blending in knowledge of creative power.

Neither man nor woman is to be censured for the past and present idea of woman, wife, and mother; nor can either check the external expression this active energy is taking. The conception of woman in the past was in obedience to and the effect of that stage of inner unfoldment of both which caused man to feel he was sole creator, king, and ruler, and woman was—the afterthought. The key-note of the present age is not discontent on the part of woman, but the inner self-active energy carrying her as well as man from one period of progress to another.

Let woman become thoroughly conscious of her at-onement with the silent Omnipotence! Let her instructed, trained, directed, and controlled spirit send her active energy into a congenial profession or business; a means of self-reliant independence; an avenue for unused force, which would save many a woman from becoming stagnated and self-centered, which is not her nature if trained and given freedom to exercise this creative soul. This condition man will demand when

he understands better his own divine selfhood and its possibilities.

No interest in the universe, however, will prevent woman from loving and being loved in the bonds of wife and mother when she meets her natural soul affinity. Assist every woman to a full recognition of her God-Self, and she becomes Christ-like in feminine expression and feels her freedom of active power as an equal spiritual creator with man. Her daughter-ship in unison with man's sonship in God is perfectly expressed only in freedom. That is all woman's seeming discontent is seeking—the freest life, in order to become her completest self: a God-woman desiring to live in a God-humanity. Since she has partially awakened to her possibilities she imparts the subtle love force and demands the law of love to be made manifest in all life's activities. Man, too, accepts this principle as superior to brute force, although he scarcely recognizes it as the unfolding of her great mother-love of creative thought united with his own.

Woman's silent inner force must come to a more complete consciousness in herself and in man ere they enjoy the fullest freedom of outward expression. They both must view woman's creative power, not merely as a physical means to increase population but a forceful life principle attuning them to a higher spiritual harmony; a spiritual companionship; a soul-mating, naturally resulting in greater health, growth, mental vigor, and adjustment of all material economics.

Every normal man, as well as woman, is a center of love; and the natural impulse of all love is to create. The creative energy is of the spirit, and has many functions at its command in the human body. This impulse to create can be trained to send the energy through other functions and bring into externalization grand and noble works. Many unions would serve the world better by transmuting their forces into forms of expression other than child-propagation. Woman, as expressing the feminine creative life, must cause man, through

her spiritualized love force, to appreciate her divinity *within*, as indispensable in assisting him to attain higher and happier conditions in professional, commercial, and political life. We see her, as she partially understands that soul is the creator, preparing for a more intelligent mating, more perfect home-making, and wiser guardianship of child-life. She must be independent both in her sex nature and her material necessities, whilst all are interdependent through soul love. Each restless period prophesies the future. A John foreshadowed a Christ; a Christ pointed to a perfect racehood. The spiritualized mother-nature of a Mary predicted the future possibility of a spiritual woman, wife, and mother love. It required a recognized divinity of woman to produce a recognized divinity of man—a Christ-man.

When woman draws her inspiration from the divinity within, she grasps the secret of the true master. When woman and man fully recognize the higher selfhood, all nations and races will realize the supremacy of the divine. Then tyranny and disregard for human rights will have no atmosphere in which to thrive. Then the world will emancipate itself; each man and woman will count for a free God-individual. Woman's spiritual force being unitedly and practically expressed, it follows that her keen soul senses through training become even-handed justice, and she the possessor of large-minded generosity.

With this recognition of her higher Self, soul union only is her ideal, because that is the perfect at-one-ment of the highest factors in human nature; and, from such union of the highest natures in both, life will be equally harmonious, God-like, and spiritual. With this ideal, woman marks the most sacred, unlimited power of divine motherhood. She realizes God in his holy temple, and herself as arisen with Christ in spiritual baptism to be controller and director of her greatest gift—human creation. Her offspring, recognized as a gift from God, will be loved, blessed, welcomed—motherhood

being the sacred bearer of that divine gift to externalization.

Recognized as a seed of divinity, sown in the soil of divine harmony, nourished aright by controlled will in the atmosphere of wisdom, under the light of love, we behold the perfect trinity in a child of the living God: freed from sense-bondage, and its entire nature a symmetrical, healthy expression of God, well born and prepared to continue the journey of life. Ere this higher life of humanity becomes practically possible and universal, woman as wife and mother must forcefully feel the soul guidance, with the boundless resources at her command—thus becoming purified, strengthened, freed. When she understands her love nature, in its spiritualized power, she holds a magic wand as friend, sister, wife, and mother. Thus with woman it rests, remembering that the will of her higher Self is the will of the God within.



It is by bringing the high courage of a devout soul, clear in principle and aim, to bear upon what is given us, that we brighten our inward light, lead something of a true life, and introduce the kingdom of heaven into the midst of our earthly day. If we cannot work out the will of God where God has placed us, then why has he placed us there?—*J. H. Thom.*



CHRIST proclaims the identity between religion and goodness. Religion for him did not consist in correct views, accurate observances, nor even in devout feelings. According to him, to be religious was to be good.—*F. W. Robertson.*



FEW men suspect how much mere talk fritters away spiritual energy;—that which should be spent in action spends itself in words. Hence, he who restrains that love of talk lays up a fund of spiritual strength.—*Selected.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GOD SAVE INDIA!

INDIA to-day is standing with outstretched arms, imploring those who have plenty to give of their fulness. Shall we listen to her appeal, or turn a deaf ear to her call? We of America may think it is the duty of Great Britain to care for her own—that the responsibility rests with her and not with us; but the existing condition calls for a broader view of the question: one wherein all considerations of nationality shall be held in abeyance because of the pressing need of humanity.

Millions upon millions of our fellow-men in the East are starving; and shall America, a great Christian nation possessing untold wealth, fail to reach forth a helping hand? A true Christian is one who, knowing the Master's will, does it; and He said, "Give to him who asketh of thee, and from him who would borrow of thee turn thou not away." Let us be Christians both in thought and in deed; for the time for *action* is here, and we should be up and doing. We are face to face with the fact that our brothers are starving; and, humanity being one organism, that which causes suffering in any part must affect the great whole. The Golden Rule implies that what we do unto others shall be done unto us; for as a man sows, that shall he also reap.

The Anglo-Saxon race has been preëminent among the peoples of the earth in *destroying* life; now let England and America be foremost in *saving* life. Let them devote their strength henceforward to the greater cause. For many years both nations have been trying to Christianize India; they have carried

to the people theoretical theology in the forms of creed and dogma—which they have not assimilated to any marked degree, for their need and desire are for *practical* Christianity. Let the practical, therefore, supplant the theoretical, that the vital truth of Christ's teachings may be demonstrated. It is Christianity itself that is now on trial, and it must rise to the occasion. India is asking for bread: we must not give her a stone. Man is the chief instrumentality for the doing of God's will on earth; and the Creator calls to man to-day in no uncertain way to relieve the needs of his fellows and to make manifest His will through works.

The following article by Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine will repay perusal. It gives statistics showing the terrible state of affairs in the Indian famine districts, and furnishes the names and addresses of the treasurers of the Relief Committees, to whom contributions may be sent.



AN APPEAL TO AMERICANS.

To-day there are about 60,000,000 of our fellow-beings in India suffering acutely from lack of food. Of this number, 10,000,000 are already face to face with starvation, and not hundreds, but *thousands*, are dying daily. Government aid, just enough to sustain life, is being given through the agency of relief works to large numbers. Private aid is also doing much to relieve these terrible conditions; but there ought to be and must yet be accomplished many times what is already being done. The famine is one of the most severe and far-reaching of any during the last hundred years, *and the worst is not yet*.

Were these conditions existing in any part of our own country, there is scarcely a man, woman, or child who would not rush forward with his or her aid, however small it might be. But the mere fact of distance can surely make no difference with us as a people. The fact of this crying need and our knowledge of it are the call to us for service, each according to ability.

There is to-day stored in India grain sufficient to feed every person, as well as animal, in all the affected districts; but the people have become so impoverished, in great measure through over-taxation on the part of the British government and other causes of a kindred nature, that they have not even the pitiable small sum required to open a storehouse door. Through the agency of the cable any amounts sent to the treasurers of the relief funds to-day can to-morrow be unlocking and distributing grain among those who but for its merciful coming would not be alive even on the third day. There are many thousands of people in all parts of our country who would gladly, I am confident, contribute their portion, were the matter properly presented to them and a *safe channel* for their aid brought to their attention. May I therefore make the following suggestions to the readers of MIND?—

In Boston a committee of one hundred prominent citizens, known as the "Boston Committee of One Hundred on India Famine Relief," has recently been organized to take in hand the collection of funds in Boston and its vicinity. This committee has selected a chairman, a secretary, and a treasurer. It is already circulating literature presenting the facts in connection with the famine, and putting forth whatever efforts are required for the speedy collection and transmittal to the affected districts of as large a fund as is possible for it to collect. Through its agency alone many thousands of lives will be saved from the agony of slow starvation.

An organization of a similar nature was formed a few days earlier in New York City, and within twelve days after its formation the sum of \$30,000 had been cabled to the starving ones.

This same plan—and this is my point—can easily be adopted in every city and town in the country, and I trust that it will be adopted in large numbers. Any person of known integrity and honesty of purpose who feels moved to lend an ear to the pitiable cry for bread that is at this moment going up from hundreds of thousands of our suffering fellow-beings, in a country that has given to the world some of its most valuable treasures in learning, in music, in science, in art, in thought, in religion, in life, can be instrumental in putting into operation the above plan in the community in which he or she is living. Special care should

be exercised in selecting a treasurer to receive the funds—either some well-known person of unquestionable integrity, or, better still perhaps, some well-established banking house.

The secretary of the Boston Committee, who may be addressed: "Boston Committee of One Hundred on India Famine Relief, No. 14 Beacon street, Room 204," or the secretary of the New York Committee, who may be addressed: "Committee of One Hundred on India Famine Relief, 73 Bible House," will be glad, I am sure, to give suggestions to any who may interest themselves in organizing a committee in their own city or village, and to send printed information regarding the existing conditions in the famine-stricken districts of India, as also the needs, methods of distribution, etc., which can be reproduced by the various committees through their local press, in letter and leaflet form, etc., as they may deem best.

The treasurers of the Boston Committee, Messrs. Brown Brothers & Company, bankers, 50 State street, or of the New York Committee, Messrs. Brown Brothers & Company, bankers, 59 Wall street, will be glad to receive, acknowledge, and forward by cable any amounts that may be intrusted to them by the treasurers of any organizations not so closely in touch with the cable and the distributing agencies in India, or to receive, acknowledge, and forward in like manner any sums directly from contributors where no local committee exists.

Certainly, from this land of plenty large sums will go to that land of famine. It is within the power of each one here to be the means of saving a life or many lives there. Two cents a day will feed one person; two dollars will save a life until the coming harvest. Surely upon us all, even to the extent of some little sacrifice if necessary, a deep responsibility rests.

RALPH WALDO TRINE.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN.

Love, in unstinted measure, he deals his fellow-men;

His household and his neighbors are by his presence blest.
E'en dumb and helpless creatures his loving-kindness ken:

Thus Christ *within* his life reveals—deeds are the truest test.

FANNY L. FANCHER.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest!

.

Ah, you are so great and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
'You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think and the Earth can not.' "

—*Lilliput Levee.*

THOUGHTS.

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts."

Do you understand what that means? It means that you must be very careful what you think; that you must not allow any thought to come into your mind that you would be ashamed to have others know about. We must remember that thoughts make the face either beautiful or plain; and the body strong or weak. Not only this, but even your most secret thoughts affect others. Just think of that! The children of the far East know this much better than you Western children.

Perhaps you think you may have an unkind thought in your mind of another, or an angry thought; and so long as you do not express it in action or word that it hurts no one. But it *does* hurt—not only yourself, but the one of whom you are thinking. For thoughts are messages, and they will go to the place or person meant for, whether put into words or not. See what a power for good every child may become.

"But," I hear a little child say, "bad thoughts, angry thoughts, unkind thoughts just *pop* into my mind, and I can't help myself. I try to keep them out, but they *will* come."

The trouble is that you do not go to work the right way. Don't try to conquer or shut them out, but keep your mind so full of good and beautiful thoughts that there won't be the tiniest place left for anything else. Let your mind be full of the light of your soul—the God part of you—so that there can be no shadows, and then you can harm neither yourself nor any one else. Bad thoughts are only shadows, and shadows are not real things. So it is foolish to fight them when they will disappear the instant you let in the light.

F. P. P.



THE WAIF'S WISH.

Wisht I wuz out in th' country with th' butterflies, birds, an' bees;

F'r they ain't no things in th' city that is half so pretty ez these.

An' they ain't no crowds uv people, an' they ain't no papers t' sell.

Wisht I wuz out in th' country, f'r I love it awful well!

Wisht I could go to th' country an' stay f'r a whole long week,
An' roam through th' woods an' meadows, an' swim in the muddy creek.

An' though th' stream it is muddy, an' th' briars an' bugs is there,

They ain't no place in th' city that kin ever with it compare.

Oncet I went to th' country; but that wuz so long ago
That I'll love it a lot more better when I see it again, I know.
An' if only I owned th' city, I would swap it f'r jes' one seat
In the shade uv th' waving branches, where th' grass an' th' mosses meet.

But I'm only a little outcast, so I shouldn't, I s'pose, complain,
Though I long to go to th' country to my dear little friends
again—

Th' butterflies, birds, an' flowers, th' toads, th' bugs, th' bees;
F'r they ain't no things in th' city that kin ever compare with
these.

But God made th' pretty flowers, an' th' birds and th' bees ez
well,

An' God made th' great big cities, an' sorted us out to dwell—
Some in the city's castles, an' some in the city's streets,
An' some in th' beautiful country where th' world an' heaven
meet.

FRED J. EATON.



A CAT TALE,

Tobias is a lanky tortoise-shell kitten that has never been left to himself long enough, since he first opened his eyes, to determine just where he came from, or who his mother was. Consequently, his pedigree has never been written up, and he is known as a "stray."

His earliest recollection was of an old lady, called Grandmother, who gave him to a small boy, and this same boy persisted in the idea that cats should be carried head downward and held very tight. Tobias had objected to this with snarl and scratch, but he finally learned that patience added to endurance brought reward; that is, everything from a saucer of real cream to a piece of molasses taffy. This last he did not like; but he reasoned to himself that one can cultivate a taste for almost anything when one belongs to a small boy.

Tobias had a broad education. Sometimes he was a great lion; that was when the boy thought himself a mighty hunter, and Tobias had been taught to snarl at the proper moment by having Scrap, the bull-terrier, "sicked" on him. Sometimes he

was an ox making a journey over a great plain, and then he had to pull a small pasteboard wagon loaded with corncocks.

For several days Tobias had been treated with great tenderness, all because his master had been obliged to fight a boy who tried to twist the kitten's ears. Now, Tobias did not mind his rightful master taking liberties with him, for, as I have stated before, there was always something good at the end of the play. Other boys were different.

Tobias had lain for five delightful minutes in the sun, sleeping with one eye; the other was open, wondering what was coming next, for the boy stood looking out of the window, talking softly.

Now, the boy loved his grandmother more dearly than any one else in the world, and she had just said that she wanted some rich brown cat-tails to place in her Olympian-ware jar. The boy was troubled. He couldn't hurt Tobias, and he had the only brown cat's tail he knew of. What *should* he do?

A sudden thought came to the boy's mind. He quickly dug a hole in the earth in his grandmother's best flower-pot, and placed Tobias there, head down. Three minutes' work, and a brown cat's tail waved among the flowers in the flower-pot, while a loud voice protested in smothered "mews" against this treatment.

"My son," exclaimed Grandmother, "what *are* you doing?"

"I'm jes' er growin' you some cat's tails, and Tobias don't mind, 'cause I'll give him somethin' good to eat when he's growed a couple."

"My! my!" thought Grandmother; but she said: "Dearie, you must set the poor cat free at once. He'll smother! I will help you, and then I will tell you all about reeds called cat-tails that grow far away in the swamps."

"Yessum; but first, you know, I mus' keep my promise 'bout somethin' to eat. Tobias mustn't think I'd go back on my word."

And so, Tobias forgot this last trouble in a large bowl of sweet cream.

HARRIETTE E. WRIGHT.

MESSAGES.

If you know this little couplet:

"I am one with waving things,
Brother to the bird that sings,"

—then, my dears, you understand the secret: why we so love the blossoming vines, the sweet-smelling clover, the green grassy banks, the laughing ripples of the brooks, and the love messages the song-birds bring and those that come on the fluttering leaves. Oh, you must have found it out—every curious boy and girl of you—this secret that we are all related; that we are one with every growing thing. The kitten understands it, and answers our loving stroke with a pleasant *purr-r-r*. And some day it won't be so very wonderful, after all, if we shall come to know the language they speak—every one of these dear, dumb friends of ours. At all events, our thoughts are so quickly exchanged that I sometimes think perhaps we don't need to speak the same words or any words at all, for thought carries the message by a look.

I never pass a bird, in my morning walk, without saluting it with a "good morning;" and the little bird *looks* back a "good morning" to me, if indeed he does not sing it.

I watched from my window the cherry-tree in budding-time, when, on the great, bare brown limbs the little buds began to swell into fine green needle-points, and then into tiny folded leaves. To-day its thousands of beautiful green leaves curtain my great windows, and shimmer and shine till I understand that they are bringing a message to me—a message that comes from the great Source of all light. And what is this message? I am sure it is this: that I must not look upon the tree as simply a *tree* that is putting out leaves and blossoms and bright red cherries, but I must remember that the cherry-tree is only one of the appearances under which God chooses to manifest Himself.

God is Spirit; and He takes on the appearance of sunlight, or flower, or singing birds, or humming bees, or running brooks, or rustling leaves; so that we may be drawn toward Him and

may love Him with all our being, because we are all parts of one great Whole.

Isn't this a wonderful message? I get many and many just such messages. Sometimes it comes in the song of a bird, or it comes floating on a sunbeam; for just a thought or desire to know what God is—this great, creative, loving Spirit—makes Him appear to us in all things, and if we understand His message it always makes us happy. So, even "the sunlight is holy, and holy is the morning breeze, and holy is our being, because it rests in God."

Now, let us be happier this summer than ever we were before, remembering that everything speaks of God. Every wave that comes in from the sea brings us a message of love from God, for He clothes Himself with the deep sea as with a garment. Every breeze felt upon the mountain-top, the music of the mountain stream, every golden sunset, the songs of the birds—these are but a few of His dear messages to us.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.



AUNTIE'S STORY.

"Auntie, what does this mean?" a little girl asked from her place with the pussy on the rug before the great beech-wood blaze. "It is on the leaf I tore off Mama's Wordsworth Calendar this morning—

"—the best portions of a good man's life—
Those little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

"Come, curl up here in my lap," her aunt replied, laying aside her book; "and for answer I will tell you a story I heard only to-day."

It didn't take the little girl many seconds to make herself comfortable in her loving auntie's arms; for there was nothing she loved so much as a story.

"You remember that heavy snow-storm we had last week?

Well, that morning an express wagon stopped outside a big office building here in the city. While the driver was waiting for his assistant to deliver the goods, he threw the blankets over his horses and bought a couple of apples for them from a push-cart across the street. The horses were evidently not unused to such attentions, for, as soon as they saw him going toward the apple-cart, they began to whinny and rub noses and turn their heads to watch him. It really must have been a pretty picture, don't you think?—the bright red apples, and the great soft snow-flakes falling all about them. At least, so it seemed to a young girl who was on her way to one of the offices in the big building. She smiled and stopped and asked the man if they were his own horses.

"'No,' he said, as they rubbed the snow from his sleeve with their brown, sensitive noses, 'but I've been driving them more than a year now, and they seem almost like my own.'

"It happened that the girl's home had been in the country, and she had a horse of her very own; so the two chatted pleasantly. The girl was feeling very unhappy that morning. A misunderstanding occurred at the office the day before, and she dreaded to go back. Her employer was really sorry, now, about it all, but he wasn't quite willing to say so. You know that only broad, generous natures are great enough to be glad, or even willing, to ask another's pardon. To apologize only shows that you are wiser and braver to-day than you were yesterday.

"Well, this man was sitting in his office thinking it all over, and that his secretary would soon come in still feeling grieved. He had just tried to work off some of his ill-humor by telling the little office boy that if he were as late again as he was that morning he would be discharged. We are never so impatient with other people as when we are conscious of having done something wrong ourselves.

"It was just about that time that the young girl came in smiling. The little episode of the apples had brought the color to her cheeks, and warmed her heart, and made her forget all about the unpleasantness of the night before. She greeted everybody in the cheeriest way. And then, when yesterday's trouble came back to her mind, it really seemed so dingy and trifling a thing,

in the glow of those bright red apples, that she concluded to let it drop. So, the rest of the day passed quite comfortably; for her pleasant manner called out the good and kind thoughts of all about her. Even the manager felt like doing something to make others happy. After a while he rang for the little office boy, who came in, trembling, thinking of the morning's threat. The big man looked him over for a minute as he stood there before him nervously twisting his fingers. Then he smiled and said:

"I am pretty sure you are going to try to be on time, after this, aren't you? I guess we'll begin that extra fifty cents on your salary this week."

"The boy's bright blue eyes filled with tears as he tried to thank him. That night his mother met him with an anxious face.

"I'm afraid you were late this morning,' she said. 'I ought not to have let you do that errand for me. I don't think the storm would have hurt me.'

"And then he told her the good news, and what the extra pennies would do for her. He had planned it all on his way home. Fifty cents meant a great deal to them. And there was real happiness in the little two-roomed home that night."

"Is that a truly story?" the little girl asked, as her auntie paused.

"Yes, it all happened right here in New York, and is only one of the many little things of that sort that take place all about us. There are so many more kind and pleasant acts done than we ever hear about."

"I wonder if the expressman knew how much his kind act had done for others?" the little girl said, looking into the fire.

"No; but every kind deed we do and every kind thought we think is like a seed that here or elsewhere, now or at some later time, will yield its own harvest to the sower."

"And now I wonder if *you* can tell *me* what that little verse on the calendar means?" the auntie said.

Can any of you little readers answer her question?

ESTHER HARLAN.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

It grew on the top of the low brick wall—this tiny, shapely tree. The wind had blown a seed into the crevices of the old brick wall, and in time the seed had become the little tree.

"I'm just in the wrong place," said the tree; and it shook its leaves in disgust.

Franz and Otto came into the garden, and one of them said: "Let us climb up on the wall."

So, up they climbed, and seated themselves on either side of the discontented tree.

"What a dear little bush this is, growing here on the wall!" said Franz.

"Yes, indeed," cried Otto; and he touched it lovingly with his chubby fingers.

"No wonder it is so sturdy looking. It gets all the sunshine up here, doesn't it, Otto?"

Otto nodded his curly head. "If I were a tree," he said, "I'd love to grow on the wall and have little boys climb up and sit by me."

"So I do!" thought the little tree, swaying its branches in ascent. "After all, the important thing is to be in good humor with our surroundings. Franz and Otto have taught me how fortunate I am. Yes, Mother Nature knew just what she was about when she put me here. How pleasant the sunshine is—and, dear me! here comes a rabbit running along. How much company one has who lives on the top of a wall!"

So, the little tree saw its blessings, and learned the beautiful lesson of contentment.

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.

WISELY, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
And kind affections, reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren.

—William Cullen Bryant.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE HEART OF JOB. By Dr. W. C. Gibbons. 167 pp. Cloth, \$1.00.
Universal Truth Publishing Company, Chicago.

All students of the Science of Being will heartily welcome this book, although it is presented as a "Message to the World" at large. Those who adhere to the spiritual or metaphysical interpretation of life will find their chief contentions regarding the significance of the Bible indorsed throughout the work. The author's elucidation of the forty-two chapters of *Job*, which is probably the most ancient of the scriptural books, is based upon the essentially allegorical nature of the poem. The companions, the riches, the poverty and physical sufferings of the dominant personality are shown to typify the qualities of the human soul—its struggle for supremacy, its gradual unfoldment and eventual triumph in the kingship of mind over matter. The ultimate office of "Satan" is described as demonstrating the unreality of evil when viewed in the light of spiritual consciousness. The theological perplexities that grow out of a literal reading of this ancient writing would soon disappear if Biblical scholars would but open their minds to the occult meaning that lies, consistently and consecutively, back of the mere letter and "history" of the teaching.

HELEN KELLER—Souvenir No. 2. Cloth, 67 pp. Published by the Volta Bureau, Washington, D. C.

The degree of success that has attended the patient efforts of Helen Keller's instructors to educate this deaf, dumb, and blind girl is the marvel of pedagogical science. The present volume commemorates her admission to Radcliffe College, under Harvard auspices, she having "passed with credit in advanced Latin." The book is a large quarto, describing in detail the methods pursued in her education, the chronology of her studies, and her final preparation for college. It contains also fine portraits of Miss Keller and her instructors—Miss Sullivan and Mr. Keith. The seemingly impossible task of connecting the consciousness of this girl with the outer world, through the pathetically restricted avenue of her senses, involves a story of

fascinating interest. Its accomplishment plainly proves the inherency of the *psychic* element in all human souls, for without the activity of this indestructible quality Miss Keller's rational faculties would undoubtedly have lain dormant in an inaccessible region of her mentality. This famous case presents to occult students much food for speculation as to the cause of so handicapped an incarnation—so limited an opportunity for mental growth; yet the woman's career has taught her teachers the wisdom of patience and herself the value of resignation.

THE NEW NAME. By Dr. George W. Carey. 76 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, San Francisco, Cal.

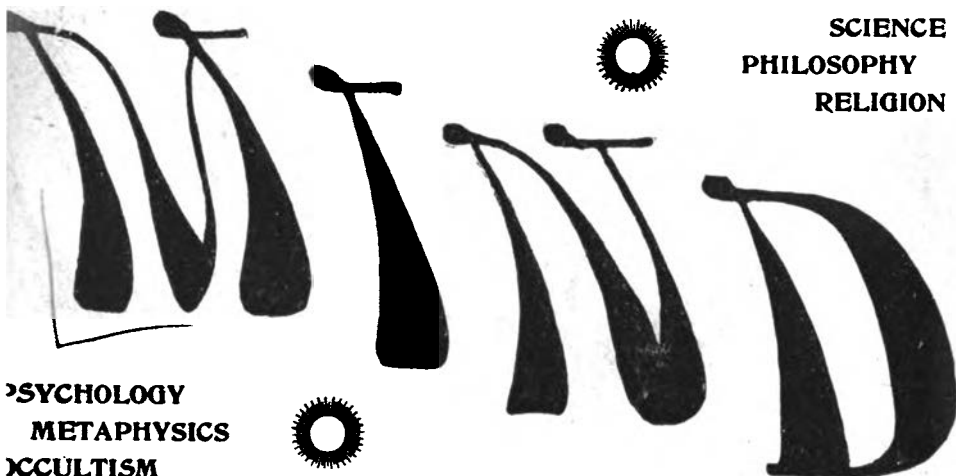
This is a series of seven lessons in "the Science of Soul, or Being." It is a good metaphysical treatise—more advanced in some respects, perhaps, than most New Thought literature, but on the whole true to the fundamental principles of Mental Science. We cannot, however, accept the author's view that matter and spirit are eternally distinct and separate elements, though this teaching does not affect his conclusions regarding the real and universal dominance of the latter. Indeed, the supremacy of mind is clearly proved, particularly in the healing art. Probably the concluding chapter, entitled "The Day of Rest," is the most startlingly suggestive of these "lessons." Says Dr. Carey: "Wool, cotton, flax, silk, etc., are all produced from universal elements through the slow, laborious, and costly process of animal or vegetable growth;" then, he asks, "Why not produce them direct [from the air]?" A most attractive vista of scientific invention and discovery is thus opened to the view—when the omnipotence of mind in the control of natural forces is realized more widely among thinkers. J. E. M.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WEDDING NIGHT. By Ida C. Craddock. 25 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, 1838 California St., Denver, Col.

TRUTH AND DESTINY. By Uriel Buchanan. Paper, 53 pp. Universal Truth Publishing Co., Chicago.

"I look for ultimate unity, not from the world's coming round to me while I stand still, but from a converging movement of thought, affecting all faithful men, toward a center of repose as yet invisible."—JAMES MARTINEAU.



SCIENCE
PHILOSOPHY
RELIGION

PSYCHOLOGY
METAPHYSICS
OCCULTISM

A Magazine of Liberal and Advanced Thought.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON, Editor.

OL. VI.

No. 6.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

MIND.

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 6.

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.

BY J. T. PATCH, LL.B.

Evolution is the highest generalization of science. It teaches that the universe is a unit, and that its order and processes are harmonious and natural. Evolution teaches that all truth is a universal whole, whether characterized as science, religion, philosophy, or otherwise—all having the same source and the completeness of perfection in every part.

The thinking world is assuming an attitude quite adverse to many of the old and fundamental teachings of the Christian Church, and the application of the principles of evolution to religion affords a rational explanation of this change. The process is natural and inevitable, and is still going on. Religious convictions have from century to century been passing through the modifying and purifying processes of evolution, and, notwithstanding the emphasis the Christian Church has put upon its tenets, evolution still proclaims that whatever is true is natural, and advances to the revealing of a divinity in religion which the Church has not heretofore recognized. It necessitates the proposition that there must be a true religion and that true religion is natural, and compels the acceptance of a natural religion as distinguished from a supernatural or miraculous one. It necessitates the proposition that the truths of religion are universal; that a verity so valuable as religious truth is claimed to be cannot be sectarian (one thing in one

part of the world and something else in another), but must be as universal as the truths of science; and that there is no time in which it can be said that man possesses a completeness of religious truth.

Progress, as we have seen, is universal—a law that we must obey, and that we are obeying whether we realize it or not. This is not only true of the physical, but it covers the domain of the moral, religious, and spiritual in man. We are not always aware that we are changing our individual attitude toward the great problems of life, religion, science, and God; yet the *world* is changing, regardless of the old landmarks or formulated statements of belief.

This changing attitude in matters of religion is creating uneasiness and alarm in the orthodox world, which makes the mistake of supposing that the abandonment of old religious doctrines is necessarily an abandonment of religion itself. We must be true to ourselves and to God; and this changing condition of man's belief, religiously and spiritually, is an expression of this truthfulness and obedience to God. The changed sphere of thinking and understanding compels this evolution of religious conviction. We are now studying principles rather than conclusions. Purposes have become superior to professions.

Every new announcement in the province of religion or science must take its place in the category of criticism, and old theological formulas must do likewise. Nothing in this age can escape study and investigation. The principles that underlie true religion and true science are eternal; they existed before religion, before science, before Bibles, before creeds, and before churches. Man's interpretation of these principles, from age to age, has been the formula of his religion and his science—changing as he advanced to a better realization of the truth. Something is added, or something left out; so a creed written for to-day may have something fatally inadequate for the needs of to-morrow.

Evolution makes this principle absolute—that there is always something yet unattained. New revelations are constantly coming into the world, regardless of the revelations of preceding ages. This is evolution. True science and true religion have the same source, which has never been closed to man; it is as accessible to us to-day as it was to the prophets, to Moses, to Galileo, or to Newton. Revelation through Nature has never ceased—God has not withdrawn himself from the world. He is speaking to man to-day as fully and as emphatically as in any age of the world. Every new discovery is evolved from some possibility within the realm of human attainments, and is therefore a revelation. Truth is not an invention, but always a discovery, or revelation.

The old theological teaching was that God made personal manifestations and interventions in behalf of the human race, while evolution teaches that God works by continuous, unbroken processes—that nothing can occur or ever has occurred except in accordance with natural and fixed principles. The old doctrine that there are special interventions or supernatural manifestations, on the part of a supreme Being, is fast being dropped from our religious beliefs, as it has long since been eliminated from our science. The world is constantly striving after higher attainments and spiritualities, and the fact that old ideas are being abandoned should excite no alarm, but rather be accepted as a manifestation of a Divine purpose in the great economy of things.

Our own Bible reveals a gradual evolution of religious ideas during a period of about twelve hundred years, during which time the books of the Old and New Testaments were written; thus the Bible reveals a truth unrecognized by the churches. It was developed in accordance with the laws of evolution. Its biography, its poetry, its legends and parables—all reflect the development of the Jewish people during that period. Whatever is mythical or legendary is nevertheless the best the people had at that time—presenting their early ideas

of God and of worship, and their conceptions of right and wrong (some of which were very crude), up to the loftiest ethical and spiritual teachings of Jesus.

That there is a conflict between science and theology is simply the result of man's inability to find the truth in either or in both. True science and true religion must be harmonious. Truth itself is but an interpretation. Evolution is not opposed to revelation, but is a new method of interpretation. All truth is the manifestation of realities. When we have traced truth back to its source, we discover a vast, impenetrable Reality, which can never be known save by manifestation. The infinity of Reality, or the Infinite, is beyond the reach of everything human. The utmost of our capacity is to discern the manifestation of the Absolute, and then to make our interpretations, which we call truth, and classify them as science, religion, philosophy, etc.—summed up in the term *education*; hence, a truth is a truth because its foundation is eternal Reality, which is beyond the conception or creation of man. Man can only interpret; this is the burden of his career as a finite being. And his interpretations have followed the laws of evolution, from ignorant and fictitious apprehensions—which had no foundation in reality and could be explained upon no principle—up to the most advanced discoveries in science and philosophy of our own time. As unreasonable and fictitious as have been many of man's first conceptions, yet these have been the avenue to the discovery of principles that have ultimately revealed to us the truth. Thus evolution is working in every phase of the world's progress. Greater advancement has been made in science than in religion, for the reason that much that has been recognized as religious truth was mere "conception," having no basis in anything real. These religious apprehensions have been formulated into written statements, and then declared to have a foundation in the most absolute realities of the universe; and to question or deny such claims has been denounced as criminal. This has impeded the progress of the

world in religious truth, but the law of evolution has worked slowly but surely against such fortified superstition.

It has taken centuries to surmount the one false religious conception which has done more, perhaps, than any other to obstruct human progress—the ancient belief that religious truth is superior to and more valuable than all other truth; yet in the minds of many even to-day it is superior to everything pertaining to earthly existence. This superstition is at least three thousand years old; it was a belief of the ancient Hebrews and by them transmitted to the Christian Church. This idea has obstructed every department of human progress; it has secularized religious teachings as the infallible declarations of an infinite Being—assuming authority to dominate over science, philosophy, and education. Its attitude is the obstruction of all progress, and the world will never be absolutely free until this false conception has been completely eradicated from our civilization. In science its unreasonableness lies in its untruthfulness, while in religion the same reasons are used in defense of its absolute infallibility.

—————

MENTAL discipline, the exercise of the faculties of the mind, the quickening of your apprehension, the strengthening of your memory, the forming of a sound, rapid, and discriminating judgment—these are of even more importance than the store of learning. Establish control over your own minds, practise the economy of time, exercise an unremitting vigilance over the acquirement of habit. These are the arts, this is the patient and laborious process, by which, in all times and in all professions, the foundations of excellence and of fame have been laid.—*Sir Robert Peel.*

—————

SUPERSTITIONS have indeed been associated with religion. So they have with law, medicine, nature, the family, the State. But we do not reject what is true in them with the false. Religion is just now eliminating itself from many superstitions and there is every day more religion in the world and less ignorance, doubt, and fear.—*Rev. C. W. Biddle.*

A PRACTICAL TALK.

BY THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

In a large sense, every one is the arbiter of his own destiny, inasmuch as he is equipped with innate powers that, consciously and wisely directed, not only make his character but to a great extent control his spiritual, mental, and physical conditions. The faculty on which much depends is the imaging power, as it continually throws upon the mind-screen pictures of good or ill—fair or dark, as emotion or the will suggests. Voluntarily or involuntarily, it is alert and working, and if intelligently guided may become, like the fairy magician, the transformer of everything undesirable to that which is fair and lovely. Its sphere of influence is especially the mind and body of man—its function that of mediator between the invisible and visible realms of his being.

To one who would cultivate his powers for their highest performance—who would be the ruler of himself and his world—we would say: Become acquainted with yourself as you are to-day—your failings and weaknesses, as well as your strong points; your desires and your strength. Note the tendency of your mind, whether aimless or centered. If aimless, why? if centered, upon what? Observe what kind of mental pictures you look at; note their effect upon you. Study the quality of the will, its authority and power of steadiness. Watch and consider the kind and effect of your emotions.

All this is preliminary. As to the habit of mind, at first you will probably find it aimless and untrustworthy, depending largely upon the outside world for stimulation. For example, you start out for a walk, perhaps with no higher motive than to be amused. Your will is not enlisted. You look idly at the people you pass, at the scene before you, the sky, the

clouds; but your thoughts are aimless. You are not centered upon any idea in particular. If this is your mental habit, you have made the discovery of a great lack—the lack of definite purpose. Or it may be your habit to brood intently upon one idea. Your concentrativeness may overbalance your power of relaxing. Too much or too great force of attention is detrimental both mentally and physically. This also is a fault to be corrected.

Now, as to the kind of pictures you carry in mind: are they suggestive of disease, poverty, or failure? Are they ominous and disheartening, or do they please, pacify, and promise all manner of good things and beautiful experiences? As to the will: does it lead *you*, or do you compel *it* to serve you? Provided you decide upon a certain course of action, does the will execute your commissions? Is it guided by personal preference or by impartial wisdom? This is important. And what about your emotions? Are they slave-drivers, taking from you all power of self-control and dignity of purpose, or do they lend themselves to your highest development, spiritual poise, and sympathetic relations with your world?

All these things considered, you see at once that a sure and certain foundation must be laid in order to erect that Temple Beautiful—a masterly character. This foundation is your ideal self—you as you would be—the embodiment of all that is fair and free and splendid in human nature. Get once within your mind this ideal being, and look upon it as your life model. Think of it until your love, life, and personal interests are fully identified with it. Let it be your companion, your friend, the inspirer of your thought, conduct, life. Clothe it with all majestic attributes, with sweet and tender motives, with Christ-like powers, and supreme, magnanimous repose of mind and manner.

Note how quickly your mind will form the habit of right thinking; how speedily it will become centered upon a noble purpose—the purpose of making the real manifest the ideal;

of giving gracious expression to an inner World Beautiful. Note how easily come the mind pictures that soothe, elevate, and inspire. Meditate upon the harmony between thought, purpose, and will; and, when the emotional nature is adding its wonderful reenforcement to this glorious Ideal, note how the love and thought of self, which make so many unhappy invalids, are gradually changed and expanded into the sympathetic, ennobling, altruistic love for humanity! As the inner being grows in wisdom and happiness, the outer (the body) grows in grace and beauty and health.



THERE is nothing so great as to be capable of happiness, to pluck it out of "each moment and whatever happens," to find that one can ride as gay and buoyant on the angry, menacing, tumultuous waves of life as on those that glide and glitter under a clear sky; that it is not defeat and wretchedness which come out of the storms of adversity, but strength and calmness.—*Anne Gilchrist.*



NOT all the proofs of immortality will make a man believe one whit more than he naturally believes. Not all the objections against it will make a man believe one whit less. After all that has been proved or disproved, it is faith and more, it is spiritual experience, that shall decide the matter. And what is true of immortality is true of God.—*Mozoomdar.*



God's will comes to thee and me in daily circumstances—in little things equally as in great. Meet them bravely. Be at your best always, though the occasion be one of the very least. Dignify the smallest summons by the greatness of your response.—*F. B. Meyer.*



"I ADMIRE the man who moves and speaks from honest conviction. The man who has no real working theory of life is like a poorly constructed engine. He loses power through the excess of what, in mechanics, is called 'lost motion.'"

THE FAILURE OF POPULAR EDUCATION.

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

Each period of civilization has its ideal of education. That of Greece, with Plato as its chief apostle, held that a thorough instruction in music and gymnastics (the word *music* including what we of to-day would term polite literature and the fine arts) completed the rounded and perfected ideal. But, unlike the theories of the educational empiricists of to-day, these studies under the Platonic ideal were regarded not as ends in themselves but as aids to the attainment of the complete stature of man. In other words, education was the development of faculty—*nurture* is the word that corresponds with the Greek word used by Plato. Character was the goal set for the feet of education. But the error of Plato was the artificial and impracticable theory of socialistic direction that he builded upon what was, for the most part, substantial foundations, thus insuring its ultimate rejection by those to whom education must first of all be *free*. From the side of the ideal, Plato's theory was nearly faultless; from the side of the practical, both in method and application to human needs, it was little less than monstrous.

Roman education expelled almost all of what was purely esthetic and left only the practical; and it is to the Roman system that our own, in aim at least, more nearly approximates. The severely practical method of Roman education was due to the same causes that gave to Roman law the qualities that have made it an indestructible part of modern jurisprudence. Rome was the conqueror and lawgiver of the world: each of her citizens should himself be a lawgiver and conqueror. It was a kind of education befitting—in its essential narrowness and severity, yet terrible definiteness—the mind and

character of a people who conquered a world and held it in a not wholly unenlightened subjection.

Following in time upon the Greek and Roman educational systems came that of the early Fathers and the schoolmen. Nothing is more noteworthy than the general freedom and enlightenment that distinguished the great schools of the monasteries, especially those of the Benedictines.

Through all these systems of education, down to the present time, there runs the idea, more or less clearly defined, that education is the training of the judgment. Yet it was Professor Faraday who remarked that the most common intellectual defect was a deficiency of judgment. It has been hazarded, with perverse ingenuity, that a danger attendant on education is a decline in the powers of observation; but it can scarcely be contended that there is any system of education worthy of the name the tendency of which would be to weaken so important a faculty. It is true, of course, that the exaggerated importance given to books is one of the popular superstitions connected with this subject. A mere bookish education may leave a man as helpless as the castaway who—familiar with the laws of winds and tides, yet never taught to exercise his limbs in deep water—is suddenly called upon to swim for his life. This deficiency in judgment, of which Professor Faraday complained, arises from a deficient training of the powers of observation.

"To what woe serves learning if the understanding be away!" says old Montaigne. "We must learn *things* before words," said old Comenius, one of the fathers of what is best in modern education. It is therefore no new theory that *the beginning of education is to observe; the end is to understand*. Yet in our common schools, what scant exercise of the reflective faculties! Locke held that our chief aim should be to encourage independence of thought rather than to acquire a knowledge of facts. He condemned, as strongly as does the modern reformer, the practise of

excessive memorizing. It seemed clear to him that memory is strengthened *by interest*—that instead of stimulating the action of memory we should stimulate interest and leave to memory her own work: a truth particularly applicable to childhood. What the child *loves* is the thing he will learn best, and the knowledge he acquires unconsciously he will retain most perfectly.

Here lay the value of the revelations of Pestalozzi and Froebel. Following in the line of Jesuit teachings, Pestalozzi held that when a child's heart had been touched the formation of his character had begun. The primary education of the world was in large part revolutionized by a man who was unlearned, but the basis of whose system was *love*. In America the teachings of Pestalozzi found those who sought to popularize them, among them Horace Mann; and the American schools in a manner felt the revivifying influence of the new doctrines. But, as the merit of Pestalozzi's system is not so much in its method as in its spirit, the public school is to-day far enough from Pestalozzi's ideal. The Gradgrind theory of education—"In this life we want nothing but facts, sir; nothing but facts"—is all-triumphant. "Unorganized facts," Herbert Spencer calls them, or facts from which no generalizations may be drawn.

Narrow theories of utility, by excluding higher relations, effectually defeat the broader utility. To illustrate: The plays of children are frequently revelations of Nature's method in the acquirement of knowledge. In the gathering of leaves and shells, in the building of houses in the sand, and in many of the children's games are often valuable sign-posts along the path the teacher may pursue. To seize and utilize these natural impulses of childhood, thus making learning an ineffable delight, should be the effort of the wise teacher. Who can fail to recognize that the propensity of a child to take a watch apart to see "what makes it go" is a natural and healthful impulse? How much real knowledge a child acquires of itself! This is true

of the most important part of his physical education. That the fabled condition—

“In the island of Tomtoddies,
Where were old heads and no bodies,”

is happily absent is only because of the unconquerable predisposition of children to run and tumble. Children delight in the development and exhibition of their physical powers—as they would delight, were education rational, in a similar exercise of their mental faculties. But if physical education should follow the same lines as mental education, it does not seem a very violent supposition that all physical exercise would soon grow as distasteful as the tasks of the schoolroom.

It is not in the light of comparison with past or existing systems that this subject should be examined—not whether our system is better than that of England or Germany (though in Germany the kind of education that cultivates the eye and trains the hand and develops the power of observation is carried much further than with us), but whether it is the best possible, in view of the present advance in the science of pedagogy.

Were I called upon to state what in my judgment is the chief reason for the failure of popular education, I should reply that the causes are manifold, not the least of which is the curious indifference to these matters on the part of the general public—an indifference fostered, I am compelled to believe, by that spirit of American optimism which assumes that whatever is peculiarly American, as the public-school system is held to be, must therefore be without any important defects. The testimony of Dr. Rice, the author of a well-considered work on “The Public-School System of the United States,” is that the large majority of the people take no active interest in the machinery of education.

How shall we estimate the value of our free schools? No distinguished graduate, nor even a number of distinguished graduates, are a sufficient evidence of the value of the system

itself. For it is impossible to estimate the complexity of those elements which contribute to the formation of character. And even the general excellence of the results obtained at examinations is no adequate measure of the system itself. Even a general degree of cultivation evinced in the various branches is but incomplete evidence wherewith to estimate ethical value and importance. The only method by which we may obtain a knowledge of the utility of modern educational processes is by personal examination and contact. By no other means may we gain an acquaintance with the *kind of man* that is turned out by this system of tutelage.

The subject of education has always been a favorite one with philosophers and reformers, who have hugged to themselves flattering delusions. They have conceived of a system of education under which the plastic minds of the young will be so molded as to retain impressions that will fit them to grapple with those problems which as individuals and as members of society they will be called upon to solve.

Perhaps we have paid too little consideration to the limitations imposed by the laws of heredity and environment; too little, perhaps, to the truth that for the fullest development of certain faculties other faculties must be repressed. Yet in this roseate view of the possible results of an ideal of education there was much that looked like reasonable anticipation. Education would at least fit the individual for the practical needs of the hour; if it could not impart an ideal culture, it could at least inculcate a rough kind of ethical sturdiness. It would teach men, at all events, the dangers of passion, of class and religious bias, and reveal the obvious arts of the political demagogue. Shall we say that not a single one of these anticipations has been fulfilled?

It is by no violent stretch of the imagination that we may attribute certain crudities, immoralities, and defects in our social, political, and industrial life to faulty methods of education. These blots and imperfections may be briefly indicated

in the divorce of culture from morality, of literature from conscience (of which Rudyard Kipling is a notable example), and of art from heart; and in want of self-restraint and ignorance of the phenomena of life. Is not education the enabling power to distinguish truth from falsehood—the real from the meretricious? If the chief elements of education are, as Matthew Arnold contended, “sobriety and proportion,” what shall be said of the disproportionate parts of the average man’s conception of life, and the intemperate and incongruous jumble he fondly calls his “political opinions?” Let us, in the absence of prejudice, examine a few of the beliefs of the men of to-day and the character of the institutions that owe their origin to these beliefs.

Politics. What is called “practical politics” is the mere carnival of the thimble-rigger; the higher politics is the massing of voters and the influencing of passion and prejudice by deft and ingenious appeals. Do we not everywhere see the idealization and idolization of men out of the very mire of humanity—the shallow “statesmen” who, raised to a position of eminence by popular approval, hardly trouble themselves to disguise their contempt for honesty and virtue? Is it not a belief widely held that public office is for private plunder; that tax-dodging is not a reprehensible practise? Do these features of our political life arouse, as they should, a spirit of alertness to detect the crimes and punish the criminals? Are they not rather regarded in a spirit of apathetic tolerance? The character of our laws and their multiplicity—which latter feature is a kind of national superstition with us—illustrate the absence of a clear understanding of the moral restraints that, far more than legislation, inure to the permanence of society. In view of these facts, may we not say that our system of education fails to lay a foundation for citizenship?

Journalism. The newspapers that have the widest circulation are fair indices of the average intelligence. Newspapers *reflect* the opinions of the community—never by any

accident, whatever they may pretend, acting as molders of opinion. When the dangerous war fever, like a moral epidemic, has taken possession of the people, it is the newspapers, with here and there an honorable exception, which sedulously minister to the spirit of turbulence.

Business. Amid false ideals of honor and patriotism, and false relations of men and women in society (in distinctions of caste), are the ideals of the business world, in which success is too often held to justify almost any means to its attainment. Here, too, is enthusiasm without a purpose, energy without an ideal—or at best but an ideal that from even a material standpoint is not worth a tithe of the sacrifice.

In short: the kind of man that is “turned out” by modern educational methods is the average man as we know him, with no moral fixity and with no moderation either in his pleasures or graver pursuits (witness the excess to which popular sports, varying with the fashions of the time, are carried, though as a people we do not practise athletics), with strikingly deficient powers of observation and limited intellectual purview. Everywhere popular education fails to realize Matthew Arnold’s ideal of “sobriety and proportion.”



ALL seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed fall into the earth or into souls. Man is a husbandman: his whole work, rightly understood, is to develop life, to sow it everywhere. Such is the mission of humanity, and of this divine mission the great instrument is speech. The influence of a word in season—is it not incalculable?—*Amiel’s Journal*.



WE can’t choose happiness either for ourselves or for another: we can’t tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment or whether we will renounce that for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us—for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives.
—*George Eliot*.

ONENESS THE BASIS OF SOCIAL HEALTH.

BY EDWARD A. PENNOCK.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the need for social health. It is evident to every thoughtful person that society is still unfinished, imperfect, disordered, and diseased. The body politic is sick; it is permeated with weakness and uncleanness. This is largely because the social organism is composed of imperfect, weak, and diseased individuals; but this is not wholly the reason. The condition of imperfect relations enters into the problem also. We are living in the sociologic age of the world. No man is sound and whole who has not established right relations with his fellows—who does not consider the undivided self, the body of humanity. As I understand the new metaphysical movement, it is concerned with the full coming of God's kingdom on earth. Surely, then, it cannot be indifferent to anything in society or human relations that is inconsistent with that kingdom! We cannot, we dare not, fold our hands in self-satisfaction and be oblivious to the urgent need of reform. If our philosophy is a true religion, it must be equal to every demand upon it. What have we to contribute as a remedy for *social* disease?

In the healing of all disease, it is well to consider causes before suggesting remedies. What is social disease? It is social inharmony. The different members of society are at war with one another. The various interests, nations, parties, and persons that make up the social body prey upon one another. The millionaire and the Trust are not more grasping than the millions outside; they are only more successful. Faulty institutions, bad laws, unjust discrimination, wasteful public officers—these merely stand for the great widespread selfishness that leaves out of account the rest of humanity. It has been sup-

posed that the interest of the individual was different from that of the race, and largely opposed to it. All social disorder is based on this fallacy, as it seems to me. *Social health depends upon a conception of the absolute oneness of all our interests.* There is no place for conflict; there is all place and all demand for coöperation. We live in a *divine* universe.

In considering the problem of social health, then, we come to the same conclusion that we reach in trying to remedy moral and physical disease. The essential is that we change our minds; that we get a new point of view; that we form a new and higher conception of truth, and then trust it and be true to it every moment of our lives. We have taken our stand on the broad platform of the immanence of God; the oneness of all humanity, as sons of God and brothers of men; the coming of the kingdom of *Good* on the earth. Let us get firmly fixed in our minds and hearts that the good of all is the good of each—that only as we work for the good of the race can we achieve our own highest good—and we have a panacea for all the ills of society. Convert men first to the social idea—fill them with the social soul—and the outward forms of the new and redeemed society will speedily and easily adjust themselves. It is for us who believe in these things to prove our faith. It is one of our foundation principles that faith and works (theory and practise) are one. How shall we best exemplify it?

A great opportunity opens before us in the contemplation of this question. The organized Church has occupied itself almost wholly with individual salvation; it has neglected social salvation. It has aimed to bring the soul into right relations with God, to the end that the soul might be saved from punishment hereafter. It has scarcely been believed that love to man was practical or possible in this world. The Church has not perceived that love is the organic law of normal society. The new metaphysical movement has also concerned itself primarily with right relations with God. Its teaching has been that the thought of oneness with God is the basis of all moral and

physical health. Let us not fall into the error of the prevailing orthodoxy and stop there. Let us not simply save men from suffering, and not give them the transcendent joy of service, the privilege of sharing in the regeneration of the world—the passion for humanity.

We have said that we would begin by believing in oneness—by believing that all men are citizens of a divine universe. How will this faith affect our relations to society and social problems, when carried into every-day practise? Let us look at some specific examples of what it will do for a man and for bodies of men. First, in relation to the use of property; for therein lies almost the fundamental error. Three-fourths of all the crime committed is crime against property. The greatest social evils are generated by poverty—the lack of property or its unjust use and unfair distribution. The greatest suffering and the worst slavery are the result of poverty. And how the thought of oneness will change all this! It will make material wealth valueless and impossible, apart from human fellowship. The management of business, of industry, of property, will become a social function. Whatever material good a man has he will hold as in trust, and will administer it for the good of humanity as a whole. It is for those who have the power to use it in the name of Love.

It is just as true also that the workingman has a power that he must invest in the interests of the race. He has all the splendid possibilities of manhood; he has the infinite resources of a son of God to put into the commonwealth. Will he do it selfishly, or will he do it with the thought of oneness always with him—conscious that he is working with Omnipotence for the realization of the ideal society? The result for society and for him will depend upon that choice. The thought of oneness will inspire a mutual trust between capitalist and laborer, between employer and employed, between rich and poor; and this is the end of all our desires—that there shall be mutual coöperation for the improvement of the earth and a better social order.

The New Metaphysics, then, has a beautiful work to do in the alleviation and ultimate abolition of this great social disorder of involuntary poverty. No other philosophy or religion has so sound a basis or so much right thought about the matter. Knowing that poverty is primarily mental and spiritual, not external, we hold up to men the ideal of the opulence of their own souls—if they will only seek the kingdom of oneness with the All-Good, which is within them. We can arouse in men a desire for the ideal society by showing them that the good of each is but petty and transitory, unless it harmonize with the good of all. *To abolish poverty we need a richer individualism, consecrated to the realization of a divine socialism.* If this is the new metaphysical ideal, let us hold it up to all men by our own practise and by our strong, positive thinking for others. Let us *see* men strong and rich and generous. Let us abolish the poverty of our own *conception* of them. Let us arouse new ideals and more righteous desires in the *hearts* of men by the power of “systematized, concentrated thought.” Who can estimate the momentum we may thus give to the social spirit that is now struggling for expression? Who can estimate the sense of joy and power that will come to our own souls as we thus express the highest, the supreme Love that broods over the whole creation?

Following in the train of poverty are crime, intemperance, and impurity. Undoubtedly they are partially the result of hard external, material conditions, and wholly the expression of an internal, spiritual poverty and perversion that spring from ignorance of the rich inheritance of oneness with God and his world that we believe belongs to all the children of men. The criminal is one of us; he is seeking what seems to him good. He has transgressed the external law because he has ignored the Law of Life, which is right relation to environment, or in other words the thought of oneness accepted as the working principle of the universe. In dealing with him, let us teach him this; let us put a new desire in his heart. The faith and

love born of the conception of *oneness* will do it—and nothing else will.

Intemperance is the result of a lack of satisfaction. The only true satisfaction comes from the knowledge of oneness: oneness with all love, wisdom, and power; oneness with all human interests and welfare. Apply this remedy and the drunkard would cease to want the deceptive stuff; the saloon-keeper would cease to desire to live upon the lowest in his brothers; the State would cease to confer power upon organized selfishness by recognizing it as a necessary part of the world order.

Impurity expresses another phase of unsatisfied desire, and depraved longing for selfish gratification, at the expense of the good of other members of the body of humanity. Fill the souls of men with love for the social good as they love their own good, and impurity would speedily vanish. The soul must find its satisfaction in the *universal* health, happiness, and prosperity. Then alone is it saved from the desire to sin.

Political corruption, too, is but an expression of the fallacious thought that a man can rob the State and thereby enrich his own life. The ideal democracy will foster the best in all of its citizens, and nothing less will confer the highest good upon any member of it.

The crowning social horror, war—the expression of the fiercest selfishness of all—is only to pass away as men come to know that God has made of one blood all the nations of men. The leaves of the tree of life which shall be for the healing of the nations are thoughts of oneness and peace.

I am well aware that these ideals are unpopular. They will be received with scoffing and ridicule by the majority—those who take pleasure in calling themselves “practical men.” They will tell us that such ideas are only “an iridescent dream,” in the words of John J. Ingalls. Nevertheless, if truth is on our side we have nothing to fear; and we believe it is, and that it will prevail. We have been told that love is the fulfilling of all law;

and science is joining hands with inspiration to prove this. The working of inexorable Love and supreme Justice are discernible throughout the ages. John Fiske has ably pointed out the cosmic roots of Love and Self-sacrifice and the everlasting Reality of religion. The signs of their presence are everywhere, and they are coming into the visible world with power and with glory.

We are learning that the individualist and the socialist are both right, but that neither is right alone. The fulfilment of the cosmic process is to be along the lines of psychology joined with sociology. The coming people that are to inherit and rule the earth must be God-conscious individuals and members one of another. The question for each one to decide is, Shall I join the procession—shall I choose to be one of the coming people? And right here come in those great fundamental factors of desire and purpose and motive. The ruling desire in every human heart seems to be personal good. This is right, if that desire be enlightened and purified. I would not teach men self-denial and self-sacrifice, as those terms are usually understood. How long have they been held up as the proper thing, in order that we might save our own souls! But the new metaphysical philosophy conceives something higher and grander. Neither self-denial nor self-aggrandizement is right as usually understood. It is only as we get a conception of the divine Self, in its right relations—in its oneness with God and man and the universe—that we get a pure and holy desire and an inspiring and compelling motive. That motive will spring from a love of the good for its own sake, because it is seen to be omnipotent and because it is seen to be universal. Then it is that right conduct, individual and social, is no longer a venture, but a consciousness of coöperation with Almighty Power. Such a consciousness brings a peace, a joy, a strength that nothing else can give and that nothing can take away, because it springs eternally from the divine nature within every living soul.

THE MYSTERY OF BIRTH.

BY A. L. MEARKLE.

Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, in the complex compound called protoplasm, constitute the "physical basis of life"—so named by Professor Huxley. Protoplasm can be analyzed but it cannot be reconstructed. The synthesis does not produce life. Materialists used to wonder at their inability to bring life from the inorganic, when the compound endowed with that mysterious property obviously contained nothing of a different nature. They are still experimenting with their sealed bottles of infusion of hay, though scientists now know that the failure of such experiments does not really bear on the question whether, at some remote period of the earth's history, and under conditions unattainable now, a form of life lower than any existing to-day may have originated from a combination of chemical elements.

The tendency of scientific opinion seems to be toward spontaneous generation as the explanation of the appearance of life. Yet two things are to be remembered when accepting this conclusion—that the lowest form of life we now know has behind it as long a history as we have ourselves, and that if life did come from the "not-life" it did not spring from *nothing*, but from elements whose every new synthesis, in the words of Professor Fiske, results in a new set of properties. The source of life is eternally above and beyond Nature, and it began to exist in objective forms, not as the result of a chance combination in Nature's laboratory like the studied one in the biologist's, but in orderly sequence upon the pre-organic phases of evolution. The potentiality of life was immanent in Nature from eternity.

Life is born into existence not of the flesh—of the material

elements forming its "physical basis"—nor of the will of man, but of the will of the spirit. In the production of a new life it seems as if the flesh had everything to do; in reality it has very little, and in that little it is controlled, not by the "will of the flesh," but by the spiritual or subconscious mind. One cannot become a parent at will. No one knows precisely what conditions are to be met, or how to meet them. That these things are beyond the scope of natural knowledge is admitted by physiologists. The choice is a function of the subconscious mind. Details, too, such as sex and hereditary traits, are absolutely beyond the control of the conscious will; and it is no doubt well that it is so, for the power to regulate these matters for offspring would impose a grave responsibility, and burdens beside which present duty to children, heavily as it weighs upon the conscience, would be a trifle. Only omniscience could choose wisely and satisfactorily in such a case. The subconscious mind of the parent elects the fact of a new existence, but does not determine its nature. And whatever agency the individual himself may have in the matter, at any stage of development, a body is not a mere mechanism, but is the resultant of preëxisting forces, controlled by subconscious mind, which normally operates to produce a form in harmony with external conditions.

Heredity in its material nature (to paraphrase Haeckel) is a purely mechanical process. The fact of parentage counts for something. If there were nothing concerned in reproduction but indifferent, unconditioned matter and a preëxisting mind capable of molding matter according to some plan of its own, there would be no such thing as actual heredity, which depends upon "the continuity of the produced and producing organisms." As it is, not only in physical characteristics but in those mental traits and peculiarities of consciousness which constitute personality, the child is the offspring of the parent. In the mysterious union of conditioned matter and unconditioned spirit that takes place at the beginning of organization,

the hereditary characteristics of the new organism are determined, and with them the spiritual environment and other circumstances of the development of the soul during the ensuing phase. The choice of parentage being made, the physical qualities of the new organism depend upon forces not under the control of the individual will. Certain limitations belong to certain combinations of molecular motions, and hedge in their organic possibilities. Organization goes on strictly in obedience to natural law. Being eternal, the spirit is not subject to the laws to which the body must submit, but it is temporarily conditioned by peculiarities belonging to the material nature. Harmony between organism and environment is normal; for both the self (organism) and the not-self (environment) are manifestations of one principle. Being was not differentiated into existence to prey upon and destroy itself. But the individual body, owing to preëxisting conditions, is more or less out of harmony with its environment. This disharmony is not a real evil. The subconscious mind has the power to adapt the body to external conditions; and the alternate maladjustment and readaptation continually going on in Nature constitute evolution.

Evolution, while it involves the destruction of some, brings about the greater health and happiness—"more life and fuller life"—of the survivors. The elimination of the organisms less perfectly adapted to their environment implies a better adaptation on the part of others. Evolution is brought about equally by the neglect of the weaker and the fostering of the stronger. If, then, the subconscious mind, through which adaptive variations are transmitted to the organization of a new generation, tends to produce types progressively better fitted to environment, it must be care for the individual, rather than for the type or race, that impels it. And if, in particular cases, this care seems lacking, it must be because, in those cases, spiritual development does not mean personal success, and happiness does not mean survival as a type. Physical pleasure

and pain, which play so important a part in evolution, are indifferent to the spirit; hence its motive in this care for the individual must be other than the immediate one of the physical well-being of self or offspring. In all its processes life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. The preservation of the animal life, which goes on even when its conditions are intolerable to the person, has a significance beyond Nature's. It is through earthly life that the spirit lays up for itself the eternal treasure of individuality. The perpetuation of the species and its improvement are not a prime object with the spirit. But these are Nature's especial care. Nature, with her eye upon existence alone, in elaborating the type neglects the individual. The subjective ego, on the other hand, essentially individualistic, is indifferent to the fate of the type.

The interest of every soul is in eternal harmony with that of every other soul; so that if it seems limited to self nobody is the loser. An altruistic reaching out into concern for others, even for offspring, would be superfluous on the part of the spirit, for each individual takes care of his own destiny. Therefore, an act of will effecting an improvement of type, in any particular case, must have been not that of the parent but of the individual himself. The spirit is the organizing principle. Matter is the substance with which it builds. Now, if the building (the body) differs from the ordinary, either the builder or the material must have been different. The elements of physical growth are all about us in organic form, in which form they are taken into the system. Then disorganization takes place, the process of choice begins, and the body is built up according to the subconscious will. "Propagation," says Haeckel, "is only a growth of the organism beyond its individual limit of size." Cells are built into the embryo just as they are into the mature body. But even at birth the child is not an exact reproduction of the mother, though their bodies have been nourished on the same food. There have been two builders at work with the same materials. How ab-

surd is that motto affected by hygienists: "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are!" I am what I am, physically, simply because I am *I*, and not another.

The eternal interest of every parent is in harmony with that of the child. Motherhood cannot happen to a woman in opposition to her subjective will, maternity being a physical function controlled by the subconscious mind. On the other hand, the subjective will of the offspring, pressing into existence, harmonizes and coincides with her own. The new individual cannot force her to bring it into life. The individual is born, not of the will of the flesh but of the spirit—not in opposition to his own will, nor by the choice of any pre-existing will other than his own, yet in harmony with both. Spiritually, we are individuals, each as independent as if he were the only being in the universe. But life is a unit, and individual lives, while they cannot really touch one another, any more than do the atoms in a solid, by their mutual attraction and interaction help to mold and complete one another. The sentient universe is a great instrument, and the harmony between the self and the non-self forms a symphony sublime as the music of the spheres. We are individual spirits, each working out his own destiny according to eternal spiritual laws. We are not the slaves of our limitations, nor the mere ephemeral creatures of heredity and environment, nor yet the helpless victims of our own mistakes. Birth is, therefore, not an evil, and existence at its worst is tolerable. Nay, even at its worst—one act in the never-ending drama of the soul—it is interesting.

SKEPTICISM in moral matters is an active ally of immorality. Who is not for is against. The universe will have no neutrals in these questions. In theory as in practise, dodge or hedge, or talk as we like about a "wise skepticism," we are really doing volunteer military service for one side or the other.—*William James.*

MAKING MAN BETTER.

BY JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

Make man better! How to do this is a problem that has never yet been solved. Without doubt man has been and is being made better, but the process was and is a part of the growth: the work of one the work of the other. In the early days this was the work of the prophets and patriarchs; then came the Advent and the great Teacher; after him came the Apostles and the Christian Church. The doers of this work now are known as "reformers," and are often called "cranks." In some parts of the globe there are no reformers and no cranks, and—no manhood and no womanhood.

A survey of the past from this view-point leads to the conclusion that man has been hard-hearted and hard-headed, and that the Infinite Truth is all that it is declared to be.

There is no fixed point at which to begin to make man better; he is susceptible to reformatory influences at every stage of life. Whether with money or without, whether of good character or bad, he is a waiting patient and the medicine may be administered fearlessly at any time. Just as man is found—tramping, in the penitentiary, in politics, in business, in the Church—is the best way to begin with him. No "preparation" is needed, for preparation is hypocritical. The heart can be changed from black to white, but no one knows it but him in whom the change is made. True generation is the secret of the soul.

This is not an age of miracles; all change is slow. However, the Church has learned better than to offer the Bible to *starving* heathen; there must first be food for physical comfort. The preacher has learned better than to "preach" to a tramp; a hungry, homeless, ragged man hates sermons. The

reformer has learned better than to set up his social hypothesis before men who labor as slaves and are ill paid—who live in hovels instead of houses and breathe stench instead of air. In such conditions and surroundings they are deaf to blatant advice, and if agitated can only rise in anarchy. Spiritual regeneration is often the reflex of physical regeneration. The soul loves a clean and holy temple.

Man is not made of immediate resolutions, but he is susceptible. The environment is important; it determines for good and for bad—for clean and unclean. Man is by nature inclined to look up, and if in youth he could be enlightened as to the best modes of living the race would soon be strong enough to overcome the world. But man is *not* enlightened in youth; hence the work and worry and suffering that are parts of the reformation.

Make man better! How? Mother, wife, sister, sweetheart—whichever you may be—know this: the environment, the actual life in all its detail, is a force that helps immeasurably in molding the man or men nearest you. Some demi-gods cannot be shaped by such conditions, but of man in general this is true.

To make a man better he must be changed; if he does not need a change, he cannot be made much better than he is. The change must start *in* him; he must have food and drink that are pure. Not the richest and the costliest food, but the *best* food. Diet often makes temperament as well as flesh and blood; if the flesh be gross and the blood evil the temperament will be irritable and violent. Heredity lives and dies by the teeth and stomach.

Watch a man who eats meat so raw that the blood oozes from it at the stroke of the knife; in him the milk of human kindness is very apt to be wine. His brotherly feeling may be much too rapacious to be trusted implicitly. He is usually selfish to the core. If men *will* be eaters of flesh, they need refining until they can enjoy it well done. Man fed on a humane, moral diet is likely to display both qualities. True, the one

perfect Man said: "Do ye not perceive that whatsoever thing from without entereth into the man, it cannot defile him?" but this, like many others of his parable-precepts, is doubtless somewhat mystical, and requires a literal interpretation before it can be made wholly applicable. Let man use his appetite and teeth as becomes a God-made person, and he will grow in that power which overcomes.

If man should eat pure food he should also breathe pure air. Clean air invigorates and vitalizes the blood. The body cannot be made strong and good unless the lungs are open to the elements. To know how to breathe well is as wise as to know how to eat well. The man who knows how to breathe plenty of bad air is better off than the man who does not know how to breathe good air. Man, in his careless, unthinking way, has blundered into the suicidal habit of breathing in short, uncertain gasps. The lungs become inactive, drawn, sluggish, and after a time rebel against the full, manly breath. The chest falls in, the shoulders droop, the cheeks become sallow, the eye loses its expression of vivid life, and the entire anatomical structure begins slowly to die.

Strong, deep breathing makes a strong heart; and a strong heart sends the blood rushing through the arteries and channels of the body, giving it freedom, power, and vitality. When the lungs have once been contracted by half breathing, full breathing is like tearing open the pump cells; a few deep draughts make the chest ache and the brain dizzy. Man in such a state is at all times short of breath, which means that he is short of life; and the man that is short of life is hard to make better. The higher the temperature of life in man the more capable will he be of higher and more righteous possibilities. Breathe deep and long of God's free air; breathe fresh air, and thus make the lungs and the heart powerful, for they are the seats of life.

Cleanliness! This determines the state of a man's feelings. If a man is clean he feels clean, and keeping clean in-

spires him to clean deeds. The man who is faultlessly clean—not superficially polished, but thoroughly clean—will revolt at the things that are low and unclean. The right kind of a bath every morning is a safeguard to the ordinary man. A bath counts much in determining his course during the day. Nature has ever looked up to and loved this washing and making white. It is the great cleansing that redeems the world.

Personal cleanliness comes by teaching and experience. This high accomplishment is, perhaps, of feminine extraction; so let the comparison be drawn accordingly. A good woman is as clean and pure as a dewdrop; and if man, no matter what his condition, will adopt such cleanliness he will begin to grow better. Be clean from head to foot on the outside, and from mouth to stomach on the inside. The clean man is the active, successful man; the unclean is the slothful failure.

Sin is the great evil of the world. Sickness is one of the worst forms of sin; and there is hardly a possibility of one person proving that sickness can be banished, because the weak and doubting are continually spreading the contagion. But sickness can be cast out; and knowing how to eat, breathe, and keep clean is the first law in the exaltation of health and righteousness.

If people would live as they should, there would be no sickness or sin; for they are a disease that the human race wilfully propagates. Wash out the alleys, the slums, and all unclean places in the cities. Teach man the importance of civilized stomachs, of untainted air, and the use of water, and sin and sickness, poverty and crime will soon vanish. Let the seeds of the better desire be sown in childhood, and manhood will overcome.



RELIGION has not primarily nor mainly come to man by deliberate ratiocination, but by spontaneous experience. It is the whole of man responding to the whole of God. Human nature has not thought out—it has experienced religion.—*John White Chadwick.*

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY KATHERINE WELLER.

There is in Oriental philosophy a theory that the progress of human evolution is marked out into a series of cycles, or periods; in other words, that the forces that underlie phenomenal life have their seasons of activity and of comparative quiescence, comparable with the recurrence of that "seventh wave" in watching for which every one has whiled away an idle hour by the ocean. It would appear that the idea *per se* is self-assertive, and offers by its very existence some proof of its validity, since, formulated in the oldest religious teaching to which we have access—in the Vedas—it reappears in Greek philosophy, is revived by the scholars of the Middle Ages and consigned again to oblivion, only, after being resuscitated and denied by the negative spirit of modern thought, to be at last taken under the patronage of science.

It is indeed hardly possible to study history intelligently, and without prejudice, and to escape being struck by the inevitable recurrence of similar events after equal periods of time. An inevitable event—mystically referred to in the Bhagavad Gita, one of the deeply significant scriptures of the world—is the recurrence of a great spiritual influx, a sweeping wave of aspiration and of inquiry into the hidden meanings of life, and an outflow of enlightenment, an access of spiritual knowledge and discernment, succeeding a period of negation, skepticism, and materialism.

For example: When the Eleatic school had reduced their doctrine of being—a mere abstraction—to its logical consequences, negation and nihilism, and the Ephesian school, by a diametrically opposite chain of reasoning, had arrived at pessimism and skepticism, the world, apparently bankrupt of

hope in the person of all its thinkers, saw a mightier philosophy arise and proclaim the inner meaning of the difficulties with which the scholars were struggling—enunciating a doctrine of conciliation and interpretation. The school of Pythagoras announced with almost prophetic power the existence of the immaterial in matter, the geometry of the universe, order and unity underlying manifestation, and formulated an atomistic idealism, which has been the basis of every rational system of philosophy ever since.*

Again, in the Middle Ages, when the religious spirit was wellnigh stifled beneath scholasticism, intolerance, and formalism, it was given to the world to see Science and Philosophy, in flagrant opposition to the mightiest power of modern times—in defiance of the power of the Catholic Church—unite in lifting the veil of superstition and ignorance that darkened the face of life, and, hand in hand, usher in a new era. No wonder Europe stood amazed and half bewildered when the revelations in cosmology of Brahe, Galileo, and Copernicus, the discoveries of Columbus, de Gama, Magellan, combined with the philosophies of Bruno and Campanella (the former distinguished as the “common source of all modern ontological doctrines,” the cradle of evolution, and the intellectual progenitor of Leibnitz and Hegel), revealed a new heaven and a new earth!

Then, when in the nineteenth century materialism seemed to have reached a climax, and when Science had apparently rescued man from the Scylla of superstition to deliver him over to the Charybdis of agnosticism—when it appeared as if a dreary positivism was the culmination of human knowledge—again history repeated itself.

The increased facilities for travel and for intercourse

*In this connection it may not be out of place to recall the extraordinary resemblance between the school founded in Europe by Pythagoras and that established in India by Sakyamuni, together with the fact that at least two ancient writers, Clement of Alexandria and Alexander Polyhistor, regard Pythagoras as the pupil of the Brahmins.

between widely-separated peoples were leading to a revival of interest in the learning and languages of the East, comparable to that which prepared the way for the Renaissance, when the soldiers of Holy Church, who went out to convert the heathen by the sword, brought back nothing but a "harvest of heresies," and the fall of the Byzantine Empire drove a host of Greek scholars into Italy, at that time the repository of European learning and already tinged by an element of Orientalism borrowed from the schools of Arabia. Even so the conquests of England in the East led directly to a new triumph of Oriental philosophy. The discovery to the Western world by Turnour, in 1837, of the Pali language, followed by the labors in the same field of Fausböll and later of Professor Rhys-Davids and the Pali Text Society, brought to light a great mass of hitherto unsuspected Buddhist literature, whilst at the same time Professor Max Müller was unearthing the treasures of the Sanskrit.

Meanwhile, not without influence from the same sources, the New England School of Transcendentalism, illuminated by the genius of Emerson, was discovering through intuition what the scholars were establishing by means of the intellect.

Another influence was also at work predisposing people's minds to investigation and inquiry. The manifestation of so-called "spiritual" phenomena about the middle of the century aroused a great wave of contemptuous criticism, of curiosity, and of tremulous expectation. The development of psychism, ridiculed and derided by the world—as every new development or idea is ridiculed and derided by one generation until it slips across the undefined borders of the familiar and accustomed and becomes a commonplace to the next—had finally to be accepted as a fact of experience; while the explanation of the theories of its cause and origin offered by its votaries remained unsatisfactory to thoughtful people.

Gradually there grew up a conviction not only that there would be a religion in the future, but also that that religion

would not depend on written revelation nor be founded on dogmatic authority, which claimed so much and demonstrated so little of spiritual power. It began to be felt that the religion that would mean anything to mankind in the twentieth century would be in harmony with the known facts of natural laws, and would connect the ascertained results of physical evolution, of human experience, and human reason with the instincts and aspirations of the soul; in brief, that the religion of the future would have to be both the religion of science and the science of religion, but above all the religion of humanity. Thus it would have to be a universal faith—a faith that, beneath widely-differing externals of thought, of expression, of language, race, or ritual, must recognize an underlying spirit of unity: that spirit of unity in essentials which was being dimly perceived in all the classic philosophies and creeds of the world. It would have to be a religion confident enough in its own integrity and free and strong enough in its own spirit to encourage and promote the fullest investigation into the unknown problems of Nature, both internal and external to man.

Toward the end of the century there emerged into prominence one great cardinal fact, which was seen to underlie all truly individual spiritual experience. That was the fact that Emerson strove to express when he wrote his essay on the "Oversoul," a little in advance of the moment of intellectual enlightenment that brings discernment of spiritual truths to any proportion of the multitude: the same fact that inspired the loftiest utterances of every truly enlightened man, were his name Gautama Buddha, Lâo-tsze, Pythagoras, Plato, Boehme, Swedenborg, or any other "great spiritual lord, dwelling in a worship which makes the sanctities of Christianity look parvenus and popular."

"God enters by a private door into every individual," was Emerson's statement of this fact—so fraught with promise to the race, and so subversive of the systems; in other words,

that all real wisdom must be an individual revelation to the individual soul, so that one man's soul can no more breathe the breath of soul-life for another than his body can breathe the breath of another's bodily life. The parallel is imperfect because, by virtue of their superior sensitiveness, souls can share vicariously, to a certain extent, in the influx of divinity from a soul that is in great sympathy with their own; but sound will be dim, sight blurred, speech stammering, until the man learns to find the God within himself, relates himself to the All, and realizes his independence of even the noblest extraneous influences.

Such has always been the teaching of the Wisdom Religion, which, never quite lost to the world, has in our day been revived and re-presented to the minds of thoughtful men and women under the name of Theosophy. The Theosophical Society, founded in New York in 1875, bases its whole teaching on the recognition of Unity—the unity in humanity and unity in Divinity. Its aim is to demonstrate practically this great truth, hitherto recognized only as an ideal; to manifest unity of thought, unity of spirit, unity of endeavor, and the unity of continuous life throughout the world. Its effort is not directed so much toward works of external philanthropy, of which the world is already full, as it is toward impressing on the mind of humanity the thought of a harmony that will ultimately render philanthropy, in the popular sense, unnecessary. For Theosophy believes in treating causes rather than effects, as it also believes that “*das sichtbare ist zeitlich, das unsichtbare ist ewig.*”

Now having branches in most of the principal countries of the world, this society numbers adherents of all the principal religions, whose loyalty to the faith of their childhood it does not question nor discourage. Side by side in brotherly helpfulness work those who have been, or who yet are, characterized by some special name—Catholic, Protestant, Buddhist, Brahman, Parsi, agnostic, mystic, materialist, or spiritualist

—and those who have dropped all specialization, and who say, simply, “I am a student of the Wisdom Religion of the Ages.” All departments of human knowledge are open to its eager thought, for its students include scholars at home in the dusty parchments of half-forgotten centuries, devoted as that scholar who “gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,” scientists who find the grandest teachings and the clearest illumination in the book of Nature, and who bring to both departments of their life the loyalty and whole-heartedness of the scientific conscience; mystics, who tread the shores of that invisible world which is the unknown, or unremembered, heritage of us all. All are welcome, all congenial, to minds concerned primarily with the pursuit of Truth—not with the establishment of any dogma, however noble or desirable.

Those, however, who accept the more technical teachings of Theosophy—such as reincarnation and *karma*—will find that they offer a rational, scientific solution of the problems of life, the acceptance of which imparts to the soul the sense of being a free man of the universe, with possibilities to which human intellect can set no bounds. The great fellowship of the unsatisfied melts away with the recognition, as a scientific fact, that the foundation of the universe is harmonious *law*. Life becomes starry and immortal; “the earth is laid with a geometry of sunbeams.” In place of inscrutable mysteries, distracting discords, and the heartbreaking exercise of faith which consists in “believing things that you know aren’t so,” there unrolls before the student of the Wisdom Religion the eonic labor of a building God; he recognizes himself as an integral, necessary atom in the great whole; he discerns order evolving out of seeming chaos, and learns that in every realm—the ethical and moral as well as the physical—rigid justice rules the world.

No student of the Wisdom Religion is ever asked to insult his self-respect by “believing” what his reason cannot accept. If solutions of problems and explanations of facts in Nature

or ethics that mean much to others seem to him doubtful or obscure, he is not asked to darken the Light that is within him by an impure acceptance of a truth whose dress is to him a disguise he cannot penetrate. The integrity of the intellect will never be divorced from the loyalty of the heart by any who have grasped the principles of true Theosophy. The ambition of the Theosophist is the attainment of knowledge; the incentive to attainment is the service of humanity. Out of knowledge are born patience, endurance, and forbearance, when it is clearly perceived that strife, selfishness, fear—all that we are accustomed to call evil—is but undevelopment, a condition out of which some have grown and all may grow.

Much of failure—much of friction, alas!—has attended the inception and the formulation of this great thought, which is at once so new and so old. At the present stage of human evolution this would necessarily be the case. The adjustment of minds and lives to ideals so high above and so far beyond those that have been familiar to them entails confusions and complications inseparable from the breaking-up of old conditions. None the less does every aspirant feel that a noble failure is far to be preferred to a mean success. Nothing worth doing is done easily, nor has any philosophy worth the name ever yet been of mushroom growth. Ridicule, misrepresentation, and vituperation have taken to-day the place of the prison and the stake, which confronted the Theosophists of the pre-Christian and the post-Christian eras—“*e pur se muove.*” Neither the ridicule and opposition of open foes nor the misunderstanding and misrepresentation of well-meaning friends can deter the soul that has once understood the significance of the motto of the society: “There is no religion higher than Truth.”



NO LIFE can ever be grand which has not first been faithful. Without the preparatory training of small fidelities, who would be suddenly equal to supreme tests?—*Zion's Herald.*

THE TALKING FISH.

BY WILLIAM J. ROE.

I swam in the deep, unimpeded and free;
My home was the ancient Devonian sea.
I followed the course of the currents that flow,
Or I waited in eddies long ages ago.

Unknowing, unthinking, I sported and bred;
In my sensuous greed on my fellows I fed.
The light of your world was a meaningless glare,
And "death" was my name for your life-giving air.

Yet deep in my soul there was something amiss—
Some vitality greater and better than this;
For I felt the pure touch of the air on my gills—
Of a race higher up that its potency thrills.

Like a bird from its nest on a wind-bended bough,
From the Past, vague and silent, has fluttered the Now.
Proud man, looking up at your dazzling sky,
Are you better or braver or wiser than I?

When you scan the vast void of the measureless blue
And the points of the stars of the night pricking through?
When across your racked senses the spirit is swirled
Coming down to the gloom of an ignorant world?

* * * * *

Let the truth far above you come up from below—
Immortality's hope from long ages ago;
The grace that impelled when I dripped from the seas,
In my simian home; in the neoliths' trees;

That speaks in the spirit and breathes in the air;
Through eons of rising that counseled us there,
And balked our low self that it dared to impede—
The growth of the rose from the wilderness weed.

That was writ in a book or revealed by a man,
Either found or invented and wrought to his plan;
With his glow in the gloom and his warmth in the chill,
Who comes all the laws to destroy—and fulfil.

He proffers the promise of old made anew—
All the power of Truth to the heart that is true;
All the might of the light in the darkness that hides,
And your hand to the helm that the universe guides.

How happy of old I had been had I known
I should live in the flower whose bud was unblown!
I should know as I dreamed, understand as I guessed,
And leave to All-Power—as you may—the rest.

* * * * *

Slow move the wise ways that the Wonderful keeps,
And rich the ripe harvest Eternity reaps;
Life, rising forever from crown unto crown—
For the soul may look up as the intellect down.



It is as certain as any newly ascertained thing can be that there is such a phenomenon as we designate by the word "telepathy." My researches have convinced me of it and that the limitations at present imposed on the intercommunication of physically remote minds need only be scientifically understood to be, in large part, in the way of removal.—*Bishop Fallows (Ref. Epis.)*.



WISDOM is oft-times nearer when we stoop than when we soar.
—*William Wordsworth*.

GOD—THE ABSOLUTE PRINCIPLE.

BY VAN DUSEN COOK.

Life Force is the only absolute Principle in the Universe. We human beings are a developing expression of the living God, and hold the reins of power and thought within our own grasp. All our following after creeds to accomplish the "redemption" of man is futile, and bespeaks a state of minor civilization. Whatever power made the rain-drops is a potency in us, and only by finding out the workings of this grand universal Principle shall we be enabled to enlighten our fellows.

By understanding the "square" of the ancients, or the "fourth dimension," one may gain true spiritual nourishment. Take, for example, the anvil. We have the positive and negative factors, and friction and production. The hammer stands for the positive, the anvil for the negative, the flying sparks for the friction, the horse-shoe for the production. This typifies the perfect square upon which the whole universe is built; but the consummation of the fourth dimension could not be attained without the fifth principle—Life, or the Manipulator.

In the human we find the five-pointed star shown in all its grandeur pointing as it should with the head upward. But the sixth evolutionary step is the most beautiful to contemplate, as it is the unfolding of the angel-wings within us. The number six stands for purification—our consciousness of an at-onement with the Father. The spiritual life fluid then becomes pure and vital in its flow throughout every thought and every act of our lives, giving them a high and noble purpose.

The manifestation of the germ of life on this plane may be likened to a prisoner taken from a higher plane, drawn down to this, and then returned to his original state. Both organic and inorganic forms are outbuilt upon the same pattern. Every form and every molecule have the quiescent rudiments of vast possibilities within them; and the evolution of

these rudimentary germs into active faculties depends upon the relative position of life-forms within their own forms and others exterior to them.

When the mouth takes food, we apprehend that food is assimilated from beneath; but when the chest takes in breath, there is a drawing down, as it were, of that which is of a higher nature. The act of eating is voluntary: that of breathing is involuntary, the mouth being superior to the food but inferior to the breath. Breath is superior to all ordinary forces, because it is the essence of the Life Force itself. All lies within the ocean of *Prana* (Breath).

In the negative, or female, principle we have the involuntary motion. In the voluntary motion we recognize the positive, or male, principle. All results spring from the interaction of these two principles. When we come to a knowledge of our real selves, we become *consciously* a part of the living God. Nothing *new* is ever added to the universal, or deducted therefrom. All activity is but a working over, as it were, of that which ever has been and always will be. It is not a state of higher or lower birth, nor of more or less worldly wealth and power, but rather of *comparison*, that makes us free-thinking men and women. It is by comparing all things, and separating the wheat from the chaff, that equalization is possible to man, keeping him safe from less advanced currents of attraction and thereby raising him to a point where he can call upon the Grand Man and realize the outpouring of that Light which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

This idea of the Life Principle being the Light that "shineth in the darkness" is the missing "Word" so long sought for and so little understood. If rightly unveiled and comprehended, it makes us one with His many kingdoms, harmonizes us with all of His handiwork, and helps us to appreciate the etheric vitality which holds in solution all things. We draw from it in every conceivable direction, and receive in a measure limited only by our capacity therefor. The air is not only composed of gases, but is vibrant with spiritual vitality.

If God be the All-in-all, we can secure no better standpoint of growth than the one we now have—that of the positive and negative, characterizing the one universal Principle of activity. This Absolute Principle gives spiritual insight to Nature.

The will must first be freed from servitude, and then we shall be able to exercise it in control of its freedom. The will develops living principles. It is by knowing these forces that we are able to appreciate life; that we are forced to see the worthlessness of the attempt to be great and noble without an understanding of the *spiritual*: for in it lies all science, and when considered rightly it brings us face to face with God.

This life fluid, flowing as it does in and through all atoms, is what makes the great Brotherhood of the Universe. If we would be perfect, as God is perfect, we must have cognition of our Higher Self, knowing how to discontinue, or break the link of, the physical currents, and thereby obtain peace. One cannot gain too much knowledge of this question, as true knowledge is born of the spirit and is therefore eternal.

Until one is willing to put himself through a course of heart-questioning, he is not qualified to fill his allotted space in life. He is not in a position to impart the strength necessary to uplift others to any marked extent. Our talents must be accounted for, not only to Nature but to our own egos, when the time shall come. Whatever is without is within. If the planetary system has its sun, we have ours; if man may not trifle with the zodiacal signs, neither may he debar his ego of its birthright of pure and holy light. The spiritual body is so saturated with *Prana* that we can absorb, here and now, all that we require for the higher life, and thereby impart energy and health to the physical body and elevate it to a higher plane, which will prevent its being used and impaired by less advanced currents of thought.

Will and Desire are at the foundation of everything. All action and motion are of Deity; therefore, we should "acquaint ourselves with God."

THE INDIVIDUAL.

BY JAMES GARRARD STEVENSON.

"The Father and I are one."—*Bible*.

"That which exists is One: sages call it variously."—*Rig-Veda*.

The Individual is the indivisible unit of existence; the one Life in all its myriad forms; the supreme Self of man in his innumerable disguises; the Absolute in its robe of relativity. The Individual is the unit of change, of sequence, of relationship; the Identity that pervades and unites all existence in One. The Individual is the Soul of the Universe—Nature its flowing vesture. The Individual is the one all-embracing principle, Love, whose negative expression is Law. The Individual is the one God hidden in all beings; all-pervading; the Self within all beings; watching over all works; dwelling in all beings; the witness, the perceiver, the only One.

"Individuality in its highest form," says Caird, "is not merely negative and exclusive, but also positive and inclusive; it is not merely the consciousness of a self in opposition to other things and beings, but also the consciousness of a self in relation to and unity with them." The Individual is therefore both the lower and the higher Self of man—the personality and its inspiring principle.

Much confusion of thought has arisen through the misuse of the terms *individuality* and *personality*, the one being commonly used for the other, as if they were interchangeable, or synonymous. The personality is man in his negative aspect—the expression of and the creature of law. It is the mask, the form (ever changing) in which the real man disguises himself. It is to man what the wave is to the ocean—a mode of activity; the fleeting form that comes and goes; the garment of Divinity. The individuality is man in both his positive and negative as-

pects. It includes personality. It is the real man, in his ever-changing and expanding opinion of himself.

The Universe is but a process of individualization by which man attains to self-realization. That composite thing we call Society is but a vast personality, and represents not the evolution of man, but merely the *evolution of his thought*. Thus the Individual includes society as the ocean includes the wave. Nature, which includes all social phenomena, is the negative representation to the Individual of himself. In other words, man can arrive at the realization of what he *is*, only by the process of realizing what he *is not*. He can realize his absolute Self only by experiencing all degrees of relativity. Thus arises the dual aspect of man—the interplay of the positive and negative forces within him that constitute the apparent conflict and confusion in the world: of good and evil, of pain and pleasure, and all the “pairs of opposites” that perplex the mind.

The Universe, in reality, is an expression of Love, and that which appears to the mind as pain and limitation is but the negative aspect of Love. Love can be realized only through *Law*, for which *Universe* is but another name. It is ignorance of Law that causes all pain. The perception of Law is the beginning of wisdom. Obedience to Law is liberty.

Man holds his account with persons, with society, or with government; but his account is really with the Self within him. Competition lies not between persons, but solely between man and his own higher Self. It is man resisting the law within himself. Persons, society, and things are but the agents of this inner Law. Man is always dealing with the Self *within* him, no matter under what form it may be. In warring with society, or with another person, man is only at war with himself. The Law executes perfect justice everywhere and at all times. Universal Law is Universal Justice. Without Law, or without Justice, the Universe could not exist a moment. It is the failure to perceive the *necessary* existence of Law, the *necessary* fact of eternal and universal Justice, that fills the

minds of good men with confusion in dealing with the problems of the world. To know and to obey the Law is the highest wisdom. It is to know the truth that makes man free. It is to realize the union of man with God—to realize the Individual Self.

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INFANTRY drill consists in the continual repetition of the same motions. It is totally lacking in variety, spontaneity, and grace. Ten minutes in the gymnasium or football field is worth an hour of drill. The good feature of a soldier's character is courage. It is an excellent thing to cultivate it, although it is probably impossible to make a man as courageous as some animals—the bulldog, for instance. But military drill has no tendency whatever to cultivate courage. The boy who is drilled runs no risk of any kind. The slight danger incurred in work on parallel and horizontal bars, in learning to swim or dive, or in riding a horse is far more useful in cultivating courage. All boys are naturally destructive and belligerent. It is folly to develop these anti-social tendencies. Awake and strengthen them and they will not be satisfied in after life until they have found an outlet for them. You will be sowing the seed of future wars. It is idle to say that if every one is drilled there will be no necessity for a standing army. By drilling everybody you are cultivating the spirit which creates standing armies, and it would be absurd to depend upon that spirit to abolish them. There are two other defects in the soldier's character which it is hardly wise to inculcate, namely, vanity and unquestioning, mechanical obedience. Vanity is one of the roots of militarism. I know what I am speaking of. I used to be a major on the First Brigade staff and I know what it is to ride up Fifth Avenue on a riding-school nag, feeling like a composite photograph of Napoleon and Washington. Without gold lace and feathers there would not be much left of military establishments. The chief effect of dressing up boys in brass buttons and epaulets is to make them self-conscious and vain. As for blind obedience, it is distinctively an unmanly trait. To be willing to shoot anybody upon order and to take any side of any quarrel means to abdicate one's conscience and intellect.—*Ernest H. Crosby, in the Sunday World.*

AFFIRMATION AND DENIAL.

BY M. E. CARTER.

There is no reality to sin, sickness, nor what we call death. Why? Because they do not belong to the eternal, changeless verities.

How and when shall we use denial and affirmation? Both are useful, and both are necessary at times; but affirmations are more frequently desirable than denials. Still, there are times when denial is absolutely requisite. For instance, you meet with persons that talk to you about unrealities that belong only to the undeveloped. They discourse of sin, sickness, and death; of crime, poverty, and unrest; and fear seems to be the bugbear of their lives. What, then, is one to do who has come into knowledge of the truth of Being—who knows reality from unreality in a moment—when these statements are made?

Shall we associate with error and allow it to enter our consciousness, or shall we straightway erect our wall of defense against it, and not only exclude it but also destroy its power for harm as far as possible by our attitude toward it? Shall we intensify the damaging effect upon those who, through ignorance, picture it upon their mentality and then manifest it in their discordant lives; or shall we wash it away with the water of life-giving Truth that we have learned to use?

Then when shall we use denials? *Instantly*; whenever we hear falsity spoken; when we hear any statements that are contrary to the one great Truth—the dual affirmation, “Good is omnipresent; therefore, there is no evil.” As an entity or power in itself, evil cannot exist. Realizing the force of our thinking, and also realizing the power of our spoken word, we shall scan watchfully every statement that may be made, either

to us or within our hearing, and promptly *and silently* deny every word that we do not desire to have become a part of our own experience. Treat it as it deserves; treat it as every falsity should be treated, and the result will be poise and harmony to ourselves. Moreover, we shall become saviors to others; for we shall prevent them from getting deeper into the "slough of despond" in which they are painfully struggling because of ignorance of the way out.

Again, when through our own negligence or erroneous thinking we get discordant results in our experience, we must *never* acknowledge any reality in them, but steadfastly declare: "There is nothing but Good; therefore, this experience is good, and I shall see the good. I will look steadfastly for and at the good only, and thus evoke its manifestation." Denials are sometimes like weeding. They uproot what is not useful and what is harmful. When we remember that inharmony of any sort is not of God, because the infinite I Am is Harmony itself, and when we remember that we are in and of that infinite Source of all, we shall feel justified in making our strongest denials of inharmony, and then immediately follow them with equally strong affirmations of everything that we know belongs to the eternal Real. In this way we shall plant in the garden of our consciousness the thought-seed of health, happiness, and peace, leaving not a spot vacant for the propagation of the noxious growth of unwholesome thinking.

There is what is named the "Center of our being." It is the God-consciousness within. When we think, speak, and act from that Center, we are in peace, tranquillity, and serene joy. It is well expressed in the ninety-first Psalm: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." If you repeat this Psalm to yourself while falling asleep, all the while feeling that you are dwelling in that secret place, you will find it a beautiful, wonderful treatment for repose.

Do not forget that you do *now* know all that is worth know-

ing. It is all involved in your God-derived being, rolled up in your God-consciousness. Then, if you would manifest this glorious wealth of invaluable knowledge, live in the God-consciousness hourly. This is our part. The Creator has forever and forever imparted Itself to all Its creations. We must each unfold our own soul, and open ourselves to the Divine influx, affirming: "There is not an atom of my being—physical, mental, moral, or spiritual—where God (Good) is not. I am full of power, and full of the peace that passeth all human understanding."

Vibration is a word that now covers an immense field. We have all along known that sound is the result of vibration; light also, and color. Our thinking is vibratory, and every atom of stone, or tree, or plant, or animal, or man, is governed by the great law of vibration. The higher or the swifter the vibration the more forceful is the result. Professor Dolbear, in his book entitled "Matter, Ether, and Motion," says that everything that we call matter may be reduced to an imponderable substance that he names ether; and what we call matter, he tells us, is simply "whirling rings of ether in the ether." In a word, *vibration*.

Simply stated, all is spirit. All is God in differing manifestations. God, Spirit, and Substance are synonymous terms. Therefore, we say of matter that it is unreal if regarded by itself, unrelated, and changing in expression. God, the Omnipresence, is the Substance of all that is *eternal* and therefore real. The successful healer holds steadfastly to this one central, pivotal thought; in the face of what others call evil, he never swerves. "Hold fast that which is Good."

When you know that your every thought swiftly changes the action of your blood, and when you also realize that what men call "imperfect circulation of the blood" is the beginning of everything that is named disease, you will see to it that your every thought is *worth holding*. You will affirm the good and deny its opposite always. It is known that the moment one be-

gins to make a mathematical calculation, simple or complex, the circulation of the blood is changed. Moreover, Edison says that every atom of the human body revolves upon its own axis or center, and every atom in a perfectly harmonious organism is polarized to the great center supposed to be the solar plexus.

Thought, our thinking, causes vibrations. If our every thought sends vibrations throughout the entire organism, acting upon it for peace or its opposite, we certainly have the power to change our conditions by changing our thinking. The body may be composed to a piece of complex machinery that moves in obedience to the mentality of the engineer. Thinking is the force; the will is the engineer. The body has also been likened to a musical instrument that vibrates responsively to the touch of the player. Our thinking brings out discordant notes when it is disorderly or not in accord with the truth of our being, just as harp-strings give forth discord when not touched according to the *principle* of harmony. If we would have music (harmony) in our lives, we must watch and govern our thinking constantly.

This certainly requires method, and faithfulness in applying it. First, endeavor by devotion to the Truth to admit into your thinking no erroneous statements or thoughts of the persons about you. Next, after denying away the untrue, fill yourself with Truth by affirming steadfastly what you know of Truth. This filling of yourself by affirmation is your safeguard, and will crowd out undesirable thoughts. For instance, begin each day with the affirmations: "I am a child of God." "I am a spiritual being." "I am *one* with the divine Source of my being *now*." "I am of the essence and substance of Divinity *now*." "I am made in the divine likeness." "Health and strength, peace, prosperity, and all good belong to me because of my divine origin." "I am full of love to all humanity." "I trust in the All Good." Always affirm in the *now*. Postpone nothing. Then, as each day advances, and as you are brought face to face with the seeming contradictions of these great dec-

larations, hold to them firmly if you would dispel the phantoms of unreality that you may meet as you go about. You will have to fight "the good fight of faith" in, and fidelity to, the All Good most valiantly if you would conquer.

The sword of denial is an excellent weapon with which to destroy falsity. But the armor of faithful affirmation will protect you if you clothe yourself with it *in time*. No undesirable thing can touch one always clad in the invincible armor of clear, determined, and faithful affirmations of Truth. It is only when we neglect or forget our God-consciousness—when we allow something else to come between us and our frequent visions of the Real—that we pay the penalty, or reap as we have sown. Just here it is that failure to prove the Truth to ourselves and to others occurs. The principle never fails. It is more steadfast than the everlasting hills—as perfect in action as the movements of the planets. We may trust it always, no matter how faithless we prove to it. It is ever ready to serve us when we turn to it. In our endeavors to help others we have only to hold ourselves firmly in the God-consciousness, and look for and recognize only the Divine in all people and in all creation. When we learn to feel and to see the infinite I Am in every experience of our lives, we shall become more than conquerors, for we shall have "peace like a river" flowing for us forever.

Suppose you are a student, and you find in your studies what seems to you perplexing. What are you to do? Enter your own Divine within, and there dwell in thought. Say to yourself: "I affirm my own divine being. I am one with all knowledge. I *do* know. I have understanding. I am taught of God within. Omnipotent Intelligence expresses Itself through me." Then, in perfect trust, go on and do the same in every perplexity. Many fail because they make the statements and, not having cultivated the *realization* of the Truth, they *fail to trust*, and then they wonder why they do not demonstrate it.

The best thing about this philosophy, or religion, is that it

is proving itself all the time; and those who are faithful in their daily practise experience grand results. We no longer have to ask that the healing power of true thinking may be recognized. The happy faces and peaceful lives of its faithful followers are living demonstrations of what it has done and can do. The best *materia medica* physicians are those who teach their patients how to keep well; who teach health. This study is truly religious, since it binds us to God and does teach us how to keep out of and away from discord and disease, and enables us to help others to find the same freedom. It also shows us the way out when we have come into discord and disease (lack of accord and lack of ease) through our own negligence and consequent false thinking. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity for true thinking. Deny the false; affirm the true. We must hold to the truth about ourselves and all humanity in order to *see* the Truth of the teaching and to *prove* it.

If you discover upon yourself, or upon any one in whom you are interested, the appearance of any of the *unrealities* of life, then is the moment for you to speed quickly to the center of your Being and see only God—omnipresent Good. If the appearance *seems* very real, while you know it is not so, and that it cannot stand the test of the truth of God-Reality, banish the false picture and put in its place the true one. Declare for the Omnipresence, the All Good; and declare that the divine vital force flows freely everywhere, awaiting appropriation. Always remember that nothing can appear in your experience that you have not, at some time, allowed to be engraved upon your consciousness; also that, of all the demons to which mankind has thus far been the prey, Fear has proved the most de-vitalizing.

How frequently people use that word "fear," or one of its synonyms! "I am afraid;" "are you not afraid?"—we hear these phrases on every hand. And when fear is not voiced it is acted. Fear of water, fear of *air*, fear of accident, fear of loss, fear of disease—"its name is Legion," and it is Satanic.

Affirm, then, boundless trust, for every time you think, feel, or voice fear in any way you devitalize yourself to just the extent that you do fear. Put in place of that idea boundless courage. Claim your birthright every time that a lurking fear touches your consciousness.

There are countless instances of the effect of thought upon the circulation of the blood and the action of the heart. The expression, "My heart stood still with fear," illustrates one phase. The pounding of the heart-beats in a time of great excitement of any sort is another example. The action of the blood, its regular or irregular circulation, shows the condition of each one of us. Then "govern the thinking," and thus rule the physical organism. This government must be ceaseless if we would hold the dominion. Deny the false, the undesirable, the unreal. Affirm the true, the desirable, the eternally Real.

* * *

Before closing this series of lessons, it may be well to say a few words regarding death, life, and immortality.

What is death? The poets—who often voice higher truth than they seem to know—have told us that death is only transition. All who think quietly about it know that there is never any cessation of life. From one point of view, death may be defined as a lack of *recognition*. Drummond says, "Death is a lack of correspondence to environment." The animal or the plant that is not drawing nourishment from earth, air, and water, is "dead." And we speak likewise of men and women in the same circumstances. When they cease to correspond with their natural environment we say that they are "dead," not realizing that they have only changed their correspondence, no longer requiring the old environment after laying down the garment of flesh.

In reality, the *soul*, or conscious entity, that fails to recognize "Good in all its ways" is lacking in correspondence to its God-environment—is dead. Thus we see how it may be that

people who seem to us active and alive may be in fact dead, or lifeless. In Biblical words, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." As sin means a "missing of the mark," then, the soul that does not fix its gaze upon God "in all its ways" is not fully alive—is missing that which marks a living soul. There is a change that is only a stepping over the threshold that leads to more abundant life. We need to "die daily" to our non-recognition; die to the old conditions—the old correspondence to error. We need to give up responding to environment made by our false thinking and arise to the life that is new every morning. It is the recognition and realization of our God-environment. This is putting off mortality and putting on immortality. When we do this daily, we ascend steadily higher and to fuller recognition and clearer realization. As we make our ascension in thought we leave far behind us sin, sickness, and death. These do not belong to the realm of realization of Omnipresence, Life, and Immortality.

Having learned the power of thinking, we shall watch the forming of our thought into ideas, remembering that words and actions are the symbols representative of our thinking. If we desire Life—more abundant Life; if we would prove immortality to ourselves, we must *think* it faithfully, steadily, persistently. Recognizing that Life is one expression of God, we shall look for it and see it omnipresent. When we cease to think in the old way of death; when we cease to fear that change, and are filled with the thought of Life omnipresent—then the last enemy will be vanquished: for, having no place in our mentality, it will *cease to be* for us.

We are all describing that great "Circle of Necessity" that began with God, the Source of All, and that leads us back to our Source—when the at-one-ment shall be complete, and we shall each say "I and the Father are one." Those rays of God-Thought that we call "souls" are all one with God, and can never be separated from their Source. But each soul must become a conscious part of God. Not that God can be divided,

but each soul's consciousness is, to itself, individual, while all are one in the God-Consciousness. The soul never ceases; it is deathless, as Thought of Deity itself. That which is from an eternal, deathless Source, and forever sustained by It, must in its own nature be likewise deathless and eternal.

Think of your true Self as eternal. You will then realize that you never had a beginning in what men call time; that you were never limited to what men call space. Time and space are terms employed by mankind expressing our own limited sense—our lack of knowledge. The "eternal Now" is always ours. We possess no "past;" we possess no "future." The everlasting Now is all that we have. We have always been, and always shall be, in eternity. Immortal life is our birthright. If we would enjoy this knowledge we must claim and take possession of it, holding it fast in our conscious thought.

This manner of thinking is our practical work for growth. How shall we grow away from mortality, disease, and the old phantom enemy—death? How shall we cease to be subject to all the miseries that follow in the wake of these unrealities? By ourselves destroying their power over us. This is to be done by steadfast adherence to Reality—Truth.

The great secret of health, happiness, peace, and prosperity is found in thinking only of those conditions. A mine of gold might be in your cellar, and you living and walking above it; yet it would be worthless to you until you discovered and *made use* of it. And so it is with the Omnipresence. It is all that the word implies. We must look for It and draw upon It, with perfect trust and faith in It, if we would reap the blessing.

The faith that we are to cultivate is fidelity to the Truth revealed to us. According to our faithfulness will be results to us. Fidelity will prove to us a talent that we may increase without limit. With the increase will be revealed vision after vision of Truth. We are all now standing on the threshold, looking toward the Christ—the Truth, as it manifests to us. Jesus manifested the Christ. What is waiting for us we can im-

agine. Here we may indulge our fancy without any doubt that all that we can possibly think of peace, joy, and rest are wrapped up in God's Truth, ever in the Christ-consciousness; for Christ is *the* Principle of Truth pervading the Universe.

But, if we wish to get a glorious view of a beautiful landscape, we must go away from the walled-in city and ascend some grand mountain before the scenery will be disclosed. It is ever there—flowing river, boundless ocean, wooded hills, and heaven's dome above; yet to see it we must often take a journey and climb to a height. So must we, in thought, leave the sights and sounds of the mortal sense-world and go up the mountain of spiritual consciousness before any vision of the expanse of Truth can be revealed to us. This ascent of the mountain is what we name "meditation," "going into the silence," "concentration." It costs some effort; it will take some time: but if we make the trial we shall find, in that pure upper air, knowledge undreamed of on lower planes of thought. On the mountain-top we shall see our own true *being* and be taught of it. While there, we shall each say: "I see God." "I know my own divine Self." "I am one with my Source." The human will be taken up into the Divine. The mortal will give place to the immortal One. We shall know Eternal Life.



THE religion of Jesus is based on the perpetuity of the divine Fatherhood and the universality of the human brotherhood. It is a faith that finds visible expression in love for God and man; and not man alone, but men—poor, unfortunate, ignorant, sinful, dirty, ungrateful men that throng our streets and revile all that they cannot defile.—*Rev. Carl F. Henry.*



THE strength of resolve, which afterward shapes life and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of those sacred, solitary moments when we meet God alone.—*F. W. Robertson.*

WOMEN AS PSYCHICS.

BY ADELAIDE KEEN.

Woman, in early times, was considered the "weaker vessel," and accordingly received the most knocks. Not only did her helplessness challenge tyranny, but her nature, both inherited and acquired, made her supersensitive to every light and shadow, to every whim and eccentricity of those with whom circumstances had thrown her. "Women has maggots in their minds," as the old man said; "they're kittle kattle!"—which, being interpreted, means that the frail, gentle wife or daughter defied phlegmatic authority in some small matter, and afterward proved the wisdom of her fancies with signal success.

Many a man has had his wife warn him of false friends or approaching disaster. "I don't like that man," she says. "Why, pray?" "I don't know, but I feel sure—I *know* that he is insincere and a rascal. Be careful; don't lend him money!" Then her husband laughs, goes on serenely, and sooner or later, if all are alive to see, the fears will be justified. The friend or partner now has the money and his victim has the experience. And, all through this, the silent watcher has been mutely and acutely suffering in anticipation, waiting to say, "I told you so!" But when that day comes, a great, overwhelming sympathy, born of love and this same intuition, forbids her uttering reproach.

Woman's comparatively lonely life—lonely even with her tasks—long centuries of oppression and self-effacement as well as the companionship of little children, "bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh," have taught her the inner way to wisdom and shown her the hidden hand. This mysterious power, of which to-day we hear so much, is nothing more than the emo-

tional side (or the sense of "feeling") highly developed—not, as Eastern sages and ancient masters have called it, a "sixth sense." It is the mind attuned to invisible harmonies or discords—the eolian harp, sensitive to the unseen breeze and warning those who will listen of what will follow:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

This sensitiveness is found most often in those men or women who have suffered greatly, and it may give pain and pleasure in equal proportions. It is always developed by contemplation, or concentration upon certain objects. This habit, like physical habits, becomes involuntary, and it is not necessary to "go into a trance" to see, or rather to *feel*, that which is impalpable to the other four senses.

The saints of old, with their isolated lives, developed this power. Psychics are found in the wilderness, as a talent is nourished in solitude; but when it is part of the character it is most useful in crowds. It has a commercial value also—unrated as yet, but increasing in size. The monks of the Middle Ages, when free from gross materialism, were exceedingly psychic. Alone with Nature, whom to know is to love, and independent of their fellow-men, they found illumination. These were the Mystics—going down into the "Silence," where God works, and bringing up pearls to the common eye.

The nuns of that time were rarely psychic; they were too timid or too absorbed in mechanical duties and devoted to the confusing forms of the church. Also, they were too dependent upon the priests and "superiors" to trust any inner feeling. It is in the household, then, whether of peasant, *bourgeois*, or king, that we find women using this groping guide for peace and happiness, warding off storms and contriving ways of individual enjoyment. The "master," as he is still called among the lower classes, was rough and overbearing; brave in war but restless in peace; irritable, stingy, and unreasonable, although innately kind when not "in his

cups." So the mistress of his heart and home had to maneuver and circumvent—watch and pray. The new dress, the household bills, the children's faults had all to be carried at last to this bluff tyrant; but she took them after a hearty dinner, and with a smile and a kiss. In her narrow life she practised concentration, knew his face and his step, signs of anger and signs of laughter, with only mother wit to teach her. As princess or peasant, she wound herself about his heart with a thousand pretty tricks, often doing evil that good might come. She was as now the binding link and natural interpreter between father and child. That shrewdness which teaches her the child's wants before it can speak will protect, even in the lower animals, against cruelty and need. To her husband, then, she opened the mysteries of the baby's mind. "Both are near the angels," he thought, with reason. So necessary is this bond, however, that, when left a widower untimely, he sought another wife—not as wife alone, but as mother and translator of the children whom he was helpless to understand.

Men thus far have developed psychic power more systematically than women, because they are more fearless of ridicule, more logical, and more independent, and because of its commercial utility. Although useful in any profession, it is especially so to the bank clerk, traveling agent, ticket-seller, doctor, lawyer, or minister. In such a capacity a man will trust divine intuition, then prove it by some system of reasoning or laws of physiognomy—merely to justify his "foolish impulse." But with women it is of slower, lower, and later growth, guarding her in a hundred ways from the machinations of the world, protecting her modesty, and leading her through unknown paths, ever onward, to her higher self. Women in some ways are "slower" than men, but when they bud they bloom, making up all arrears with surprising agility.

This very power of *feeling*, so much derided by men, has made woman what she is and always was to their sex—fascinating, inscrutable, full of change and plastic vivacity. This

susceptibility to sorrow and tears, to nerves and notions, has drawn her to her mate with the invisible cords of opposite temperament: because he dimly sees that she can love as well as she can suffer and hate—that her patience will make her loyal and her moodiness make her amusing. Cleopatra combined the lion and the lamb, the serpent and the dove, in a bewildering fruition of voluptuous self-sacrifice. She is the type of the charmer, not commonplace because all sides of her being are equally prominent—the beautiful body, the brilliant mind, the feeling soul.

In children the psychic power is noticeable until the world laughs it away. A child's candid eyes will discern faults behind a smooth face, even as a dog knows friends or foes, more clearly and surely than the cynical diplomacy of older people can grasp after months of suspicion. As the child grows it stops saying, "Mama, I don't like to go to that house; they are not happy there; I feel it!"—succumbing to threats and persuasion. If a boy, he usually forgets all about it; but if a girl, she keeps the faculty somewhere in abeyance, to serve her later. This feeling comes from the highest source—Good, or God. So far from being blind, Love is double-sighted; and those who love, either *en masse* or one alone, develop it most quickly. Love and wisdom are the same; those who *trust* will learn. The key of the Kingdom is in the hands of a child, and its treasures of peace and joy belong to those who "fear no evil." The way of sorrow leads to the Mount of Victory. Passing through purgatory, we reach Paradise. So, in coming years, women through centuries of darkness will have found the full and abiding Light within.



EVERY permanent improvement of the soil, every railway and road, every bettering of the general condition of society, every facility given for production, every stimulus applied to consumption, raises rent. The landowner sleeps, but thrives.—
Thorold Rogers.

A TINY HOMILY.

BY MATILDE CHAPIN ALLEN.

Philosophers tell us that life seems tiresome and endless to those who have no difficulties to surmount; that it would be insipid without trials, and joyless without sorrow; that no greatness nor goodness can attain high ends unless tried in these fires.

This is a comforting doctrine for those who have the heroic kind of life thrust upon them. Whether they wish the trials and troubles and disappointments or not, they can feel their character is being molded by and through them; yet our trials must brace us for more effort and keep us true to our best selves if they are to prove the right stimulus. It may seem, in our relaxed and indolent moods, that it would be more ideal to attain the best character without so much agony; that if the mind had not been overshadowed it would be freer of the memory of pain, mental and physical, and thereby more exalted; and that its vigorous cheeriness and hopefulness, which had never known aught else, would be contagious. Who knows but that in the dim future, when we have learned to think first of what is for the ultimate good of all—when with higher civilization come the keener sensibilities of the development of character for human service—we will not need the sore discipline?

Mr. Bellamy's idea that children inherit the moral and intellectual character of their parents, and that thus the millennium would soon be at hand, is now changed to the less hopeful thought that the child inherits the whole past of the human race and of animal life as well; so that the sum of goodness of the entire race must needs be uplifted before any improvement in the newly born can be visible.

One mother whom I know tried to instil into the minds of her six children that they must try not to see the disagreeable traits in others; that if they would try they could always find something to *like* in them. And she would tell those children that if they felt cross it were better for them not to talk until they were sure that whatever they had to say would be something pleasant. This injunction not to be critical would hardly apply to children of a larger growth, since we develop by broad and kindly criticism—by outspoken thoughts on all subjects. It is often easier to appear to agree with a friend than to make the effort to put forth other and opposite ideas; yet this would hardly be convincing or broadening.

Each of us exercises an influence upon those about us—for good or ill. Never think what *you* do “doesn’t matter,” for you know better. Says James Russell Lowell:

“Thou seest no beauty save thou make it first.
Man, woman, Nature—each is but a glass
Where the soul sees the image of herself.”

How narrow life must be to persons that really dislike humanity in the aggregate—those who tell, for instance, how they never ride in a street-car because they dislike to be elbowed by the masses! That corner of their hearts that does not respond to kindly sympathy and human influences warps their spiritual life; they leave it to others to be public benefactors and ministers of grace, while they strive to arouse another kind of pride—one that may prevent their being disturbed and belittled by their fellow-men. It would be well could their hearts have the cleansing that the darky janitor, when on his knees, declared he meant to give the floor: to “scour dat floor right froo from Genesis to Revolutions!”

If character is not attained by love, then it may be developed through a sense of duty. Selfishness and ignorance and lack of faith may have made this greatest of attributes seem very insignificant; but some time the character may respond to a warming influence.

The purpose of life is an endless thought, which is often difficult to understand because our ideas, like our bodies, make a complete change every few years. Our calm resolutions of one year are apt to undergo radical changes the next, as our consciences become more active and our responsibilities greater.

Those who are cognizant only of their physical bodies are but half alive. Their minds are in a chaotic state; but they are themselves the authors of their sufferings. Let such persons realize that there is a Spirit working in and through all things for good; and that, even if it is not tangible, yet it will bring them sweetness and peace.

The hopeful nature must try to recognize help in the apparent hindrance to the higher life of half-developed natures. Why not think of them as useful checks and setbacks? For they assuredly realize in a bright light the pure conscience and strongly-marked sense of duty of those working toward the brotherhood of man.

THE precepts of Jesus are the essential element of his religion. Regard these as your rule of life, and you build your house upon a rock. Live them out, indeed, and you have entered the kingdom of heaven—you even now enter it.—*Channing*.

THE heart which can carry the burdens and sorrows of even the most forsaken, which can make room for the griefs and toils and cares of the hapless multitude, is filled without measure with the life and love of God.—*Charles F. B. Miel*.

It is stated in the *Medical Sentinel* that there are twice as many persons studying in the so-called schools of mental healing, faith cure, Christian Science, and the like, as in all the medical schools in the country combined.—*Medical Record*.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THREE YEARS OLD.

WITH this number, MIND celebrates its third anniversary. With comparatively few readers at the beginning, it has steadily grown in popular favor, each month bringing an encouraging increase in circulation; and at the present time its rate of growth is greater than ever before. We know our readers will rejoice with us in the prosperity of the magazine, and we wish to tender our thanks for their generous patronage. We have faithfully tried to be deserving of their approbation—our aim having been to make each number better than the preceding one; and that we have succeeded in our endeavor is attested by MIND's greatly increased circulation.

We would also extend our hearty thanks to many foreign newspapers and magazines and to the press of our own country, particularly the daily journals of New York City, for their just criticisms and generous indorsement of our efforts to fill one of the distinct needs of American literature.

In this connection we wish to call attention anew to the underlying purpose of MIND. We believe the world has great need of a thoroughly optimistic magazine—one in which the way to health and happiness is clearly pointed out: one that shall tend to improve both the inner and outer conditions of life. The object of this periodical is to give the most advanced thought, from the pens of the best writers, upon every subject that pertains to the higher development of man; and we shall measure our success by no material standard, but rather by the real good we accomplish in making people happier in mind and healthier in body.

INTERNATIONAL METAPHYSICAL LEAGUE
CONVENTION.

THE outlook for the coming Convention of the International Metaphysical League is exceedingly promising. The exact date has not yet been determined, but the probabilities are that the sessions will be held late in October. Full particulars will be found in our next issue.

Among the speakers are to be such men as the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., Professor George D. Herron, late of Iowa College, John Jay Chapman, John Brooks Leavitt, LL.D., and Professor Tyler, of Amherst College. Boston, it is expected, will send a representative delegation, which will include Henry Wood, Horatio W. Dresser, Ralph Waldo Trine, and many other able and eloquent speakers. Chicago, Washington, and many cities of the West will probably be well represented.

The people who attended the initial Conference at Hartford and the Convention held in Boston last October will doubtless avail themselves of the profit and pleasure that will be obtainable this year by listening to the leaders of the great New Thought movement on the most vital subjects of the times. Circulars giving full particulars can be had on or before the 15th of September by addressing the Secretary of the League, Mr. Warren A. Rodman, 201 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.



GREENACRE ON THE PISCATAQUA.

THE writer had the pleasure of spending two weeks recently at this famous summer school, which represents the more advanced religious and philosophic thought of the day. It was with regret that the friends of the movement learned that its

founder, Miss Sarah J. Farmer—having been unavoidably detained in Europe—would be unable to be present this season. It was thought by some that her absence would interfere with the success of the work for the year, but if Miss Farmer is not there in body she certainly has been in spirit, for the work has proceeded to the entire satisfaction of the large number of persons in attendance. While the number of lectures has not been as great as in previous years, yet there have been from one to three every day, which most hearers find ample for their best attention.

One desiring to pass a pleasant and profitable summer will find Greenacre a most attractive place. The people who go there are among the most cultured in our country. They are those who prefer to think and reason out life's problems for themselves, rather than to leave this duty for others to perform for them. Notwithstanding this fact, one finds very little of the dogmatic spirit at Greenacre. No objections are made to the expounding of other people's religions, but the most kindly spirit of friendship and good will is manifested by all; so that in going to this summer school of philosophy one enters into a harmonious relation with the many diversified minds to be found there. It is delightful, too, to see how the young people enjoy themselves. While they procure a liberal education in all that tends toward the higher side of life, yet—with their hops and socials and outdoor sports—they have a thoroughly happy time from a worldly point of view.

At Greenacre the inner life is made to harmonize with the outer. We cannot but think that the wonderful work that Miss Farmer has so successfully carried on for the last seven years will continue to exert an influence that shall be felt far and near in the highest development of the race; and we sincerely hope that another summer will find her busily engaged in the work she loves so well.

THE RICH MAN'S OBLIVION.

One penalty that the rich man seems obliged to pay for his success is oblivion. "God must love common people," said Lincoln; "he made so many of them." And the Genius of Dulness must love mere money-getters; for he not only makes a good many of them, but he takes away all romance out of the story of their lives and steeps them in commonplace. There are "worthies" in religion, art, literature, statecraft, war, invention; but who can recall the name of any pure devotee to mercenary pursuits? Who has ever long outlived his fame solely for his wealth? Merchant princes there were in Tyre, Babylon, Athens, Rome, and Venice; thousands of them have throughout the centuries swarmed in Paris, London, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Boston, and New York. But who without research can mention the name of one of them?

Croesus, to be sure, among the ancients, gave his name to a proverb. But it is Croesus the monarch that makes Croesus the rich man remembered. More than any one else, Solon gave him distinction by telling him that some day a man with iron (a sword) would come along and take away his gold. Lucullus, the Roman millionaire, was famous for *spending* his money, not for accumulating and possessing it. Seneca was distinguished as a philosopher who wrote in praise of poverty on a table of gold. Mecenas was known as the friend and patron of the poet Horace. And it was Lazarus the beggar that rescued Dives from oblivion.

In Europe some men distinguished as peers, rulers, heads of houses, lords of estates, inheritors or purchasers of great names, are also wealthy. But the names they bear were generally won, not by the accumulation of wealth, but by worthy action in field or Cabinet. The title of Marlborough, for example, is not renowned because he that won it was avaricious and wealthy. But he and his descendants were wealthy because he won the title. The names even of Rothschild and Astor have been preserved by a succession of wealth-preserving or wealth-accumulating generations, rather than by the simple amassing faculty of the founders.

How many men of mere wealth living more than two generations ago in America can one recall? If any, it is rather because in a new and undeveloped country the pioneers in wealth, like the pioneers in everything else, are few and therefore conspicuous. By means of the enhanced value of his real estate, Washington is credited with dying the richest man in the United States at that time. But, had that been all, what would have saved him from the Lethean fate of his wealthy contemporaries? Count the distinguished men of wealth whose names have long survived them: Washington, the founder of a nation; Girard, Cornell, Stanford, Johns Hopkins, founders of colleges; Peabody, friend of the education of the common people; Astor, founder of an estate that, with a library and the eccentricities of some of his descendants, still preserves his name.

There are many rich men of contemporary fame; but, unless they now or hereafter associate their names with some great enterprise of art, literature, education, learning, or charity, who will guarantee them against the "dumb forgetfulness" of the grave? The names of even those who have reared large fortunes by great and useful inventions—reapers, locomotives, sleeping-cars, sewing-machines, telephones—are preserved not so much by the renown of their accumulations as by the fame of the inventions. So that, from whatever angle the subject is viewed, it will appear that the mere power of heaping up riches is so lacking in romance, and appeals so feebly to the imagination, that he who indulges in it must get all the satisfaction he can out of it as he goes along. When his estate is finally divided there will be no "contingent remainder" of honor, unless some farther-sighted and more highly-inspired heir shall make good his default.

Bunyan depicts the rich grubber, not as "the man with the hoe," but rather with the muck-rake. Stooping ever, he keeps his eyes upon the ground until he tumbles into his grave. A huge stone of some shape is then the only relic of his career, and in a few years the bystander will be asking the identity of the unsuggestive name carved upon the tomb.

EDWARD GOODMAN HOLDEN.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

If there is no death, then there is no diminution of affection for the dear ones left behind by those who pass into the beyond; and if that love continues, there must be a desire on the part of the departed ones to communicate with those still abiding in the flesh. It may be by impressions on the mind, it may be by the imaginings of the day or the dreams of the night, somehow or some way there is, I believe, a mental or psychical communication between the loved and loving ones parted by death. Psychic force is a scientific fact.

I have witnessed some of the phenomena of Spiritualism with great interest and some satisfaction, though I have more often been disappointed than gratified at the results of my efforts to learn about departed friends. Thirty-six years ago I was invited by the mother of the then editor of the *Boston Journal* to accompany her to the Boston office of the noted medium, Charles Foster. I stipulated that the medium should not know my name or anything about me. My friend desired me to write three questions on tiny slips of paper and roll them in a way to keep the queries from the medium's sight. I did so, and when we reached him I placed one in his hand. We were seated at a table, one side of which was against the wall. He held the little roll in his hand a moment quietly, and then said to me: "Arthur is with Margaret, and he tells me to give you this word of encouragement." Thereupon followed words of tender advice and hopefulness, saying a career was before me, and I was to enter upon it soon and be an active worker in a field of labor of which I did not dream. Then the medium said: "Open the paper and read your question." I had written, "Is Arthur with Margaret?" I had reference to my revered and beloved friend, Chaplain Arthur B. Fuller, whose death at Fredericksburg had then occurred. I had asked if he was with his sister, the celebrated Margaret Fuller Ossoli. This was in 1864. In 1868 I was ordained, having been led, by what I regarded as providential steps, into the ministry of the Universalist Church. Thus there seemed to be a fulfilment of the words which purported to come from the spirit land. When Mr. Foster took up the second paper he said:

"Joseph is with you. He is one of your guardians. And there is another." At this point Mr. Foster broke off suddenly and acted as if some one had touched him on the shoulder and forbidden the utterance of the sentence already begun. Then he went on to speak brotherly words as if from the guardian he had mentioned. Closing, he handed me the paper. On it I had written, "Where is Joseph?" referring to my brother who had died nineteen years before. Without handing me the third paper, which he tossed carelessly into the grate, he said: "Oh, you'll find them very soon." I had written, "Where are my journals?" In April I *did* find them, in a wholly unexpected place. In April, also, I received news of the drowning of my youngest brother in the far Pacific. The intelligence did not reach America till April, though the death occurred in December. But in February he was already in the spirit land, and when Mr. Foster said, "And there's another," was he not about to tell me that another brother was with Joseph? I have often thought he was hindered, because, by his not mentioning the fact, we were spared the sorrow of bereavement a few weeks longer. At that time a sister was very ill, and the saying (however doubted) would have greatly distressed her. That has seemed to me to be the reason for the sudden withholding of the rest of that broken sentence.

It will be easily perceived that I write as if I believed in communication with departed friends. I must confess that these facts which I have mentioned greatly impressed me, and as personal experience they did help to convince me that life is continuous, and that there may be communication with the spirit land.—*Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford.*



WHO is the Christian? Why, one who has the spirit of Christ in his soul—that's all. Not one who says he believes in Christ, but one in whom the spirit of Christ is incarnate. There can be no narrower definition which does not wrong Him, and no lower ideal which does not disown Him. In the Church or out, call him by what you will, where truth, courage, sympathy, and humanity are found in a human soul, there Christ is dwelling too.—*Rev. L. M. Powers.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

"The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

"If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely."

—*Phæbe Cary.*

STEPPING-STONES.

How many new things we are learning every day! We can be learning something new so long as we live, and the more we know the better chance we have to *be* good and to *get* good out of everything. Some day you may have a chance to travel with your papa, or some friend. And if you should be on a steamer that was going to touch at Naples, you would want to have your eyes wide open, and your ears too; for there is a burning mountain near the shore—*Vesuvius* they call it. Sometimes it makes a rumbling sound like thunder, though the sky about it may be perfectly clear.

Once, without any warning—for people were used to these rumbling sounds—fire and smoke and melted lava burst out of the top of this volcano, and the hot, melted stuff ran down the steep sides and completely buried out of sight two whole cities. This happened many hundred years ago. And now, after this long time, people are digging away the sand and dirt that have buried these cities for so long, and we can see how folks used to live. Now, one can walk through many of the streets, and, should you want to know who lived in a certain house, you wouldn't find any door-plate with the man's name on the door. Instead, there would be a tall marble column with a marble head

on its summit; and you would know by its face who lived there. Isn't that funny?

Now about the stepping-stones. Instead of crossing a street in Pompeii, as we do here, on a level with the sidewalk, there we step from the walk, which is very narrow and higher than the street, to a stone, and from that to the sidewalk on the other side. Whenever one crosses the street, it is always by these stepping-stones.

How queer it seems to you, doesn't it? Harry says he doesn't see how horses and wagons pass through such streets. One can see deep ruts in the pavements that have been worn by their chariot-wheels. So, of course, the drivers had to guide their horses very carefully in order to avoid these stones. Probably these streets in Pompeii were often flooded by the rains that came down like rivers on the mountain-sides; and these stepping-stones were so that one might get over the running water.

But now about another kind of stepping-stone.

I knew a little boy that could never go by a certain apple-tree without looking between the slats of the fence to see if there were any apples on the ground. They were such rosy ones any boy might have liked them, and sometimes he would look at them, oh, so longingly! And he would wait, hoping the owner of the apples would come out and give him one. But there was another little boy, who, I am sorry to say, would run in and help himself, and laugh at Jack because he wouldn't do the same thing.

And now let's see which boy came out best.

There was the muddy water of wrong-doing. Jack knew it, and said: "No; I won't take an apple that doesn't belong to me, if it's *ever* so rosy!"

You see, Jack went on the stepping-stones and didn't get into the muddy water of wrong-doing. And the other little boy kept getting dirtier and dirtier until, really, he wasn't fit to play with!

I knew a little girl, too, who wanted to wear her new muslin gown to a picnic; but her mother didn't think it was best, and Jennie went away feeling a bit cross because she couldn't wear it. But when she came home she told her mama that she was very glad she didn't have on her best gown, for the big shower that came up would have ruined it. I think Jennie will find out that

following her mother's advice will always prove splendid stepping-stones. One keeps out of ever so much muddy water by using them.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.



THE DAISIES' RECEPTION.

Mr. and Mrs. Daisy
Stood on a grass-grown bank,
'Mid Buttercups and Clover
And buds of higher rank.

They were young, strong, and sturdy,
With faces clean and bright;
They had been wed that morning
And so were dressed in white.

Indeed, they looked so lovely,
And stood so straight and tall,
That all their flower neighbors
Decided they would call.

Young Mr. Dandelion
In his green parlor sat,
And wondered if 'twere proper
To wear his yellow hat.

Sweet little Clover Blossom
Then tossed her pretty head,
And told young Dandelion
That she should dress in red.

Miss Buttercup looked troubled,
She'd not a thing to wear
Except her yellow satin
Which she'd worn ev'rywhere.

"I can't wear that," she murmured;
"I'd rather stay right here
Than go to a reception
Dressed as I was last year."

Then up spoke Auntie Sorrel:
"Timothy Grass just said
That Clover Bloom looks dumpy
Dressed up in green and red."

Just then the Rag-weed sisters,
In common frocks of green,
With fringe of the same color,
Which ev'ry one had seen,

Gave greetings to the daisies
With graceful bow and smile—
Ne'er dreaming that the neighbors
Were talking of their style.

Then all the grass-blades whispered:
"Who are those girls in green,
With tender, smiling faces,
And graces like a queen?"

'Twas then their mother answered:
"They're my girls, you can see;
For they look just as I did,
Ere Rag-weed married me.

"I've taught them that fine dresses
Never yet a lady made;
But that sweet, loving manners
Grace gowns of ev'ry shade."

Then all the buds and flowers
Seemed in the greatest glee,
And called out to the grasses:
"A grand sight you shall see!"

And really, from that morning,
Each flower seemed a queen—
The gowns they wore forgetting,
Like those that dressed in green.

MINNIE MESEUX SOULE.

TWO PRAYERS.

God hears and answers our prayers, no matter in what way we may ask for what we desire. There are people who stand a stick of burning incense upright, by putting one end in the ground, and, as its sweet, perfumed smoke ascends to the heavens, they think their prayer goes up with it to God. But it is far away across the Pacific Ocean that people believe that.

Right here, in our own country, we have many ways of asking our Heavenly Father to grant our desires. I know two dear little boys who wanted to go to see the play, "Little Red Riding-Hood." So, their grandpa and they went up to the theater to attend the *matinée*. But when they arrived they found all the seats sold. And two very disappointed little boys had to go back home. But Grandpa said: "If I'm not kept too busy this evening, we will go then. But I am not sure I shall be able to get away from my office."

So, Frankie and Clinton began to watch the clock, when half after seven came. Pretty soon it was quarter of eight—and no grandpa. Ten minutes of eight, five minutes of eight—two little boys sat very still, watching the clock. Two minutes of eight—and then the telephone rang. I answered, and Grandpa called to me through it: "I've sent the carriage for the boys. I have the tickets. Tell them to get ready right away."

When I repeated this message—my! wasn't there a hullabaloo! The boys capered and pranced, while getting into their top-coats, and Clinton came running up to me, and said: "Mother, Mother, there's power in thought! I said to myself: 'Grandpa, you *can* go, and nothing shall stop you from taking us. Some of God is within you, and God can do *anything*.' And, you see, we're going."

Now, Frankie hadn't heard Clinton say this, and he danced over to me, crying: "Oh, Aunt Flo, there's truth in Heaven! I said a 'Hail, Mary!' three times, and just after the third time the telephone rang—and we're going!"

I'm glad they have such firm, beautiful faith; aren't you?

F. P. P.

A SILVER-LINED CLOUD.

Johnnie did not like it very well when his mother said that he must stay indoors and look after his little brother. "He's no good to play with," thought Johnnie, looking at tiny James with an air of disfavor.

"Want to see yabbit," said the baby.

"See *what?*" asked Johnnie, rather crossly.

"Yabbit, mooly-tow, boot," said James, and he pointed to the table where lay a picture-book.

"Oh! I see. You want me to show you pictures."

James nodded his dear little head.

"Want to see mooly-tow, yabbit," he repeated.

"So you shall," said Johnnie; "and after that I'll build you card-houses, and you can take your little fat fists and knock them down."

"A do," said Baby. I think he meant that he would enjoy knocking down the card-houses. But sometimes he talked in a language of his own.

Bam, bam, *bam!* "Here comes Mr. Skettles, the milk-man," said Johnnie, as he heard the noise; and he left the baby to make a ruin of the last card-house, and flew downstairs to get the milk from Mr. Skettles.

When he came upstairs again, his face was beaming with joy. He held in his hand a basket, and he was looking down in it at something white and soft that was cuddled up in the corner.

"What is this, Baby?" he said, putting down the basket by his little brother.

James peeped into the basket. "Yabbit! yabbit!" he shouted.

"Well, if you aren't the smartest baby!" cried Johnnie. "Where did you ever see one before?"

"Yabbit, mooly-tow, boot," said Baby, pointing to the picture-book.

The picture-book rabbit had taught him to know a true bunny when he saw one.

"You're the cutest young one!" said Johnnie. And when his

mother came home he told her he had had a fine time with his little brother and the rabbit Mr. Skettles had given them.

"Me fine time, too!" said Baby.

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.

A PUZZLED LITTLE GIRL.

One afternoon a little girl was calling with her big sister upon a family in which there was another little girl about her own age. The big sister talked with the grown-up people about their coughs and colds and aches and pains, and told them over and over again how sorry she was for it all. Hardly anything else was talked of during the whole visit. When they were beginning to say good-bye, the little girl, who had overheard much of her big sister's conversation, felt somehow that perhaps she had not been quite polite in talking only of their play and of pleasant things with her little friend. So she tried to think of something to tell her she was sorry for. Her little friend, however, was well and strong. (The grown-up people had forgotten to mention any of the *well* members of the family.) But at last she spied a tiny hole in her friend's shoe.

"I'm *so* sorry that you have a hole in your shoe," she said, trying to make her voice as much like her sister's as possible. But, very much to her astonishment, when they left the house her big sister told her she must *never* mention anything like that about what people had on. The little girl did not look as if she understood.

Somebody, who overheard the little girl talk, did not understand either, and thought with the little girl that if it were not courteous to speak of the shabbiness of people's clothes, neither should it be to discuss the ills of their bodies. And "somebody" hoped the time would soon come when it would be quite as ill-bred to remark about people's illnesses as to ask if their stockings were darned!

ESTHER HARLAN.

THE STREAM AND THE MILL-WHEEL.

It was early morning. Daily life had begun among the hills of Santonwaine. There was no time-piece there. Nature opened the hours. The mists floated away to the valleys and drifted out of sight. Trees and plants drank in the morning dew, and were ready for the sunlight's warmth and cheer.

Two fast friends, a stream and a mill-wheel, were starting the day afresh, with new hope from the new day. The stream's voice was more persistent than usual. The day before, a storm had swollen it to an uncommon size, and it was pouring out its fresh strength to the wheel that had been repining over the sameness of life. In fact, the near wood-birds had caught its lagging sound and had sung brave little *tiralilas* round and over it.

I wonder if the Russian peasant learned of the birds to sing to his ponies to urge them on—never the lash of the whip.

Now, attuned to its task, the wheel asked the stream to tell of its adventures on its way to the sea.

"Oh, well," said the stream, bubbling a little more than usual, "you know I started in the simplest way. A few rills made a pool. There I began. Some trout, lodging with me, sent their good wishes flying after me as I started in quest of the sea that I am sure I am going to reach. I feel their friendship yet.

I came to a fold in the hills; and it was no easy matter, I can tell you, to find a way out. But I turned round a large boulder and plunged headlong, with such strength gained from the very narrowness of the passage that I made a fine sweep, tossing aside the stones and earth. You should have seen the plants how before me."

"Now," said the wheel, "you are boasting. You are tiresome. I am afraid you puffed up and swelled till you were too much for your neighbors, the banks."

"Well," said the stream, "what would you have had me do? I could have given up and scattered my waters to the winds—but the sea, the sea! I must reach the sea!

"The lightning came and threw down trees in my way; and I seemed to make no progress. But, do you know, some men

were passing, and they decided the place was just right for a dam. I did *that* much good when I was nearly stopped. I made that a resting-place, and because of it I go faster and help you turn all the better. Now you will forgive me for thinking it was fine to jam through the fold in the hills."

"Oh, yes!" answered the wheel. "What should I do without you?"

"You could be run by steam or by electricity," said the stream.

"But I should only hear oil dripping and the clanking of machinery," objected the wheel. "I would rather hear the clear, bright water from the mountain-tops, and have it help me turn round."

"Then stay content with what you have, and as you are. I'll be faithful, and both together we'll make happiness here in the hills of Santonwaine."

LORRAINE K. TRIVETT.



"THE trouble with people having pains and things to bother 'em is because they forget to think 'bout God being so good and so powerful and so loving, and around us all the time. . . . If we'd just stop and think about how well and happy we ought to be and *are*, 'way down in the real of us, we could truly say we were God's children all the time. And if that's so, why, you know, Charley, we *must* be perfect, and of course we'd be like what made us; and God's every speck perfect, and in every speck of the whole world at the same time, every single minute."—
"TEDDY:" *Helen Van-Anderson.*



Now I lay me down to sleep;
I know the Lord my soul will keep,
And I shall wake to see the light;
For God is with me all the night.

—*Anonymous.*

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE REIGN OF LAW. By James Lane Allen. 385 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York and London.

This powerful story is not offered as mere entertainment. It has a purpose—and achieves it. One of the startling literary successes of the year, it illustrates the popularity of anything that tends or aims to bring order out of the theological chaos of the day. Having capacity for thought, based upon a conscientious desire to know the Truth, the hero is led to make independent inquiry concerning spiritual matters. The result of his investigation of sectarian dogmas and ecclesiasticism in general is, that religious differences are reconcilable by the substitution of law for caprice in the government of the universe. In the recognition of an overshadowing unity and continuity of purpose—articulated in the great principle of evolution—he finds a means of amalgamating science and religion to the advancement of both. The style of the work is reminiscent of Hawthorne at his best, while the *motif* is suggestive of “Robert Elsmere,” minus the pessimism of that very successful book.

THE COMING DEMOCRACY. By Orlando J. Smith. 162 pp. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. The Brandur Company, publishers, New York.

In these days of the recrudescence of anarchy, every lover of the Republic and of his race should aid in promoting the circulation of this book. Its most commendable quality is its candor—and plain speaking is the one great need of the times. The author would heal the ulcers that by all free minds are conceded to exist on the body politic by removing their cause—not surgically, but through a moral reformation of the governing units. The first practical step in this direction is to picture the vastness of the American opportunity for individual and national progress. The goal that awaits an honest administration of public affairs—which will include the dethronement of wealth and dissipation of the chief incentive to official corruption—is sufficiently alluring to evoke the heartiest participation of every voter in the struggle

for its attainment. Major Smith is a keen observer of human events, and the methods proposed and remedies suggested by him for the betterment of our system of government are commended to the attention of every American citizen.

QUESTIONS OF CONSCIENCE. By Antoinette Van Hoesen. 499 pp. Cloth, \$1.25. Purdy Publishing Company, Chicago.

A large novel, with a lofty purpose and a theme of vital human interest. The heroine is a type unfortunately too rare among the women of our day; but she is not unknown to the author, whose pictures of the social contrasts in American city life should quicken the conscience of every reader who properly regards himself as but a member of a universal family. Indeed, the "still, small voice" of this inner monitor is the nexus of the story, by which it is revealed as the individual judgment seat and court of last resort in human affairs—by reason of its immortality. While not glossing over with emotional twaddle the sad conditions of earth life that result from human selfishness and greed, the novel is essentially optimistic and calculated to lead to a permanent solution of the problems presented. And those who recognize the spiritual dignity and intellectual office of man's subconscious mind will find it a work of profound psychological interest.

J. E. M.



OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

REINSTERN. By Eloise O. Richberg. Paper, 51 pp. The Editor Publishing Company, Cincinnati, O.

EDDYISM ILLUMINATED. By J. H. Fisher. Paper, 56 pp. Published by the author, Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE SCARLET STIGMA. A Drama in Four Acts. By James Edgar Smith. 88 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. James J. Chapman, publisher, Washington, D. C.

GLAD SONGS OF PRAISE. Words by William H. Watson; Music by Bertha M. Snow. Paper, 32 pp. Published by W. H. Watson, 512 10th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Masked Prophet.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

BY COLONEL JOHN BOWLES.

190 pp. Cloth, \$1.00, post-paid.

A second edition of this powerful occult story has just been published. The main theme of the book is that Law and Love are one. It illustrates the power of the human spirit to leave its earthly tabernacle in astral flight and return at its own pleasure. The hero dreams of an angel and loves her, and in response to his passion she is born a woman and marries him. It teaches that all the Universe is conscious; that every blood-corpuscle—every atom is a living, intelligent being. The moral of the story is that man came to earth of his own accord and desire, not in obedience to the order of his Creator. Similarly, because of His love for us, the Christ underwent his last earthly pilgrimage to show his fellow-mortals how to "work out their own salvation." The book is thoroughly in line with New Thought teachings, and should be in the hands of every reader of MIND. To facilitate this end, the publishers make the following

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